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RICHARD OF WYCHE
ABOURER, SCHOLAR, BISHOP AND SAINT
1197-1253

SISTER MARY REGINALD CAPES O.S.D.

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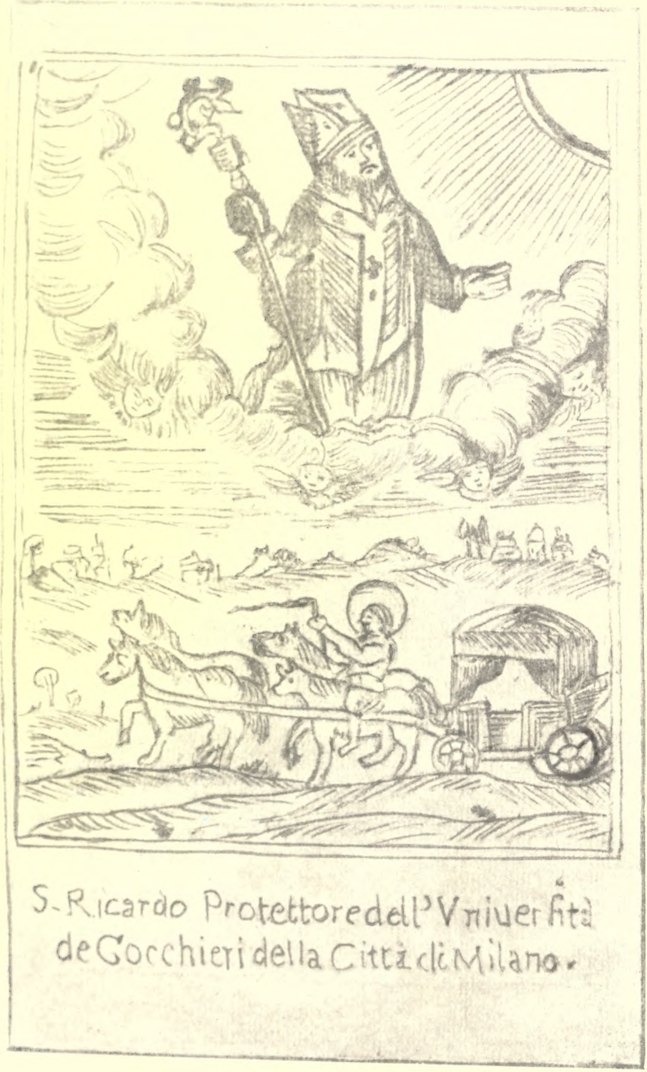
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St Richard, Bishop of Chichester

From an Italian Life of the Saint

Frontispiece

RICHARD OF WYCHE

LABOURER, SCHOLAR, BISHOP, AND SAINT

(1197-1253)

BY

SISTER MARY REGINALD CAPES,
O.S.D.

AUTHOR OF
"THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF FATHER WILBERFORCE," ETC.

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In obedience to the Decrees of Pope Urban VIII., we declare that, when giving the title of Saint or Blessed to any persons mentioned in these pages, or when speaking of miraculous deeds and events, we only do so in accordance with the usage of ordinary language, without meaning in any way to anticipate the judgment of Holy Church.

PREFACE

A few months before she was attacked by her last illness, the late Mother Francis Raphael Drane began to collect materials for a life of St Richard of Chichester, to whom she bore a great devotion. Unhappily, she was unable to proceed far in her task, and left merely some notes and references, sufficient, however, to indicate roughly the lines on which she had intended to work.

The present volume has been compiled, as far as was possible, according to the idea suggested by these notes, which show that Mother Francis Raphael had planned not only to describe the life of St Richard as Bishop of Chichester, but also to give a picture of his early and later surroundings, bringing out what she believed to have been their influence upon him, and their share in the formation of his character. She wished, in fact, to present the story of her hero as a living portrait within a living frame.

To do this successfully required gifts of a high order, and the present writer is fully conscious how inadequately the design has been carried out. On the other hand, it was desired by Mother Francis Raphael's friends that her unfinished work should not be entirely ignored. Hence the appearance of this book, for which the reader's kind indulgence is earnestly solicited. May it at least serve in some degree to make better known to his countrymen the life of one whose sanctity and lovable character must appeal even to those who do not belong to the Church that counts St Richard among her canonised confessors. It was such men as he who, in the days of faith, earned for England the proud title of "the Island of Saints."

The chief authorities for the life of St Richard are:

1. The long and detailed work of his confessor, Ralph Bocking, the Dominican Friar of Arundel, printed in Vol. X. of the Bollandists' *Acta Sanctorum*, under the title:

> "*Vita Scti Ricardi, Ep. Cicestrensis; per Fr. Radulphum, Ord. Prædicatorum Ex MS. Lovanensi Monasterii Scti. Martini.*"

This work is founded partly on the Acts of Canonisation, partly on an earlier life, and chiefly on his own personal knowledge of the Saint. Supposed to have been written about 1270.

2. A shorter life by John Capgrave, an Augustinian monk of Furness Abbey, who died in 1464, accounted one of the most learned men of his time. His life of St Richard is contained in the *Nova Legenda Angliæ*, and was printed in London by Wynkyn de Worde, in 1516, in black-letter. Copies of the book are very scarce. This life is also given in

the *Acta Sanctorum*, and though Capgrave's accuracy was challenged by Bale, the Bollandists and others defend him, and maintain that he had good authority for what he wrote.

The editors of the *Acta* discuss the relative value of these two lives. They place Capgrave's first in order, because, though of less importance in some ways, and written after that by the Dominican friar, they hold that Capgrave was rather the compiler and editor than the actual author of the work, and that he took his material from a much earlier life, written by an anonymous contemporary and friend of the Saint, before his canonisation. In Capgrave's life there is, in fact, no allusion to the canonisation, nor is the holy bishop therein given the title of "Saint."

The Bollandists regard this life as very trustworthy and accurate, and prefer it to one by Surius, who also made a compendium of the anonymous life, but is said to have changed the style, and added matter of his own. Capgrave's narrative agrees with Bocking's, but here and there contains a relation of some circumstance or event omitted by the latter, which throws light on Ralph's account, and makes the one history a useful complement to the other.

3. *The Chronica Majora* of Matthew Paris, which contains many allusions to and incidents connected with the Saint, particularly in his struggle with Henry III. at the time of his election to the See of Chichester. It is true that Dr Lingard and other trustworthy authorities since his time regard Matthew

Paris not only as "a querulous and censorious writer," which he certainly is, but also as a highly prejudiced and inaccurate historian, whose statements are often so distorted and exaggerated that little reliance can be placed upon them; Lingard going so far as to declare that when compared with contemporary and authentic records, his facts appear as romance rather than history. With regard to our present subject, however, the St Alban's chronicler is in agreement with other testimony of the period, and his account of Henry's treatment of St Richard may, therefore, be regarded as in essentials correct. Matthew Paris died only seven years after our Saint, and knew him personally. Strange to say, this critical and disagreeable writer always speaks of the Bishop in respectful and friendly terms, and says that he owed to him the materials for his life of St Edmund Rich. The version of the chronicle that has been chiefly used in these pages is the translation by the Rev. J. A. Giles, published in the Bohn series in 1853.

4. A short manuscript life in English, in the British Museum, *Lansdowne Coll.* No. 340, by Richard Cleto Stevens, who says he compiled it from Bocking, M. Paris, and several other writers. He undoubtedly used the life given in the Bollandists as Capgrave's. The MS. is dated 1692, and is a transcription of the original by Stevens' sister, who thus concludes her work:

"This life of St Richard was written by my estemed and dear Brother, Mr Richard Cleto Stevens. For that reason I esteme it. God give his soul Eternal reast. Amen.

"CATHERINE SABINA STEVENS."

5. An Italian life dated 1706, called:

"*Vita di S. Ricardo, Vescovo di Cicestria, nell' Inghilterra, Protettore dell' Università de Cocchieri della Città di Milano.*"

A rare book of which there is a copy in the British Museum.[1] The anonymous author is evidently a great admirer of the Saint, but the style is rather florid, and though ostensibly founded on the old writers, contains some mistakes.

Of modern lives the best is a sketch in the *Lives of the English Saints*, edited by Dr Newman, at Littlemore, and published by James Toovey in 1845. Though written anonymously, a list of the names of the authors is preserved by the Fathers of the Brompton Oratory, in which the late Father Dalgairns is given as the writer of the paper on St Richard. In the later edition of 1901 it has been erroneously attributed to Mr Ornsby.

A penny life of the Saint has been lately brought out by the Catholic Truth Society, and several non-Catholic writers have published short accounts. There is a funny old life in *Britannia Sancta*, where the Bishop is called "Mr de Wych." But most of these are mere sketches, and, in spite of evident admiration for the Saint's honesty and courage, many contain inaccuracies as to facts, and betray a misapprehension of the supernatural side of his character and actions.

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[1] G. 4341. Royal Library.

The life by Ralph Bocking is the best and most authentic account we could have of the holy Bishop's career, and has been used as the foundation of all later narratives. He dedicates the work to Isabella, Countess of Arundel, the widow of Hugh of Albini, and a cousin of King Henry III. She was a remarkable woman, and once withstood the King to his face in the matter of some act of injustice on his part. Bocking praises her chaste widowhood, her charity to the poor, and her love of Christ. He offers her the life of St Richard, whom the Countess had known and venerated, as "a mirror no less to women than to men," and declares it to have been examined by many eminent men; in particular by Walter, Bishop of Worcester, Friar Robert Kilwardby, Provincial of the English Dominicans, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, and Friar Adam Marsh, of the Order of Minors. He acknowledges that the style is rough and disorderly, owing to the testimony of the witnesses having been given in a confused manner.

To the modern reader the chief defect of the Friar's work lies in its extreme diffuseness, the fanciful interpretations of Scripture, and many pious reflections with which its pages are loaded, as well as the want of method in arrangement and chronology. The series of detached anecdotes required careful sifting and placing in the order of time before any sort of continuous narrative could be constructed from them. A translation of the whole work has not been attempted, though some of the incidents, graphically related by one who was evidently an eye-witness, have been rendered as literally as possible.

For the account of St Richard's early home and childhood, use has been made of Abbot Gasquet's *Parish Life in Mediaeval England*, and amongst other books on the subject of country life in the thirteenth century, Traill's *Social England* and Ditchfield's *English Villages* have been of much service.

The writer wishes to express her thanks also to the friends—both Catholic and Anglican—who have shown a kindly interest, and helped in many ways during the progress of the work. The Rev. Henry Green, Vicar of Clymping, and Mr Pond, of Droitwich, in particular, have supplied her with valuable local information, and to Miss Maud Buchanan, M.A., she owes a good deal of assistance, both in translating and collecting materials.

DOMINICAN CONVENT,
HAWICK,
November, 1913.

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* The illustrations marked with an asterisk are reproduced from photographs kindly contributed by the Rev. E. Hermitage Day, D.D.

RICHARD OF WYCHE

INTRODUCTION

ENGLAND AND THE CHURCH IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY

Our English saints—England and the Church in the thirteenth century—Character of Richard's sanctity.

THE religious upheaval of the sixteenth century had, as we know, many disastrous effects upon the Catholics of this country, and perhaps not the least of them was the uprooting of devotion to the English saints of the Early and Middle Ages. When the saints' days were blotted out of the calendar, and their festivals abolished in the churches, it followed naturally that, as time went on, their memory gradually faded from the minds, and devotion to them died in the hearts of the people, till at last it may be said that their very existence was forgotten. And when the dawn again broke for the Church in England, and in the days of the great revival, Catholics were able to come forth from their hidingplaces and begin to lift up their heads, it was mainly to the efforts of those who had been trained in foreign lands that they owed the restoration of peace and security. To these, as might be expected, the great saints of Catholic countries were better known than those who had worked and suffered here in pre-Reformation times. Thus did the lives of St Dominic and St Francis, St Teresa and St John of the Cross, St Ignatius Loyola and St Francis of Sales, become household names amongst us, while our own English saints still remained in oblivion. Had it not been for Cardinal Newman and the Tractarian movement, we should perhaps know even less about them than we do now, and in this—as in so many other matters—we owe a debt of gratitude to the great teacher and his disciples, who began to open to us from Littlemore the treasures contained in the lives of the English saints.

Some of these holy men and women no doubt owe their canonisation to the *vox populi* rather than to the decrees of the Holy See, and many of their histories are inextricably mixed up with legend and romance. On the other hand, there are many whose life-stories have come down to us from the pens of their contemporaries, when the fame of their virtues was fresh in the mind of the nation. These saints were mostly English, like ourselves, and we are heirs, not only of their faith, but of their race and name; and their lives—full though they may be of popular legend—carry to us many a lesson that we might do well to take to heart. For if it be true, as a modern writer tells us, that "the evolutionary growth of nations and peoples is a gradual process, unfolding itself century by century, each succeeding cycle influenced by and influencing those that come before and after," we must acknowledge that these old English saints have had something to do in the work of our development. They have helped to form in us our national character, as they themselves received it from their own ancestors. We are still an independent race, declining to be slaves of king or emperor; they defended the national liberty at a cost that we can nowadays hardly realise. We boast of our charity in helping the oppressed, and succouring the orphan, but the stories of our early saints show that their generosity and courage in this direction surpassed any efforts of the modern philanthropist. We own no foreign masters; neither did they. But—and here we come to the unhappy divergence of our country from the path trodden by the saints of old—they, in all things spiritual, acknowledged no master save the Almighty God, and bowed down their souls before no authority save the divine authority of Christ's Church, whilst to-day the national religion of England—such as it was made by the Tudors—has become the servant of a secular Government, and its Bishops the creatures of a secular Sovereign.

To those amongst us, however, who by the grace of God have learnt to regard spiritual things with other eyes than those of Henry VIII. and his followers, the story of old English times and old English saints must always be of deep interest. Then, in spite of many abuses, many sins and much imperfection, England still formed part of the visible, mystical Body of Christ, and her people estimated the gift of faith at its true value. Passion, rapacity and bloodshed were rife, civilisation was almost in its infancy, barbarous customs and pagan ideas were hard to drive out, Saxon independence was ever at war with Norman and Angevin tyranny; but in the midst of the turmoil and strife the barque of Peter floated serenely on the surging flood, and the power that guided, softened, and civilised the unruly multitude, was the power of the Catholic Church.

As time went on we know that scandals and abuses on the human side of the Church's government arose, and when England was sold to Rome by the meanest and most cowardly of her kings, it is not surprising that the nation rebelled against the yoke of the foreigner, or that a state of friction was set up which ended, some centuries later, in the confounding of the spiritual with the temporal authority of the Church and the miserable apostasy of England from the Faith. But at the time of which we now write, that is, in the earlier half of the thirteenth century, no such confusion existed in the minds of Englishmen. Contemporary records show that in spite of the nation's rebellion against the continued exactions of Rome and the greedy extortions practised by her officials, the country remained faithful to the supremacy of the Holy See, and her people still deserved to be called "the loyal and devoted sons of Holy Church." The cause of her discontent was connected solely with temporal matters.

In studying the lives of such men as St Edmund Rich and Richard of Chichester, it must also be borne in mind—hard though we find it in these days to conceive—that England had become, by the act of her own king and the consent of at least a certain number of her barons, a fief of the Holy See. When John, on the 15th of May, 1213, surrendered the Kingdom of England and Ireland into the hands of the Pope, he promised that "Henceforth the Kings of England were to rule as his vassals," and in visible token of this new position, he put off his crown, and then knelt to receive it again at the hands of the Legate Pandulph. This homage was repeated by Henry III. at his coronation, and the position taken up by the popes and their legates during Henry's reign was therefore a lawful one, and perfectly recognised and understood in those days of feudalism.[1] This condition of things must not be forgotten if we would read aright the stories of the thirteenth-century bishops and their struggles with kings and nobles.

Just before the close of the twelfth century, when

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[1] See *Henry the Third and the Church*, by the Right Rev. Abbot Gasquet, where this question is fully discussed. Cf., also, Green's *History of the English People*, Vol. i.

England was suffering from the absence of her King, Richard I., and suffering yet more from the expedients resorted to by his representatives at home to raise money for his war in the Holy Land—"exactions by which the country was reduced to a state of poverty from sea to sea," says the old chronicler[1]—there came into the world a little child, who, not many years later, was to become the victim of another king's rapacity, and after many trials was to be raised to the altars of the Church as one of her noble army of confessors.

It has been the lot of many of our pre-Reformation bishops to have to do battle with royalty for the liberty of the Church and the protection of their flocks, and the story told in these pages adds but one more to the tales of cunning and avarice on the one hand, and intrepid defence of freedom on the other.

St Anselm's struggle with the Red King can hardly have faded from the country's memory at the time of Richard's birth, whilst the martyrdom of St Thomas was fresh in the minds of all. Stephen Langton was a friend of our Saint's predecessor at Chichester; the gentle Edmund Rich, whose heart was broken at the sight of evils he could not mend, and the courageous Grosseteste, with his denunciations of injustice in king and pontiff alike, were his own intimate friends and counsellors, and he must, therefore, have recognised from early youth that the acceptance of a bishopric would almost inevitably involve any man who possessed a conscience in a struggle with the reigning Sovereign.

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[1] Hoveden *Chron.*, 445, quoted by Lingard, Vol. iii.

The story of Richard of Wyche, as it has come down to us from the pen of his friend and confessor, the Dominican Friar of Arundel, sets before us the picture of a man who was not only a great saint, but an ideal Englishman as well. English by birth and breeding, he united in himself all the best features of his race. The independence, honesty and love of labour, the strong sense of honour, the sober truthfulness that are characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon, "the free-necked man," are apparent in Richard of Wyche, ennobled and refined by the influence of supernatural grace. His life is comparatively little known to the present generation of readers. Yet it is worth study, not so much for its public or political interest, as for the example it gives us of a man whose straightforward simplicity and singleness of heart carried him through a chequered career as undeviatingly as the arrow shot from the bow of a skilful archer flies to the target's eye. From the beginning to the end Richard walked before God; the doing of God's will, in God's time and way, formed the motive of all his actions, and by his fidelity to this principle he was found worthy to attain perfection. His sanctity is therefore a sanctity that encourages us to imitate him; we do not find in his life accounts of marvellous revelations, or ecstatic visions, and though it is true that in the closing years of his bishopric he received the grace of miracles, this was no doubt the means chosen by God to testify to the merits of His servant. Taken as a whole, his story is above all a record of unswerving fidelity to the grace and call of each moment. Where God sent him, there he went; what his conscience told him it were best to do, that he did, unheeding of all beside. Looking down upon him at any moment of his career, his Divine Master could have truly said of him: "*Ecce fidelis servus et prudens.*" And in these days, when a good deal of sentiment is sometimes mistaken for piety, it cannot but be helpful to learn something of the life of one whose love of God was eminently practical and "effective" throughout.[1]

The history of St Richard differs in many respects from those of the bishops of his time. Unlike such prelates as St Thomas of Canterbury, Stephen Langton, or his predecessor at Chichester, Ralph Neville, Richard of Wyche was no statesman. His name scarcely mingles with the stories of strife and turmoil that then agitated the internal life of the Church in England, when king, bishops, monks, and chapters were continually at variance. We meet him occasionally at Court, it is true, both as the upholder of the persecuted Edmund Rich, and again as a suppliant, vainly pleading for the rights of his See. But as a scholar and a saint, Court and camp were equally distasteful to him, and after his great struggle with Henry III., at the time of his consecration, his life as a whole was peaceful. Despite the trials and sorrows—of which he had many—the story brings with it a sense of refreshment to the mind, tired and pained with the tales of oppression and rebellion that make up England's history in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

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[1] "Amor operatur magna, si est. Si autem renuit operari amor non est."—(St Greg., *Hom.* 30 *in.* Evang.)

CHAPTER I

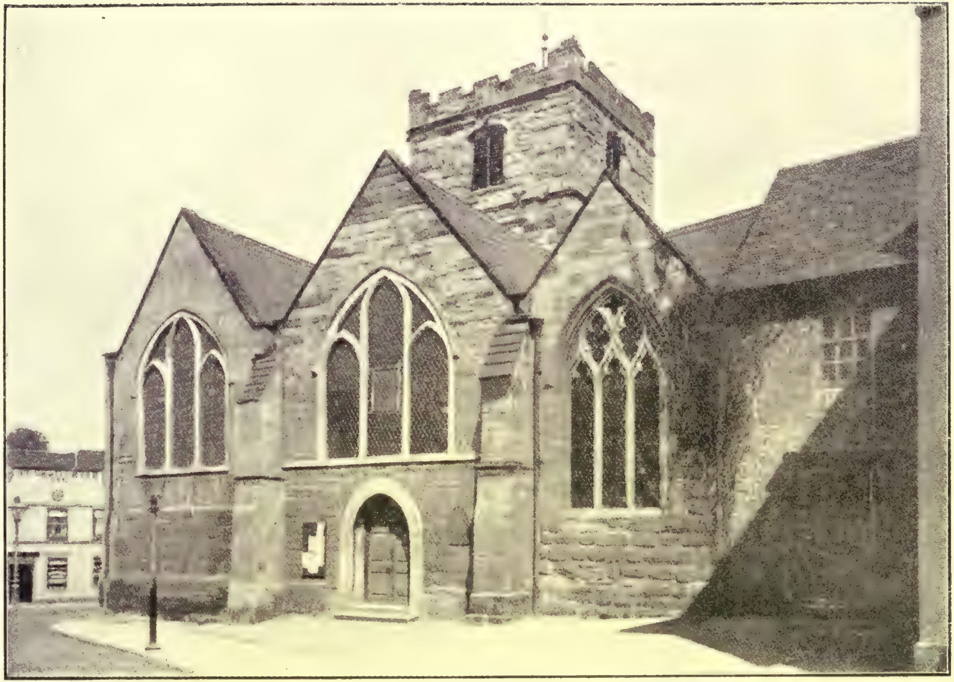
RICHARD'S BIRTHPLACE

Worcestershire in the olden days—The Forest of Mercia—Droitwich—Habington's account—Connection of St Richard with the wells—The Church of St Andrew—The Saint's chantry—A rival *cultus*—Signs of a revival of devotion to St Richard in his native place.

"RICHARD, of holy and undying memory, by birth an Englishman, was born in the diocese of Worcester, in a town called Wike or Wyche, from the salt springs there, of parents of no mean origin. His father's name was Richard, his mother's Alice."

So runs the opening of the old chronicle, abrupt and bare of all details. We must go to other sources if we would know something of the Bishop's family and birthplace.

"In order to judge of a man," says Max Müller, "we ought to know in what quarry the marble of which he was made was carved, what sunshine there was to call forth the first germs of his mind, nay, even whether he was rich or poor, whether he had what we



Church of St. Andrew, Droitwich

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may rightly call an independence, and whether from his youth he felt himself to be a free man." If this be true of those with whom our personal lot is cast, still more does it apply to such as lived in days long passed away. Unless we attempt to gain some idea of their surroundings and social condition, it is impossible to estimate rightly the actions of men and women who belonged to a time so widely differing from ours as does the thirteenth century. None can doubt that our lives and characters are to a great extent insensibly influenced by the external surroundings in which we may be placed. One whose youth has been passed in the roar and din of a great city can hardly be expected to develop in the same way as he who throughout his most impressionable years has lived a life of peace and calm in a quiet country village. Though St Richard became a bishop in Sussex, he never ceased to be a Worcestershire man; the tastes of his early life clung to him, and he with whom we first become acquainted as a country boy and a hard-working labourer in the Burford fields, reveals himself to us again in the fruit-garden of Simon of Tarring. Therefore, before we study the story of his life, let us try to picture to ourselves the county of his birth and the home of his childhood.

Worcestershire is, and always has been a typical English county, and more than any other, perhaps, combines within itself the elements of English life. On the west the hills roll down to the Severn Valley, whence the plain extends till it is checked by the bold outline of the volcanic range which rises behind Malvern, while the fertile valley of the Avon broadens into the rich meadows that skirt the banks of the Severn and the Teme. The county has long been known as "the garden of England," and so far back as the twelfth century was famous for its fruit. It is studded with old manor-houses, that tell of the continuous growth of ease and comfort. "Every feature in the landscape," says a well-known writer, "speaks of the care and attention which past generations have given to create the smiling England of to-day."[1]

When the Romans first invaded Britain the county consisted chiefly of great forests, through which ran the Severn, draining sluggishly the long low-lying marshland along its course. At the time of the invasion the Britons of Worcestershire retired to the Malvern Hills, and the British town of Cair Guorangon, standing on a slight eminence above the Severn, was occupied as a small military station by the Romans, and bore the cumbrous name of "Gorangonceastre," which, after they left, was gradually shortened to Wigorncester, and later to our modern Worcester. When, under Penda's son, the See of a Christian bishop was set up at Lichfield, with a coadjutor from the Hwiccas or Wiccii to rule with him, the foundation of a civilised life may be said to have begun in what was then the most secluded of English counties. It was not, however, till the seventeenth century, or later, that Worcestershire settled down into a peaceful English shire. Long after the time of St Richard the four great forests of Feckenham, Ombersley, Horewell, and Malvern still occupied almost the whole district and formed part of the great Forest of Mercia, full, according to some authorities, of poetic memories of Robin Hood, and the romantic adventures of Rosalind and Celia. The country round continued for long in a wild state, though there were clearings here and there, as at Burford, the home of St Richard, and the forest laws remained in force till the reign of Charles I. The county is remarkable in Domesday for the amount of its Church lands. The French Abbey of St Denis had rights there, which it owed to a large estate in Gloucestershire. Evesham also owned lands, and Westminster Abbey received the tithes of the king's revenues from Droitwich. Leland, in his *Itinerary*, says that Henry VIII. granted to the Earl of Cornwall "one service of St Richard, within our Church of St Andrew, in Droitwich . . . to wit, four bullaryes of salt water, otherwise called St Richard's vaults, lying in our salt-well, in Upper Wich."

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[1] Bishop Creighton. *Story of Some English Shires.*

Droitwich was the most important spot in the shire, and the salt industry its special feature. The town must have existed long before the Conquest, for the fame of its salt works reaches back as far as the year 816, and, at the time of the Domesday survey, interests in the works were allotted to the gentlemen of the county on condition that they provided a certain amount of fuel for the furnaces. The Catholic historian of Worcestershire, Thomas Habington, derives the name from "Wiche, signifying Fountaynes of salt," and the French *droit*, "and so Droitwich is the ryghte salt of thys land." The prefix *Droit* was, however, probably given on account of the royal grants in the reign of Edward III., but was not much used till a good deal later. Canon Isaac Taylor's derivation of such names as Nantwich, Droitwich, etc., from the Norse "wic," i.e. "creek," is no doubt the correct one. Salt being formerly obtained by evaporation of sea-water on the shore of small creeks or bays, any place where salt was made came in time to be called a "wic," or "wich-house," and thence the name gradually extended to the whole town or district.

Though St Richard's biographers probably knew nothing of any derivation of the title of his birthplace, they do not hesitate to discern "a mysterious ordinance of Providence" in the fact that this child of promise first saw the light in the neighbourhood of Droitwich. They regard it as "some presage of his future excellence that he should be born in a town of salt, seeing that afterwards he was to season the whole country with the salt of his wisdom, learning, and holy life."[1]

Habington gives a quaint description of the town and the wonderful value of its salt, and then goes on to relate the connection of St Richard with the place.

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[1] Lansdowne MS. and Capgrave's *Life*.

"Wych," he writes, "if you only consider but the situation, being in a low valley by an obscure brook, overtopped with hills shrouding it from pleasant prospects, you would instantly neglect it. But when you see here the most excellent fountains of salt in this island, and read that salt, signifying wisdom, was used in the old sacrifices to declare that zeal of devotion ought to be tempered with discretion, and that our Saviour called His disciples the salt of the earth, because they should, with their preaching, so season the souls of men as they might not fall into corruption: . . . when, as St Gregory says, neither man nor beast can live without it, we must needs have this town in great estimation."[1]

According to Camden, the wells sprang up miraculously at St Richard's prayer, which is certainly a mistake, for though Habington's assertion that they had existed "from the time of Noe's flud" must be taken with a little of his favourite salt, the springs were famous long before St Richard's time. Habington accuses Camden of listening to and telling "old wives' tales" on this subject, "seeing that we have old records to testify the contrary," and that moreover, "whereas he [Camden] saith that the inhabitants here did yield to St Richard in a sort, divine honour, it seemeth that Mr Camden was little acquainted with saints; for though it is written, *Nimis honorati sunt*

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[1] Habington's *Survey of Worcestershire*, edited for the Worcester Historical Society by J. Amphlett. (Oxford: Parker, 1894.) The spelling has here been modernised.

amici tui, Deus, yet their honour is infinitely inferior to divine honour."

The story of the waters failing during the lifetime of the Saint, and suddenly springing up again when he visited and blessed them, Habington allows to be probable, and such an incident would naturally have increased the veneration of the townsmen for their holy patron.

Leland mentions the tradition and says that it long remained the custom on St Richard's feast-day, the 3rd of April, to "hang about the wells tapestry and garlands, and have their drinkings, games, and revels there." Aubrey (1595) also relates this circumstance, adding that the decking of the wells was prohibited by Parliament, as a "popish abomination," whereupon the waters "shranke up." But the people set Parliament at defiance and revived the ancient custom, when, to their great consolation, the water began to flow again.

From Habington we also learn that the Saint belonged to a gentleman's family of Burford. "That the Burfords had anciently lands of inheritance in White Lady, Aston, County Wigorn, and also in Wych, some of which lands do retain the name of Burford to this day, appeareth in a Record of the Bishopric of Worcester, and I think some gentellmen of Wyche derive their pettigrees from this family." Whiston, or Wytestane Priory was a convent of Cistercian nuns said to have been founded by Walter de Cantelupe. The priory itself was in Worcester, but possessed lands in Aston or Eston, near Droitwich, before the year 1218. The site of the convent still retains the name of "Whiteladies" from the dress of the community who dwelt there.[1] There was a barony of Burford, half of which was given to the nuns by Jane Talbot about 1330. There seems to be no evidence forthcoming to prove that St Richard's father belonged to this family, though Habington says that "it may bee" so, beyond the fact that his property lay in the neighbourhood. Possibly some members of the Saint's family were ennobled after his death.

"Wyche," as a family name, occurs in various forms, according to the same historian, in a roll, dated 4. Edward I., though generally supposed to belong to a later period—and the names of many burgesses having inheritances in the Droitwich salt pits are there given. Past and present owners are apparently included; there is a Wythe, a John Wich, a Richard Wyche, senior, and a Richard Wyche, junior, whilst "St Richard" is mentioned as having had property in the "salt phates" or "pittes"—property that he doubtless left to some of his relations. Hence we may conclude that the family, if not very wealthy, was at least of good standing and in comfortable circumstances.

Droitwich is now a small town, still famous for its salt baths, and it is to be hoped cleaner than when Leland described it as "somewhat foul and dirtye

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[1] Dugdale's *Monasticon*, Vol. v. 738.

. . . with much carriage through the streets, being over-ill-paved, or not paved. It stands on the left ripe [bank] of a pretty river, that not far beneath the Wych is called the Salop Brooke. The beauty of the town in a manner standeth of one street, yet there be many lanes besides. There is a mean church in the chife streete, and there is once a weeke a meetly celebrate Market."[1]

The name of St Richard is, unhappily, but little known in the place of his birth. There, as elsewhere, the Reformation did its work in stamping out the memory of the saints.

The Church of St Andrew, however, already referred to as possessing a "service" of St Richard in the reign of Henry VIII., still stands.[2] It was partially burnt in 1293, and must date back much further than that. Considerable additions were made to it during St Richard's lifetime, and after his death a chantry was erected to his memory to the north of the sanctuary. This chapel still bears his name, and

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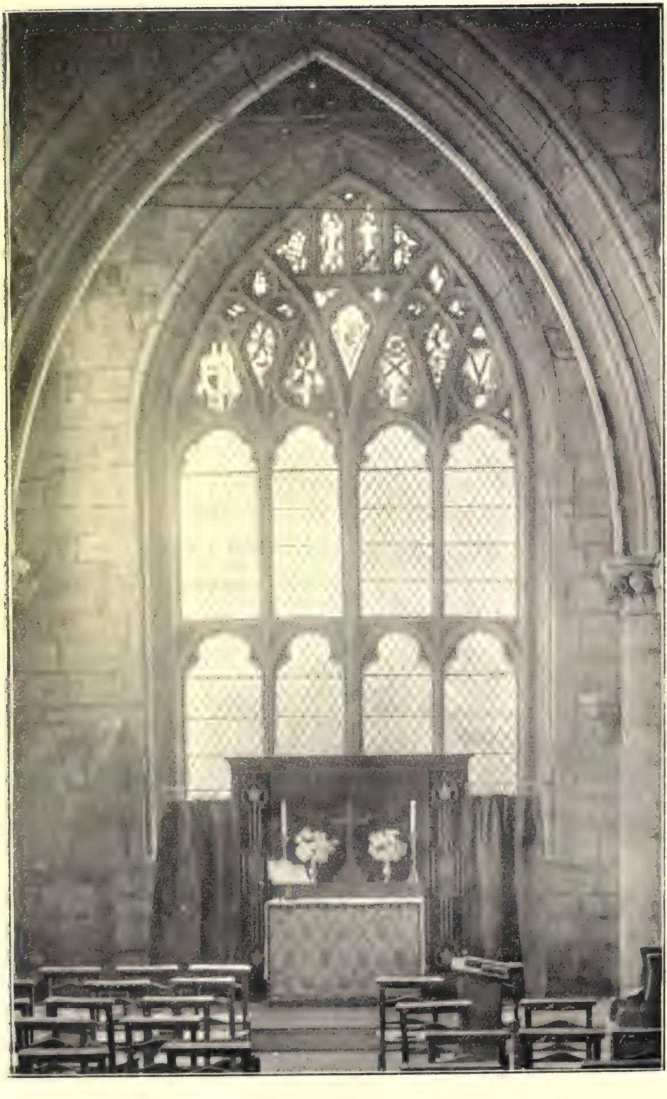
[1] *Intinerary.*

[2] A "service" consisted of four "bullaryes," i.e. boileries, or salt works, the profits of which were assigned to the priest of St Richard's Chantry, and were supposed to bring in about £6, 13s. 4d. yearly. The Acts of the Privy Council of the year 1492 contain the notes of a lawsuit between the chantry priest, Richard Cornewell and the town bailiff, about "certain profits incident to the service of St Richard in Droitwich." The judgment of the Council went against the bailiff, who was ordered to leave the priest in peaceful possession of "the said service, with all proufittes, etc. thereunto belonging . . . such as others enjoying the same service have had in possession."



St Richard's Chapel

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some very beautiful carved foliage and heads adorn the tower-piers adjoining it, having somehow escaped the hands of the iconoclasts, though the fittings of the chapel have been quite destroyed. Some recent restorations have resulted in the discovery of the aumbry for the sacred vessels, hidden behind the clock-weights, and the chapel has lately been restored to use as a chapel by the present vicar. After the canonisation of St Richard the chantry became a shrine, probably containing a relic of the Saint, and a story is told in the district of how the pilgrims came in great numbers to visit this shrine, and were in the habit of making their offerings to the chantry priest. Whereupon the parish priest, disliking this arrangement, set up in the nave a rival *cultus* to Henry VI., who had not been long dead, and though uncanonised, was then regarded as in some sort a recognised saint. This dual cult gave rise to a hot controversy, which naturally caused no little scandal. Finally the authorities intervened, and adjusted the quarrel, and as a sign of reconciliation, a statue of St Richard and one of Henry VI. were set up on two brackets over the altar of the chantry. These brackets may still be seen, but the statues and all traces of the shrine have disappeared.[1] But there is now once more a Catholic Church in Droitwich, and at Hadzor, not far off, the east window of the church (dedicated to St Richard and St Hubert) contains a figure of our Saint, while—to their credit be it said—some devout Anglicans are striving to restore the memory of Richard of Wyche among the descendants of his own people.

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[1] The statues are mentioned in a deed, dated June 20, 1490, where a certain Thomas Walker and Isabelle, his wife, are stated to have "newly made and repaired at their own costis" two images, one of St Richard, and the other of King Henry, in St Andrew's Church, Droitwich. (See Nash's *Worcestershire*.)

CHAPTER II

CHILDHOOD'S PEACEFUL DAYS

The Saint's family—His surname and date of birth uncertain—His character in childhood—Poetical interpretation of his name—The Burford estate—Feckenham Forest—An old English manor-house—A child's religious education in the thirteenth century.

THOUGH devotion to St Richard continued for nearly three centuries in the county of his birth, there is unfortunately little to be learnt from local records concerning his family and relations. There are even divergences of opinion as to his real surname. Burford was the family estate, and being close to Droitwich, the early writers speak of him now as Richard "of Burford," now as "of Wyche." It was by this latter title, turned into a French form, according to the fashion of the time, that the Saint, later, became generally known. In his will, however, he mentions a Robert Chaundos as his "brother," and though some suppose that this Robert was his brother-in-law, Dalloway, in his *Sussex*, says that Papworth's "Ordinary" gives the same coat-of-arms to Wyche and to Chaundos, whence he believes that Robert Chaundos and our Saint were brothers, though the former may have adopted the name of Chaundos later.[1] As men were often at that period called by various titles and there would have been few determinate family surnames in such a remote county as Worcestershire, this theory is not improbable, and may conveniently be adopted.

Richard's parents possessed land of some considerable value in and around Droitwich, and probably belonged to the class we should now call squires, that is, "thanes of the middle class," who held the land by inheritance and owned one or more of the manors that still form so attractive a feature of the county.[2]

It is expressly stated in the old lives that Richard was not of ignoble origin,[3] and in the margin of Bocking's biography are added the words, *Ex nobilibus parentibus natus*; but there is no evidence to show that they belonged to the ranks of what we now understand as "nobles." Indeed, at a time when almost the only road to honour or promotion for the conquered race lay in intermarriage with the Normans, a country family of such purely English blood as that of the Burfords was unlikely ever to rise above the rank of thane or squire.

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[1] Cf. *Sussex Arch. Coll.*, Vol. i. Bocking calls the Bishop's seneschal "his brother"—*frater ejus carnalis*; but at the same time he tells us that this seneschal's name was Richard Bachdene. He was probably either the brother-in-law or some near kinsman of the Saint.

[2] *Thani mediocres.* Though the old names disappeared under Norman rule, a closer inspection will, according to Lingard, discover the same orders of men existing under the new names of counts, earls, esquires, etc., and the position of the landed proprietors in the more remote counties remained long unchanged.

[3] *Parentibus secundum seculi statum non ignobilibus . . . extitit oriundus.*

The old monastic chroniclers, though generally careful to inform us of the day of a holy person's heavenly birth and entrance into eternal life, often entirely ignore that which saw his first appearance in this world of woe. Friar Ralph Bocking follows this pious custom, and moreover, throughout the account of his subject's earthly career, has condescended to chronicle scarcely a single date. The exact year of our Saint's birth is therefore not quite certain. But reckoning from the date of his death and his then approximately known age, it must have taken place about 1197.

Richard was one of three children. His sister is not mentioned by any biographer, and that he had one we only learn from his will, where he bequeaths twenty marks [£13, 6s. 8d.] to his sister's daughter, "towards her marriage"; whilst in another clause of the same document fifty marks are left "in aid of the Holy Land, to be paid and delivered to Robert Chaundos, my brother, in order that he may go there, if he is willing, for me, and to be paid to another, if the said Robert should be unwilling to go." This brother, who was a year or two older than Richard, does not seem to have shared the latter's nobility of character. The little we hear of him gives the impression of a good-hearted, but weak and indolent man, rather too ready to reap what others had sown, and to cast the burden of life on to the shoulders of his more generous brother.

We should have liked to learn something of our Saint's parents, especially of his mother, Dame Alice. The mothers of saints have not generally been quite like other women. Something of their children's holiness we often see foreshadowed in the characters of those who gave them birth and cherished their tender years, and it must have been at his mother's knee that Richard of Wyche imbibed much of that piety that distinguished him throughout his career. Father Bocking, however, knew the Saint personally only in his later years, and therefore had to learn the story of his youth either from hearsay or from the holy prelate himself. That he did learn a great deal we cannot doubt, for Richard evidently gave him his full confidence, but the good Friar is so much occupied in detailing the many virtues of the Bishop of Chichester, that he passes very lightly over the earlier history, and is silent on much that would have been of such great, if human interest to succeeding generations.

Even from early childhood Richard must have been an attractive boy. The personal beauty that distinguished him as a youth showed itself very early and added charm to the innocence and sweetness of his demeanour, whilst the even cheerfulness and loving disposition of a happy child endeared him to all. Neither as boy nor man, say his biographers, was he given to much, and never to loud laughter, but he ever bore a joyful and serene countenance, which betrayed the grace of God and the peace of conscience that reigned within. With the play upon words, of which the mediaeval writers were so fond, Friar Ralph explains to us the appropriateness of the name bestowed upon the child in baptism—a name that, in point of fact, having been his father's and possibly his grandfather's before him, was probably bestowed upon the infant without any idea of a spiritual meaning being attached to it. But Father Bocking, looking back on his holy penitent's life and virtues, seeks for a presage of future sanctity in his name as well as in that of his birthplace, and so gives us the following pretty, though rather strained interpretation:

"The name Richard," he says, "may be etymologically explained to mean *Ridens*, *Carus*, and *Dulcis*. 'Smiling,' indeed, he was, through the grace of a pure and innocent life, which, though having its root within, showed itself outwardly, to the delight of those around him. And as the interior or centre of his heart was full of charity, so was he 'dear' to God, who, having bestowed upon him the merit of a pure conscience, rewarded him with the gift of divine love, whilst by the kindness and amiability of his speech and conduct to his neighbour, the 'sweetness' of his disposition was made manifest. Therefore it may well be said of him:

> "'Nominis in primo rides, dulcescis in imo;
> Si medium quœris, carus amicus eris.'[1]

Lines which may be freely rendered:

> "Thou smilest in the first half of thy name;
> Thy sweetness shows itself towards the end.
> Whilst if we seek the centre of the same
> We find thee there, a dear and loving friend.'"

This chosen soul probably received the grace of Confirmation very soon after he had been cleansed in the waters of Baptism, for in the thirteenth century it was the custom to admit those who were little more than infants to the strengthening sacrament. Towards the end of the century some negligence in this important matter seems to have crept in, for in 1280 Archbishop Peckham "forbade anyone to receive Holy Communion unless Confirmation had first been administered," whilst in 1308 a Bishop of Winchester ordained that if "out of negligence a child had not been confirmed before it was three years old, the parents were to fast for a whole day on bread and water." Richard's pious parents were unlikely to neglect their duty in this respect, and we may be sure that their children were made strong and perfect Christians whilst scarcely out of their mother's arms.

The Burford property lay in the neighbourhood of Feckenham, a village a few miles from Droitwich, whose noble forest spread for miles around. The timber of this and other Worcestershire forests was largely used as fuel for the salt pits, and the gradual destruction of the stately woods is quaintly described by Michael Drayton in his *Polyolbion*, where, speaking in the person of the mountain, "the old herdsman, Clent," whose jealousy is supposed to have been aroused by the fair forest's attentions to the River Salwarpe that flows to Droitwich, he thus apostrophises the "coy wood-nymph":

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[1] Bocking. Chap. i. par. 9.

> "Fond nymph, thy twisted curls, on which was all my care,
> Thou lett'st the furnace waste; that, miserably bare
> I hope to see thee left, which so dost me despise,
> Whose beauties many a morn have blest my longing eyes;
> And, till the weary sun sank down unto the west
> Thou still my object wast, thou once my only best.
> The time shall quickly come thy groves and pleasant springs,
> Where to the mirthful merle the warbling mavis sings,
> The painful labourer's hand shall stock thy roots to burn,—
> The branch and body burnt, yet could not serve his turn.
> Which when, most wilful nymph, thy chance shall be to see,
> Too late thou shalt repent thy small regard for me."[1]

When Habington wrote "Feckenham Park" still existed, "so-called as sorting with the King's vast forest, reaching in former ages far and wide; a large walk for savage beasts, but now more commodiously changed into the civil habitations of many gentlemen."

During the Civil Wars of 1640 what yet remained of the ancient forest was completely destroyed, as being a hiding-place for the Royalists.

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[1] Song xiv.

But in Richard's time Feckenham Forest stood in all its beauty, and through its silent glades and leafy bowers the boy must often have wandered, watching

> "Those fallow deer and huge-haunched stags that grazed
> Upon her shaggy heaths";

thinking the deep thoughts of youth and nourishing within his heart a reverent love for Nature and her Divine Author.

Contemporary accounts of English country life in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries make it easy for us to picture to ourselves the home of the Burfords. The manor-house was the dwelling-place of yeoman, knight and noble alike. Though in size and appearance it might differ according to the owner's rank or wealth, the details were substantially the same. These old manors were very simple in structure and were generally built of wood, the timber for which was plentifully supplied by the neighbouring forests. The house was often placed between two courts, one of which would be laid out as a little garden for the mistress to walk in, and where she could grow the herbs for her domestic pharmacy. The central feature of the low one-storied building was a hall with doors opening into the court, flanked at one end, perhaps, by the chapel, and at the other by a vaulted kitchen. Above this, in the better-class houses, would be the *solarium* or chamber in which to take the sun, which was used as the private sitting-room of the family and their distinguished guests. Numerous other rooms, with lean-to roofs, were gradually added, as wants increased and refinement grew. Stables and barns were scattered about outside, and with the horses and cattle lived the grooms and herdsmen, while villeins and cottiers dwelt in the humble, low, shed-like buildings which clustered round the house.

The hall was the common living-room for the household, who slept on the reed-strewn floor, the women's portion being cut off by the arras. By St Richard's time there might have been added a separate chamber for the heads of the house, though as late as the fourteenth century the custom of the master and mistress dining apart from the servants was satirised by the author of *Piers Plowman*, as an innovation. "Now," he says:

> "hath each rich a rule
> To eaten by themselves
> In a privy parlour,
> For poor man sake,
> Or in a chamber with a chimney;
> And leave the chief hall,
> That was made for meals
> Men to eaten in."

The Burfords, therefore, no doubt dined in the great hall, the family sitting at the high table on a wooden dais. The space below this was strewn with rushes, and called "the marsh," and "was dirty and damp enough," says a writer on domestic architecture, "to deserve the name." In the better-class manors, such as that probably owned by Richard's father, the timbers of the roof would be moulded and the walls hung with rough tapestry, while Dame Alice would have her little room, or "bower," where she could pray and spin, as through the narrow, unglazed windows she watched her children playing in the pretty orchards and meadows of the farm, with their sombre background of forest oaks and elms.

Our hardy English ancestors thought little of what we call comfort, and were quite happy in the privation of many things now regarded as absolute necessaries of life. The little Richard would be early inured to physical suffering, and the country life of the Middle Ages being largely spent in the open air, he and his companions were strong and healthy children. To them it mattered little that the food was plain, the bed hard, and its covering rough, or that in winter the house was cold and draughty, in spite of the great wood fire burning in the central hall. Glass was far too expensive to allow of many of the windows being glazed, and they were only protected by wooden shutters.[1]

The whole establishment was generally enclosed by a quick-set hedge or a wall, and in many cases there would run a moat, either immediately round the house itself, or just outside the enclosure, to secure the

[1] An order of Henry III. assigns as a reason for substituting glass for wood, "that the chamber may not be so windy," and there is a charge in the royal accounts "for closing the windows better than usual."

inhabitants from too sudden hostile intrusion. The remains of such moats may be traced round not a few of our old country houses, sometimes forming merely a dried-up ditch, but often turned into grassy steeps and flower-grown terraces, whilst in many and many an ancient farm-house, scattered about the estates of modern England, are still to be seen the distinguishing features of such an old manor-house as that in which St Richard of Chichester passed his childhood.

In that remote corner of England, far from the noise of war and the cabals of Court, the daily routine of life must have gone on very quietly. When not at school, Richard spent his time with his brother and sister in the fields, watching the labourers at their work, and learning many useful lessons that were to stand him in good stead a few years hence. Or more often still, perhaps, he might be found sitting on the floor by his mother's side, conning over his lessons and listening in rapt attention to the stories she told him of the saints and martyrs, notably of the great Thomas à Becket, the memory of whose martyrdom was still fresh in the heart of the English nation. How often, too, must he have witnessed the almsgiving of his parents, learning even from childhood those lessons of charity which he practised so conspicuously as Bishop of Chichester. All his life long Richard loved the poor, and though, in the days of his own poverty, he learned to understand experimentally and enter more deeply into their sufferings, yet even from the beginning he delighted to minister to these favourites of Christ, and cherished them in a special manner in his heart. This attraction was no doubt a special grace from God, but was also due in no small degree to early training and the example of his parents. In an ancient manuscript in the British Museum[1] there is a quaint representation of an old English manor-house. The master and his lady are represented as giving alms to some very scantily-clothed beggars; the lady is holding a loaf, "thus earning her true title of *loaf-giver*." A child is standing by; fowls are strutting about, and on one side we catch a glimpse of some serfs working near an out-building: a homely little picture of domestic life, such as must often have been witnessed and laid to heart by the future Bishop.

Love of work and of study, too, Alice must by word and example have taught her son. Like other mothers of saints she must have watched and wondered at the budding piety and the studious, thoughtful habit of mind that soon began to show themselves in the boy. He cared little, Bocking tells us, for the ordinary amusements of childhood, and though always cheerful, gentle and courteous, his young companions would coax him in vain to join them in their rough games. He loved reading, though of books he can have had but few; but when he and his brother went with other little children to the parish school they would learn the Latin grammar and the elements of arithmetic, and above all, a knowledge and love of

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[1] Harleian MSS. No. 603.

Holy Scripture would be instilled into their young hearts. In the inspired books the student and saint that was to be found nourishment for mind and heart, and in the quiet of his country home there was nothing to prevent the divine seed from sinking deeply into his soul, there to germinate in silence till the time came for it to bring forth a harvest of rich fruit.

In pious households, such as that of Richard and Alice of Wyche, the parents' duty of bringing up their children in the fear and love of God was well understood. "Every man and woman after his degree," says the author of *Dives and Pauper*,[1] "is bound to do his business to know God's law, that he is bound to keep. And fathers, mothers, godfathers, and godmothers be bound to teach them God's law, or else do them to be taught." The little ones of the Middle Ages received much of their instruction, religious and secular, through the medium of simple rhymes, and Richard and his companions must have been familiar with such lines as these on the duty of early rising:

"Ryse you early in the morning,
  For it hath propertyes three:
Holynesse, health, and happy wealth,
  As my father taught mee.
At syxe of the clocke, without delay,
  Use commonly to ryse,
And give God thanks for thy good rest,
  When thou openest thy eyes."[2]

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[1] Printed by Wynkyn de Worde, 1496.

[2] *The Babe of Nurture*, quoted by Abbot Gasquet, in *Parish Life in Mediaeval England.*

Children were by no means exempt from the duty of attending daily Mass with their parents in the Parish Church, and were, moreover, admonished how to behave when there. They were "not to loll against the pillar or to stand about," but to kneel on the floor,

> "And pray to God with herte meke,
> To give them grace and mercy eke";

and at the Consecration bell to raise their hands, and, "softly to themselves," praise "the Blessed King, Jesus." And so throughout the day, till they laid themselves down to sleep, invoking the blessing of the Virgin Mother and her "Swete Sonne," God was set before their eyes as a loving Father, whom they were to serve with joy and gladness, and the truths of faith became part and parcel of their daily lives.

In the case of Richard of Wyche these holy customs, together with the simple instructions of his mother and the parish priest, fell upon good soil, and early formed him to solid piety. Often would the boy steal from his play, and kneeling in the silent church, pour forth to the Holy One Who dwelt in the pyx above the altar, the prayers and aspirations that already, though scarcely recognised, were stirring so strongly within him. We can imagine him, too, accompanying his mother to the singing of Our Lady's evening anthem, which in many places was an early established custom. There, in the dim church, where the tapers on the Lady Altar shone like two stars amid the surrounding gloom, the child's pure voice would rise to the throne of his heavenly mother and make sweet melody in her ears. Mary, in return, obtained for her little client the purity of soul that his confessor in after years marvelled to behold, together with a deep devotion to her, whose name was almost the last uttered by his dying lips.

Thus flowed peacefully onwards the early years of Richard of Wyche. But suffering and death were at hand, and before long the happy household was broken up.

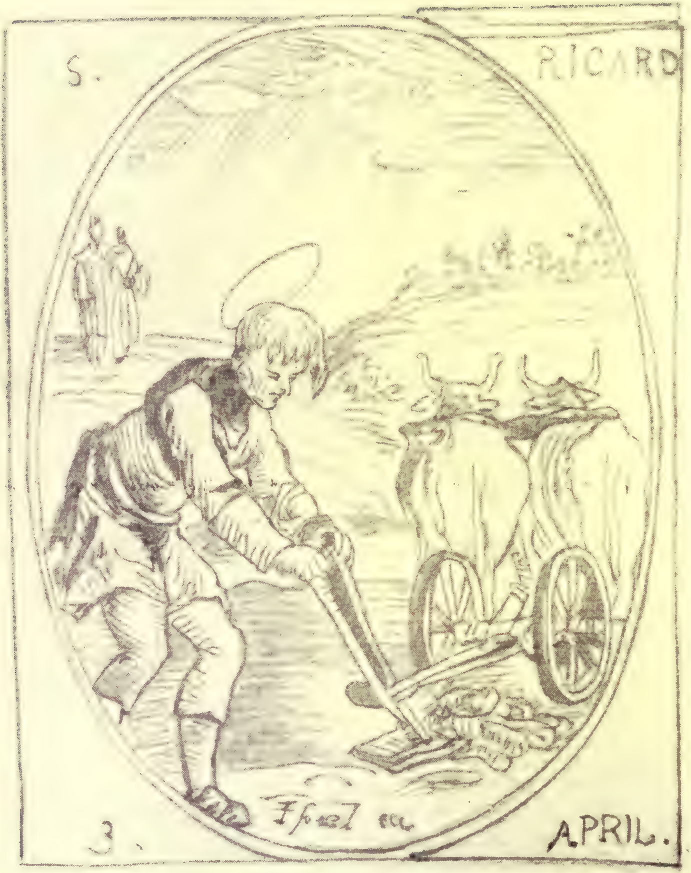
CHAPTER III

BOYHOOD AND YOUTH—IN THE BURFORD FIELDS

The Interdict—Death of Richard's parents—He and his brother are sent to school—Probably educated at Worcester Priory—St Wulstan the founder of the school—Richard's love of study—Unfaithfulness of the boys' guardians—A ruined estate—Richard's generosity—He sacrifices himself to help his brother—His life as a farm-labourer—Renewed prosperity and a proposal of marriage—A rejected bride—Richard goes to Oxford.

In the year 1208, when Richard was about eleven years old, the great Interdict fell upon England. Three years of rebellion and disobedience to the Holy See, on the part of King John regarding the nomination and election of bishops, had at length obliged Pope Innocent III. to resort to this last terrible expedient, as the only means of forcing the English tyrant into submission.

It is unnecessary to go into a story that has no direct bearing on St Richard's life, though, young as he then was, the state of misery into which the land was thrown must have made an ineffaceable impression on his mind, and have brought clearly home to him the obstinacy of the Plantagenets and the strained


S. RICARD
3 APRIL.

St Richard Ploughing

From Callot's *Images des Saincts*

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relations between Church and King. Indeed, could he but have known what the future had in store for himself, he might have regarded it as a foreshadowing of his own troubles.

Richard was to learn early in life the lesson of detachment from creatures. It was about this time, when he and his brother were still children, that death took from them both father and mother, and they were left to fight the battle of life alone. Disease was rife in the land at that period, and it is possible that husband and wife may have been stricken down almost simultaneously; but this we do not know. The orphans were placed in some kind of feudal wardship, and were most probably sent to one of the abbey or cathedral schools then beginning to flourish in the country.[1]

We are told that Richard soon surpassed his fellow-scholars "in the ripeness of his learning and the gravity of his conversation and way of life," so that in a short time "he far excelled all his rivals as well in learning as in integrity of life and good manners." These words evidently imply that he went to school, but unhappily no one has taken the trouble to record the name of that school. Droitwich, however, is not far from Worcester, and we may conjecture, without improbability, that the brothers received their education from the Benedictine monks in their great school, under the patronage of St Wulstan. This holy man was born about 1008, and was educated first at Evesham and afterwards in the minster school at Peterborough. His parents both took the monastic habit, and Wulstan himself was ordained priest by Brithege, Bishop of Worcester. Whilst still in the ranks of the secular clergy he is said to have surpassed many a cloistered monk in his prayers and austerities. For a time he used to eat meat, but one day being much distracted whilst saying Mass by the smell of some roasting that was going on in the kitchen, fearing in his fervour lest carnal temptation should take hold of him, he bound himself by vow never again to touch flesh meat. Not long afterwards he entered the Priory of Worcester, and there led a life "remarkable for innocence and sanctity."

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[1] The Italian life says that the elder brother was carried off as a slave in early childhood, but no authority is given for the statement, and neither Bocking nor Capgrave mention any fact of the kind.

After his profession Wulstan became master of the priory school, which Habington describes as being then "over the refectory of the religious men within the College of Worcester." The school had already attained celebrity in the district, and Wulstan did much to improve and sanctify it. He took great pains to inculcate on his scholars a spirit of charity and generosity, teaching them to feed the poor, carry in the dishes, and wait at table, he himself ever setting them an example of meekness and humility. He died in 1095, and was canonised in 1203, so that at the period of Richard's boyhood the school would still be full of the spirit and traditions of the kind and gentle master, who from teaching boys had risen to become first prior and then Bishop of Worcester, and whose tender-heartedness has been chronicled by many writers. William of Malmesbury relates a touching incident of how, when laying the foundation-stone of his new church, he beheld the old and decayed one, built by Bishop Oswald, being destroyed, he could not refrain from tears. "*Ad hoc spectaculum stans sub Divo Wulstanus, lachrymas tenere nequivit.*" When the English complained of the oppression of the Normans the holy Bishop would comfort them, saying: "This is a scourge sent us by God for our sins; let us bear it with patience."

These and many other anecdotes of their saintly patron must have been related to the Worcester scholars during the long winter evenings, and Richard drank them in with avidity, and did not forget their lessons when he in his turn became bishop.

In such a school as that of Worcester the pupils would learn to love and venerate the religious life, and had he been able at this period of his career to follow his attraction for prayer and study, Richard would in all probability have become a monk, and joined the religious community of Worcester or Evesham. But Providence had ordained otherwise.

Whilst the two brothers were quietly pursuing their studies and growing towards manhood, their interests were being shamefully neglected by the guardians to whom they had been entrusted. The land was left untilled, the buildings allowed to fall into decay, and the money squandered by these faithless men, so that when at length the elder brother attained his majority he found the fair home of his boyhood almost in ruins. Instead of the prosperous estate left by his father there seems to have been nothing remaining to him but a small farm in a miserable state of poverty and neglect. It was a depressing prospect for the two young men, and but for his brother, Robert would have sunk into despair. But Richard was cast in a stronger mould. Dear to him as were his books, his brother was far dearer, and in this crisis of their fortunes not only affection, but a sensitive conscience, ever ready to seek the good of others rather than his own, decided him to sacrifice his inclinations, and even—for a time at least—his attraction to the priesthood, for the needs of his family. It must be remembered also that there was a sister, who had to be provided for and probably maintained by the brothers, and this must have been a further inducement to Richard to leave his happy seclusion and beloved books, and face the world as a poor man.

What he actually did, however, seems to us, who know nothing beyond the bare fact mentioned by his earliest biographers, an amazing act of self-sacrifice and humiliation. His own patrimony had been dissipated, no less than that of his brother; he was therefore penniless, and in no condition to raise the family fortunes by any contribution of money. One thing only he possessed: himself. And that, in a truly heroic spirit of generosity, he gave. He became his brother's serf, or, as we should now call it, his labourer,[1] and set himself to work on the farm, tilling the earth, minding the cattle, driving the plough and the cart, and toiling at every kind of hard and servile employment: "*Nunc ad aratrum*," says Bocking; "*nunc ad bigam, nunc ad aliam hujusmodi opera manus mittens, humiliter et modeste servavit.*" It is not quite clear from the Friar's account exactly how Richard engaged himself in this business: whether he became the serf or villein of his brother, working for him without recompense, or whether he hired himself out as a free labourer to some lord of a wealthy manor, and thus earned sufficient to buy back the lost estates of his father. In any case it is certain that he willingly descended to the lowly condition of a farm-servant and worked year in and year out as other serfs of the period had to do.

When we consider the condition of agriculture in England at that time, we realise what a task Richard had set himself in his resolution to restore the prosperity of the Burfords by his own personal labour. In such a secluded part of the country as Worcestershire changes or progress of any kind would be very slow, and for long after the Conquest the old Saxon laws and customs of agriculture appear to have remained in force. "Long water-meadows and fine hill-pastures with herds of cattle and flocks of sheep;

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[1] *Seipsum in servientem sibi tradidit.*

herb-gardens and orchards and vineyards about the houses; broad cornfields of many acres, producing more grain than the island could consume"—such, we are told, was the picture that England presented to our forefathers of old; a picture of peace and prosperity that, since we have become a commercial country, is little more than a beautiful memory. But this prosperity could not be maintained without constant work, and in the thirteenth century the position of the villeins and cottiers was a hard one. Not only were there no modern inventions of steam and machinery to lighten their labours, but many of their implements were rude in the extreme. One of the chief impediments to good husbandry was the great expense of iron, and a chief item in bailiffs' accounts of the thirteenth century was that of new irons to the plough. To avoid this wooden ploughs and harrows were often used, which were very clumsy, and the soil was in consequence scratched rather than ploughed up.[1]

We can easily picture to ourselves the fair and comely youth, with his thoughtful face and scholarly ways, going about the Burford fields, clad in his linen tunic and short cloak, the hose banded to his knee with strips of cloth, and in bad weather with hood drawn over his head against the wind and rain, managing one of those clumsy ploughs, pictures of which may be seen in the old manuscripts, or driving a heavy ox-cart. He would have to go through the year's work, in heat and cold, sun and rain, without rest or

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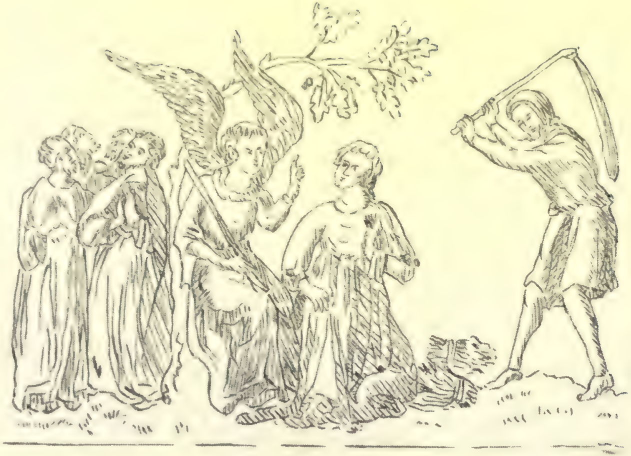
[1] Cf. *Social England*, Vol. i.



Angel presiding at a threshing scene

From an old illumination

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respite, working in the common meadows, divided by grass "baulks" or ridges into furlong or furrow-long strips, probably supplying one or two oxen as his share of the common team of eight required for the village plough, sowing his corn and grass in the common fields and pasturing his sheep and cattle on the common lands, according to the old "communal" system of farming;[1] and sleeping at night with the other labourers, possibly in the same shed as the cattle. An old manuscript depicts a threshing scene in which an angel is apparently taking part: a pretty fancy, doubtless, of the monk-artist, but it suggests the thought that our Saint may have received some supernatural consolation at the hands of an angelic comforter during this time of trial that would encourage him to persevere.

Brave though he was, however, Richard found the trial a hard one and the time of his voluntary servitude long. He missed his books, and, still more, the daily Mass of his schooldays, and the visits to the church in the quiet evening hours. He would seldom have time for such devotions now; the most he could do would be to listen earnestly each morning for the sound of the *Sanctus* bell, and as it came pealing softly through the fragrant air, kneel devoutly in the field, and with hands and heart raised to God, adore in spirit the sacred Body of his Lord. Thus for some years did he endure his rough apprenticeship, serving, as the old writer expresses it, "for no short time in all patience, poverty, and great abjection," endearing himself to his brother and his friends by his untiring modesty and humility. No doubt those years of labour and self-abnegation were designed by God to strengthen and prepare his soul for the far heavier trials that awaited him; inuring him to hardship and suffering, and training him in that practical knowledge of business and of men so necessary to those in authority. It is certain that his experience of these years did much to strengthen his character and develop within him a solid and enduring virtue. The love of books that might have made him a mere dreamer was modified by the exigencies of his farm duties, and while his simple, child-like piety remained uninjured, the pious youth became a truly spiritual, and therefore a strong man. For whilst working on his brother's farm, and causing the neglected land to bloom again and bring forth fruit in abundance, Richard did not let his own mind lie fallow. In his few free moments he read, and while he dug his fields or drove his oxen he prayed, and when at last, after some years, he was able to restore the property to his brother in a state of cultivation and abundance, his old longing for the higher life once more asserted itself.[1]

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[1] The old system of communal farming under capitalist landlords, though in the thirteenth century it showed signs of breaking down, never became actually obsolete till the whole country had been devastated by the Great Plague, which first broke out in 1348. (Cf. *Old English Villages*, by P. H. Ditchfield.)

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[1] It was probably in memory of this portion of his life that the Saint was chosen as patron of the Guild of Coachmen in Milan.

Then came what must have been allowed as a trial to test his sincerity, or else was an attempt on the part of the enemy of souls to draw him down to the lower paths. His brother had at length learnt to understand and appreciate Richard's wonderful unselfishness, whilst at the same time he could not but acknowledge how far more capable this younger brother was of managing the estate than he himself would ever be. So, in what was probably a sudden and unconsidered impulse of gratitude, he had a deed of gift executed, which made over to Richard the whole property. The latter accepted it, though whether merely as a temporary loan, or with the desire of preserving what he had so hardly gained from once more falling into decay, is not clear. Most probably the two brothers now lived together and shared both home and goods.

Before long, however, it became known that the younger Wyche was now a rich man, and certain friends and relatives—*amici ejus carnales*—of whom, by the way, we hear nothing in the orphans' time of adversity—appeared on the scene and endeavoured to persuade the young man that it was his duty to marry. They even presented to him as a suitable wife a noble and charming maiden, the possessor moreover of great wealth. Richard manfully resisted the temptation, but it is possible that he did not at first give a positive and direct refusal, for the report reached his brother that he was about to accept the offer and marry the young lady. Not unnaturally, perhaps, Robert was hurt and angry: here was this younger brother, already in possession of the family fortune—which he had earned, it is true—but of which Robert had disinherited himself, and now he was to be further enriched by a noble bride. We cannot be surprised that "he repented of having given up his land and began to be sad and troubled."

When Richard heard this, with a charming frankness and simplicity, he sought out his brother. "Nay, dearest brother," he said; "let not thy heart be disturbed about this matter. For as thou hast been courtly and generous to me, so will I act in the same way to thee. Behold, I here return thee thy deed of gift; take thy land back. Yea, and I give thee also the damsel herself, if she and her friends are willing. As for me, I have never even so much as kissed her." And without further delay, says the chronicler, Richard left the land and the maiden, and went straight away to Oxford. Whether the rejected lady was willing thus to be passed from one brother to another, we are not told.

But the incident had finally convinced Richard himself that the joys of home and lands were not for him. The voice of God, calling him to the higher life, made itself irresistibly heard, and though the realisation of his aspirations was to be long delayed, from that moment his determination was taken, and he never swerved from it again. His Dominican biographer describes this decision in characteristic style: "Having been regenerated unto a lively hope through Christ," he writes, "Richard chose in preference to an earthly property that inheritance, incorruptible and undefiled, that cannot fade, but is reserved in heaven; an inheritance, the parts of which being closely compacted together might be shared with a multitude of brethren. So could he freely cry out with the psalmist: 'The lines are fallen unto me in goodly places; for mine inheritance is goodly to me.'"[1]

[1] Cf. 1 Peter i. 3, 4. Ps. cxxi. 3. Ps. xv. 6.

CHAPTER IV

ALMA MATER

Oxford in the thirteenth century—Richard a poor scholar—His course of study described by Bocking—" The Rational of Judgment "—His indifference to comfort—His biographer's testimony to the purity of his life—Estimate of his character—The *horarium* of a mediaeval student—Friendships formed by Richard at Oxford—St Edmund Rich—Robert Grosseteste—The Dominicans at Oxford.

RICHARD was now free to go his own way, and in the words of the Italian life, "delighted with his liberty, in joy of heart shook off his chains," and turned without delay to the goal of every enthusiastic student of the time—the University of Oxford.

Whoever has once beheld that fair city will carry its beauty for ever in his memory. "Gardens, churches, and colleges, shining through a vista of stately trees, surrounded by green meadows, and reflected in the waters of a noble river, make up a picture that may well arrest the eye of the artist or poet," and, with the long fronts of venerable colleges and halls, the shady walks under spreading elms, still proclaim Oxford as one of the beautiful cities of the world, in spite of trams, motors, and other disfigurements of modern progress.

But the city as we know it is a very different place from the Oxford of the thirteenth century, and if we would realise the University of St Richard's time we must dismiss from our minds the picture we are now familiar with. The Church of St Martin, now destroyed, at the *Quatrevoix*, or Carfax, where its four streets meet, was the centre of the city life. Its bell summoned the burghers to council or arms, and the citizens used its tower as a fortress, and on occasion of a quarrel with the students would retire there, and shoot at them with arrows and stones. Around the church the trade-guilds were encamped, whilst south of it lay the "Spicery" and "Vintnery," the quarter of the richer burgesses. The tall spire of St Frideswide rose above the surrounding trees, but the town itself consisted chiefly of a mass of timber and thatched houses, intersected by narrow dirty lanes, and the inns or lecture halls were only distinguished from the shops and work-places by quaint inscriptions placed over their doors. Then there was the great Norman castle with its two huge towers; St Peter's-in-the-East, one of the earliest stone churches, and St Michael's tower, of Saxon rubble-work, while from the islet meadows below rose the stately Abbey of Oseney.

The peace of the town was constantly broken by noisy frays. To say nothing of the quarrels with the Jews, which were frequent enough, the scholars were growing every day in numbers and audacity, and their brawls with the townsmen make up a large portion of the local history of the time. The divisions of nations were also a fruitful source of disturbance. To the thousands of English scholars were added those who, in great numbers, were beginning to resort to the English University. Nation rose against nation, whilst English, Irish, and Welsh were no less willing to fight amongst themselves.

Nevertheless, in the midst of this turmoil, learning and piety managed to flourish. That such men as Edmund Rich, Grosseteste, Bacon, Fishacre, and Kilwardby were trained and taught in Oxford, is evidence enough that good and solid work was going on beneath the surface-waves of popular turbulence. Even the turbulence and stir were themselves signs of progress, and testified to the awakening of England to a new and deeper life of mental activity.[1]

Poverty was considered no degradation in those days to master or scholar, but was rather looked upon as honourable, and entitling a man to respect. The search after and desire of riches would be accounted unworthy of those whose lives were devoted to the acquiring and imparting the hidden treasures of philosophy and theology. Therefore when Richard arrived at Oxford with only a few pence in his pocket and a wallet on his back, containing perhaps one or two precious manuscripts, but empty of the necessaries of life, none would be found to give him the cold shoulder on that account. He would take his place among scholars as poor as himself, and seeking out the masters he desired, would easily obtain entrance to their lectures, and start at once on his University career. Whether that career became a success or a failure depended entirely on the students themselves; those who chose to work soon found congenial companions and helpful masters, whilst no doubt a large proportion of idle youths preferred the tavern and the streets to the lecture hall. But Richard was not one of these, and having at last found the opening he desired, he set himself to work without waste of time, undaunted at having to start at the beginning of the course, for the years in the Burford fields must have thrown him some way back in literary knowledge. From the outset he looked to the priesthood as the end to be kept ever in view, and with his usual reference to Scripture, Friar Bocking explains to us the course of the young man's studies. "In order," he says, "that the Rational of Judgment should not be worn irrationally on the breast of the future high priest, he judged it well, after completing his course of humanities, to equip himself the better for a more profound understanding of the higher sciences of philosophy and theology by taking up the study of logic. In this science he made such great progress that the authorities of a famous school [Capgrave says he studied logic chiefly in Paris] deemed him worthy of the master's degree." This, however, did not satisfy a mind that craved for the fullest knowledge possible of divine things, and Friar Ralph, continuing his simile, goes on to say that this same Rational "or *Logion*, having been inscribed by divine command with the words *Judicium et Veritas*,[1] it was by no means unbecoming that the future Bishop should proceed to the further study of the sacred Canons, whose conclusions are drawn from the truths of theology and the principles of the civil law. Thus did he become not only the disciple, but an eminent teacher of wisdom." The study of theology was, however, deferred until a later period of his life.

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[1] Cf. Green's *History of the English People*; Miss Drane's *Christian Schools and Scholars*.

The task that Richard had now set himself could only be accomplished by many years of laborious study. This he did not shrink from. So great indeed was his desire for knowledge that he gave little thought or care to his body. The usual lodging-houses of the students were uncomfortable enough, but Richard's poverty necessitated his sharing a small attic with two other students as badly off as himself. Here they lived in great discomfort, deprived of all but the barest necessaries of life, possessing but one tunic each, and one gown or cloak among the three,[2] so that when one went to lecture, the other two had to stay at home, and thus they took turns together. Their beds were very mean, and their garret scantily furnished, whilst their food consisted of bread, a very little cheap wine, and some pottage (described as a sort of stew made with herbs, a little milk or other "supping stuff," boiled in an earthen pot). Probably in the case of our Saint and his companions, the morsel of meat or fish that they indulged in only on Sundays and festivals, or if they entertained visitors, did duty as the foundation of this pottage for the rest of the week.

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[1] Exod. xxviii. 30. "Doctrine and Truth. Hebrew, *Urim* and *Thummim: illuminations* and *perfections*. These words, written on the Rational, seem to signify the light of doctrine and the integrity of life, with which the priests of God ought to approach to him."—(*Note* in Douay Version.)

[2] *Cappa*. This no doubt was a University gown worn by all the students, without which they would not have been admitted to the lecture hall.

The students of the mediaeval Universities were kept pretty closely at work. There is a well-known account of a Cambridge student's life in the sixteenth century, which would probably apply with almost equal accuracy to that of an Oxford scholar in the thirteenth, though the earlier student would hear his daily Mass, and on the greater festivals time would be given for attending the services of the Church. The scholars had to rise at daybreak, and after hearing Mass in one of the neighbouring churches they went to the lecture hall. The lessons lasted till "ten of the clock," when they went to dinner. Hereat "they be content with a penny piece of beef among four, having a few pottage, with salt and oatmeal, and nothing else. After this slender diet they be either teaching or learning until five of the clock in the evening; whereat they have a supper not much better than their dinner, immediately after which they go either to reasoning in problems or some other study until it be nine or ten of the clock; and then, being without fires, they are fain to walk, or run up and down for half an hour, to get a heat on their feet when they go to bed."

Richard's life at Oxford was therefore little less hard and laborious than it had been in his farming days. But it was more congenial, and having grown accustomed to poverty and fatigue by his experiences at Burford, it seemed but a small thing now to suffer cold and hunger in the pursuit of learning. And so, in spite of all privations and humiliations, he was very happy; his spirits never flagged; he was always cheerful, and, says his biographer, "he cared so little about worldly things that he let others manage even the small means he possessed. Moreover, he rejoiced in his poverty because it reduced him to the condition of his Lord on earth." In after years, as Bishop of Chichester, he looked back on these days of peaceful study with loving regret, and would talk about them to Friar Bocking, saying that "never in his life had he been so happy, or enjoyed such joy and peace of soul, as during his University course."

Friar Ralph bears striking testimony to Richard's virtues and purity of life at this period. He describes the graciousness and attractiveness of his appearance as being far beyond the common, and had he so chosen, the young student would have been a welcome guest at all the feasts and wild revels popular among his companions. But Richard held in special aversion all dances and such frivolous amusements, so that "neither by flattery nor the persuasion of friends could his dislike be overcome." In spite of his attractiveness and popularity, and while ever maintaining a kind and obliging demeanour, he so guarded and restrained himself that sin and worldliness had perforce to hide its face in shame before him. In Father Bocking's words "he might be said ever to have lived the life of an angel in the flesh, and therefore deserved the name of *Angelicus*, rather than *Anglicus*." That this was no mere form of speech is clear from the same father's own assertion: "He who writes these things, though a sinner, yet nevertheless a priest and a religious, is witness of this truth. For a few years before his departure from this world to the Father it pleased the Saint to lay bare to the aforesaid Friar (his confessor), his whole life and all his actions. And so far as I could perceive, I found that throughout his life the Bishop had never sullied his soul with grievous sin, and had preserved in all its beauty the flower of his virginity; so that I believe he may be reckoned among the number of those happy virgins, who in heaven follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth."

Such immunity, however, was not purchased free of cost. Richard of Wyche belonged, as we do, to a fallen race, and though his confessor touches but lightly on the matter, when we stand by the Saint's death-bed and the secrets of his severe bodily mortification are revealed, we understand how the purity and delicacy of conscience of which Bocking speaks must have been the reward of a lifelong combat with his lower nature. His heart was given to God from childhood, and there is no difficulty in accepting the Friar's assertion regarding the perfect purity of his life. But there are other obstacles to perfection besides sins of the flesh, and Richard's nature was of too strong a cast to be lightly moulded. A certain impetuosity and severity of character appears in some of the anecdotes connected with the administration of his See—faults of which none were more conscious than the Bishop himself. These show us—for our encouragement—that our Richard's sanctity was not, as might almost be thought of his master, the gentle St Edmund, infused from the beginning, but had to be acquired by dint of hard blows and much self-conquest. To the careful reader of St Richard's life it is clear that the chief weakness of this brave and loving soul lay in a tendency to hastiness, and in an inclination to deal a little hardly with wrong-doers, which may possibly have had its root in pride; whilst on the other hand, the meekness he exhibited during Henry's persecution, shows how well he had profited by his apprenticeship under St Edmund, and how completely grace could conquer anger when the injuries inflicted concerned himself alone. Such faults as his life reveals would indeed belong almost of necessity to a clear-headed practical man of business, which Richard abundantly proves himself to have been, who possessed at the same time an exceedingly high standard of supernatural perfection.

To what master Richard applied for instruction is not definitely known. The famous Grosseteste was then teaching in the Franciscan schools, and it is highly probable that our Saint studied under him. Grosseteste is considered to have been on the whole an advocate of the older learning, though he exercised the friars in scholastic disputations, and the practical knowledge for which he was distinguished no doubt appealed to the corresponding cast of the younger man's mind, and drew him to Grosseteste's lectures. We do not hear of Richard's being mixed up with the disputes between the upholders of the new methods of the scholastic school and those who clung to the old teaching by comment on the Scriptures—disputes that were then beginning to rouse Oxford, as they had already roused Paris, to a frenzy of excitement. The young student from Worcestershire knew exactly what he wanted, and pursued his end with a steadfastness that was apparently undisturbed by the wrangles of the *Biblici* and the *Sententiatores*.[1]

His future friend and guide, who before long was to become "the beloved of his soul," must have left Oxford very soon after his own arrival there. St Edmund Rich went to Salisbury in 1222, whilst Richard probably entered the University in or about the year 1220. As, during the last years of his stay in Oxford, Edmund was almost entirely occupied in lecturing on theology, it is unlikely that the freshman would have studied under him. Nevertheless St Richard's biographers speak as if the two were already acquainted, when Archbishop Edmund drew the former from his post of Chancellor at Oxford to join him at Canterbury. They can hardly have met during the intervening years, seven of which Richard spent in Bologna, and the intimacy must therefore have begun when they were both at Oxford.

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[1] Cf. the Sketch by Rev. J. B. Dalgairns.

Two such kindred souls would respond to the lightest mutual touch, and, drawn together by the mysterious attraction of sanctity, a warm friendship would quickly spring up between them. The description of Edmund Rich in his Oxford days, given by Dom Wilfrid Wallace, contains so many features of a similar character to those related of Richard as Bishop of Chichester that it is easy to trace the source whence the younger man drew the inspiration of his own practices of virtue, and in what school he learned to make prayer and charity the ruling factors of his life. They were the disciples of one Divine Master; but Edmund led the way and Richard followed faithfully in his steps.

It was at Oxford also that the Saint's acquaintance with the Order to which he afterwards became so much attached, began. The Dominican or Preaching Friars established themselves in Oxford in the first year of their arrival in England, namely 1221. By the munificence of Isabel de Balbec, widow of Robert, Earl of Oxford, they obtained ground in the parish of St Edward, on which they built a house and chapel; but this place being too "strait," about forty years after they moved to a little island near the Watergate, in the parish of St Ebb, given them by Henry III. Here the brethren of the Order—many of them eminent for learning and sanctity—continued till the dissolution, when the house with all its belongings was granted by the King to Richard Andrews and John How, who alienated it to William Frere and his heirs.[1]

Many of the best professors in the University flocked to hear the new preachers, and not a few of them soon enrolled themselves under St Dominic's banner. Robert Bacon, John of St Giles, Fishacre, and Robert Kilwardby, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, were amongst those who joined the Order; and this assembly of holy and learned men were quick to recognise the merits and gifts of the young Richard, and to hold out to him the hand of fellowship. Thus sprang up an intimacy that lasted through life, and Kilwardby, who was Provincial of England at the time of the Saint's death, formed one of the commission appointed by the Holy See to inquire into his claims to canonisation.

[1] Dugdale's *Monasticon*, Vol. viii. p. 1489.

CHAPTER V

UNIVERSITY HONOURS

Richard studies logic in Paris—Returns to Oxford for his degree of Master of Arts—Opens a school—His unworldliness—Strange accident at a banquet—Goes to Bologna—Intimacy with the Friars Preachers there—His vow to enter their Order—Another offer of marriage—Richard goes back to Oxford and is elected Chancellor of the University—Duties of the office—St Edmund calls him to Canterbury and makes him his own Chancellor.

THERE are very few data to be had for the chronology of this portion of St Richard's life, but according to a probable reckoning, he would have studied for at least six years, probably more, first at Oxford, and then at Paris, where he specially devoted himself to logic. There he took his bachelor's degree, but declined to be admitted to that of master out of his own country. "Adorned, therefore," says the chronicler, "with gifts of knowledge and eloquence," he returned to his Alma Mater, and with the unanimous consent of the authorities, took his degree of Master of Arts, and was promoted to the magisterial chair. Desirous of sharing with others the wisdom he had himself acquired, he opened a school, and soon gained great celebrity by the solidity of his teaching, whilst his regular life, and the piety which every day became more and more apparent, in spite of his efforts to avoid all singularity, endeared him to all with whom he came in contact.

As master he practised the same rigid poverty as in his undergraduate days. Bocking says he had as a student received no temporal help from anyone, save a " very slender allowance " from his relations, probably the brother who was enjoying the fruits of Richard's former labours, but it did not amount to more than a mere pittance. And now, when it was possible for him to gain a moderate competency by his lectures, he showed himself quite indifferent as to whether he made anything out of his work or not. He detested the vice of avarice, and from the beginning set his face steadfastly against the acceptance of pluralities, an abuse then unhappily growing among the secular clergy. When his scholars or companions discussed among themselves, as they would sometimes do, their future prospects, and talked of the rich benefices they hoped to acquire, the young master would lovingly rebuke them. " Nay, my friends," he said, " let us not trouble ourselves about such matters. God is faithful, and if we serve Him faithfully, He will provide for our needs."

That his Heavenly Father was indeed watching over His servant was shown by a remarkable occurrence that took place during this period of his University life. A young student, who had just taken his degree, invited his friends to a banquet in commemoration of the event, and begged Master Richard to honour them with his presence. The first place at the feast was given to the guest, and they were all in the midst of gaiety and rejoicing when one of the stewards approached the master and whispered to him that a youth was inquiring for him at the door. He was apparently a total stranger, but "of very noble mien," and urgently desired to see Master Richard. The young host sent the steward out with a cordial and courteous invitation to the stranger to enter and join the party at the table, but he refused, and returned answer that he only wished to see the master, "and that instantly." In some surprise Richard left the hall to speak to his unknown visitor. When he reached the outer door, however, no one was there. The youth had departed as suddenly as he came, and though Richard questioned the bystanders outside, none could enlighten him. The stranger's arrival they had noted, and now they saw that he had gone, but how and when they could not tell. At that moment a crash resounded from the banqueting room, and hurrying back the master found the whole party in consternation. A large stone had fallen from the wall just above the seat which he had occupied but a few moments before, and had he not been called away, he would inevitably have been crushed to death. None doubted now as to the personality of the mysterious visitor. Their master, "beloved of God and men," had been saved from a cruel death through the intervention of a heavenly messenger, sent by Him who has promised His elect that not a hair of their head shall perish against His will. The whole company, seeing how nearly their joy had been turned into grief, returned heartfelt thanks to God for His evident protection, and Bocking, who probably heard the story from the Saint's own lips, concludes it by quoting the words of the psalm: "He hath given His angels charge over thee, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone"; adding that: "If our Heavenly Father thus keeps the feet of His servants, much more tenderly would He guard from danger that head which He had destined to be anointed with the oil of gladness, and adorned with the episcopal dignity."

After lecturing for two years in the Oxford schools, Richard decided to go to Bologna, there to complete and perfect his course of canon law. *Docta Bononia*, as it is called by Italian writers of the period, had for nearly a hundred years enjoyed the fame of possessing the first and greatest law school in Europe. Her University was known as the *Mater studiorum*, and rivalled that of Paris in antiquity and renown. The first chair of jurisprudence had been erected there in 1157, and the study of canon was soon added to that of civil law. The Emperor Frederic Barbarossa bestowed great privileges on the University, and extended his protection in a special manner to its masters and students. The Roman Pontiffs, too, soon began to favour the rising institute. Alexander III. taught theology in its walls before his elevation to the purple, whilst Pope Innocent III. and our own St Thomas of Canterbury read canon law there after finishing their theology in Paris. Early in the thirteenth century the rising Order of Friars Preachers made their headquarters at Bologna, and still further extended its fame.

Jordan of Saxony, the successor of St Dominic in the government of the Order, was in the habit of giving Lenten conferences to the Bolognese students every year, and as Richard had already formed some enduring friendships with the Friars in England, he must have rejoiced to meet one of whom he had often heard. Blessed Jordan had a remarkable power of drawing out the affection and confidence of young men. Of a gentle, amiable disposition, he possessed the gift of large sympathies, and the number of those whom he drew to the Order has been counted by thousands. Here, then, the friendship of Richard with the Friars was cemented by his intimacy with some of their greatest men. One of these was John of Vicenza, now counted among the *Beati* of the Order, "the apostle of Lombardy," and the preacher of peace amongst the deadly feuds that were desolating Italy. Bologna was his headquarters, and its citizens followed him with the cross and banners on his mission of peace. By a specially eloquent sermon on the banks of the Adige, he actually succeeded in making peace between the Guelph and Ghibelline factions. But it did not last long, and before Richard left Italy blood had again been shed.

Richard remained at Bologna for seven years, "drinking in," says the chronicle, "the flowing honey of the sacred canons." He worked under a lay master, whose name has not been recorded, but who was so much charmed with the talents and diligence of his English pupil, that when age and infirmities hindered him for a time from fulfilling his duties, he chose Richard to supply his place in preference to other and older men. For more than six months Richard filled the post, and performed its functions with great success, and "so diligently and humbly as to deserve from the whole University singular praise and honour." At the end of that time his old master, who would fain have kept him at his side, endeavoured to get him appointed as his assistant, to succeed him later in the professorial chair. Curiously enough, a tempting offer of wife and riches was again held out to him. The master proposed that he should marry his only daughter, and promised to make him heir of all he possessed; and this time we are told that "the maiden was quite willing." But Richard's mind was now firmly set against marriage and prosperity, and rather than listen for a moment to such a suggestion, he bade a kindly farewell to his old friend, and, excusing himself on the ground of other necessary calls, he returned to England, crowned with the honours of a doctorate in canon law.

Whether it was at Bologna, or later on at Orleans, that Richard made his vow to enter the Order of

Preachers, is uncertain. Bocking tells us that he had taken such a vow, but was prevented from carrying it into effect by his election to the See of Chichester, and that the Pope formally dispensed him from the obligation at the time of his consecration. But he does not state where or when the promise was made. Such vows, to be fulfilled at some later period, were in those days by no means uncommon. In the early annals of the Dominican Order we meet with several instances, and no doubt it was done in other Orders also, just as men vowed "to take the cross," without always specifying any particular time for doing so. But why, in Richard's case, the carrying out of the promise was delayed is, and must remain, a perplexity to his biographers; as it is also a perplexity to find that his ordination to the priesthood did not take place till after St Edmund's death. His aspirations to a life of devotion to God's service are clearly manifest from the days of his early youth, and the contemporary writers give no hint of there being any insuperable obstacle to their fulfilment. And yet his ordination was deferred till he was nearly forty-five years old. The only explanation of this long delay that can be offered—and which after all is only a conjecture—is that the Saint shrank from what was really the one wish of his heart, out of a deep humility and sense of his unworthiness of so great a dignity. Such sentiments have inspired other saints with a fear of the awe-inspiring honour of the priesthood, which, like St Augustine, they have, from very reverence, received almost unwillingly. This seems at any rate to be the least unlikely reason that we can assign for the long deferring of St Richard's ordination.

Meanwhile Oxford welcomed back her former student and Master of Arts with open arms. Whilst he himself desired only to resume his old life of "labour, watching, and many bodily afflictions," by the unanimous consent of the electors he was chosen soon after his return to fill the post of Chancellor of the University. In this office Friar Ralph describes him as "displaying in all his actions the stores of wisdom and knowledge that had hitherto lain concealed in the treasury of his mind. He was a prudent and most diligent investigator in the discussion of causes, truthful in pronouncements, just in judgment, discreet in giving his opinion, circumspect in all his actions."

The office was no sinecure. As Chancellor he was practically the judge of the University, and had to punish the riotous scholars, no light task, as we have already seen, and the King sometimes lent him his prison in which to confine the delinquents. The police arrangements of the time were very imperfect, so that a great deal more depended on the personal character and influence of the Chancellor than on the physical force of the University. Then he had to confer degrees. In doing this he was necessarily dependent on the report of the masters, but the University had not so far grown into a system as to supersede the Chancellor's personal inquiry into the candidate's qualifications, and as there were as yet no colleges to be answerable to the Chancellor for the character of the scholar, his function in this respect was the highest in Oxford. Lastly, he was the great law-adviser of the University; all contracts passed through his hands, and he kept the University seal, so that the whole business of Oxford required his attention and presence. "In early times, when rights were undefined, and there were few precedents, deeds well signed and sealed, though but bits of parchment, were very important things. Hence the growing importance of the officer who could write out such deeds, and still more of him who kept the seal that put the finishing stroke to the transaction." In this capacity the Chancellor was often brought into contact with the town, as the chief legal authority; and here, of course, Richard's thorough knowledge of civil and canon law would be invaluable.[1]

The precise length of time that he held the office of Chancellor at Oxford is uncertain, the lists of the period being imperfect.[2] It cannot, however, have been very long before he was called to take up another work, which, if somewhat similar in character and of greater dignity, was far more laborious. Friar

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[1] Cf. *Lives of the English Saints*, pp. 54, 55.

[2] In the Historical Register of Oxford University, Richard's name occurs as Chancellor in 1240. But it seems probable that he had left Oxford for Canterbury before that date. Bocking's description of the intimacy between St Edmund and his Chancellor, as well as Edmund's own words on his death-bed, point clearly to a friendship of long duration.

Bocking thus describes his appointment to the chancellorship of Canterbury:

"Now Richard, being in all respects planted in the garden of virtue, as in a place filled with perfume, as though the south wind was ever blowing, and the north wind had fled afar, his sweet fame began to be spread abroad on every side, till it came to the knowledge of Edmund, of holy memory, then Archbishop of Canterbury." St Edmund, as has been said, must have already known Richard, and admired his prudence and virtue in former years; so now, "wishing to honour so great and holy a man, desirous also of enjoying his company in the familiarity of home," he sent for the Chancellor of Oxford, and made him his secretary. After a short interval in which to test Richard's qualifications, St Edmund found that report had by no means exaggerated either his gifts or his virtues. Accordingly he appointed our Saint, with all due formalities, as Chancellor of the archdiocese, at the same time admitting him to terms of great intimacy, giving him his confidence from the outset.

Before the appointment could be made public, another prelate came forward with a similar offer. This was no other than the Bishop of Lincoln, Robert Grosseteste, Richard's old friend and tutor. Oxford was in the diocese of Lincoln, and it had belonged to him as Bishop to confirm his friend's election to the chancellorship of the University. Now he wished to obtain him for his own Chancellor. However, when he found that the Archbishop had been beforehand with him, knowing that it would be a more honourable post for Richard, and that St Edmund's dignity gave him the prior claim, Grosseteste yielded with a good grace, offering his friendship anew to one whom he had always liked and respected. The affection was heartily reciprocated, and not many years later the Bishop of Lincoln found an opportunity of manifesting his regard for Richard of Wyche in a very practical manner, for it was mainly owing to his influence that the canons of Chichester elected the Saint as their Bishop.

Once more, then, did he quit his beloved Oxford, this time for ever, with the exception, perhaps, of a passing visit in attendance on the Archbishop. He cannot have bidden farewell to the home of so many years, and the scene of such happy labours, without sorrow. Oxford had been to him truly an Alma Mater, and if, in these days of materialism and little faith, the University still has a strong hold on the affections of those whom she has trained, how much stronger and more enduring must have been the tie that bound the hearts of her students to the ancient city, where they had found not only food for the mind, but also the lasting and precious bread of heavenly doctrine that nourished their souls for eternal life.

CHAPTER VI

THE FRIENDSHIP OF TWO SAINTS

How Richard discharged the duties of his new office—Friar Ralph's description of the intercourse between the two holy men—" Martha and Mary "—The cherubim guarding the Ark of God—The Chancellor's zeal for his master's reputation—St Edmund's purity and humility—Words of Urban IV. on St Richard and the Archbishop—Persecution of St Edmund—His consoling vision—Leaves England for Pontigny in company with his Chancellor.

RICHARD entered on his new office with many prayers, looking upon it as a call to a higher life than he had hitherto led. He was probably admitted to minor Orders at this time, and with the clerical garb received many of the graces of the ecclesiastical state. " He began to grow daily in all manner of goodness," writes Bocking. " Giving himself up to his ministry, conquering all pride and arrogance, he fulfilled his charge with the greatest care and diligence, but without ostentation." That charge was no light one. In his short life of the Saint, already quoted, Father Dalgairns sums up the duties of a diocesan chancellor, and notices that, " strangely enough the Saint had reversed the order of things, and now filled the office out of which his former employment of Chancellor of Oxford had grown."

The University chancellors had derived the right of granting degrees from the function of the chancellor of the diocese, who issued licences for teaching, and appointed the master of the cathedral school.[1]

Richard probably had the care of the cathedral library, but his higher functions would be those of keeper of the episcopal seal, and judge of the ecclesiastical court, for he is described as *Cancellarius curiæ*. All matters relating to canon, and often to civil law would come before him, and he would have by advice and counsel to assist the Archbishop and his court both in legislation, and in the administration of the law. Ecclesiastical appointments and licences; matters connected with religious houses; litigation and disputes of all sorts; these and many other matters would be the daily occupations and anxieties of the Chancellor of the Primate of England. And above all, in this particular case, he had to uphold and support his master in the endless and weary struggles with King, nobles and monks that it was the lot of St Edmund Rich to endure.

The story of St Edmund's life is too well known to need repetition here. Whatever mistakes he may have made in his dealings with his refractory monks —a question with which we are not at present concerned—his high sanctity is conspicuous throughout his stormy and sorrowful career. He ever acted from the most exalted motives, too exalted, perhaps, for the weak men with whom he had to deal; but such motives made him a saint and raised him to the altars of the Church. His Chancellor understood him, and the very divergences of their characters only served to draw their hearts closer to each other. Richard loved his lord with a devoted affection, and St Edmund returned his love to the full, resting on his friend in all the heavy trials that oppressed him, and gaining courage from the younger man's strong, cheerful spirit.

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[1] According to Dean Stephens, however, in his *History of Chichester*, this right belonged to the chancellor of the chapter, not the diocese.

The Chancellor's chief desire was to save the Archbishop whatever labours and sufferings he might lawfully avoid, and Friar Ralph gives a charming description of the relations and intercourse of the two saints. In all things Richard had an eye to the peace and quiet of his lord and Archbishop, who, he knew, had chosen the better part with Mary, and loved to sit in contemplation at the feet of his Lord, rather than to occupy himself with much exterior business. Hence Richard took the place of Martha, and occupied himself with the interests of those who came with their causes to the Archbishop's Court, and Edmund, seeing his great prudence, left many things in his hands. On one occasion, when tried almost beyond bearing under the provocation he was receiving, mistrusting his powers of self-restraint, he refused to see the envoys of the Canterbury monks, and committed the interview to Richard. The latter had, in fact, often to treat with them and with the King, as his master's representative, and always displayed so much courage and boldness in upholding his cause that many learned to fear him, and he became in consequence no favourite at Court.

In every affair with which he had to deal he kept his hands free from bribes, saying that such things are wont to blind the eyes even of the wise, and he strove always to distribute justice equally to all, whether rich or poor, friend or foe, noble or peasant. The Archbishop congratulated himself on being freed from the tumult of external affairs by "the solicitous discretion and discreet solicitude" of his Chancellor, while the Chancellor rejoiced in the privilege of his constant intercourse with one whose conversation was ever in heaven. "Each leaned upon the other; the saint upon the saint; the master on the disciple, the disciple on the master; the father on the son, and the son on the father. To those who looked on them religiously they seemed like the two cherubim guarding the Ark of God, that is, the Church of Canterbury, regarding each other with the eye of a pure intention; touching one another with the wings of fraternal charity; the face of their wills ever turned towards the mercy-seat, that is, to Him Who is the Propitiation for our sins. Again, these two cherubim had been wrought by the art of the workman, that is, fashioned and shaped by dint of the hammer's stroke. For both saints were made perfect—the Archbishop by suffering, and his disciple by sharing his sufferings and labours for the liberty of the Church and for justice' sake. For this they endured countless trials and tribulations, loss of property and spoliation, bodily fatigue and suffering, insult and reviling, expulsion from their home and exile. In this way was the pure gold beaten by the hard and repeated blows of the hammer upon the anvil of their patience; and that without the ringing sound of a murmur being heard. They might also be compared to the two rods of the prophet Zachary,[1] one of which he called Beauty, that is to say, the Archbishop, on account of the grace of the contemplative life which adorned him; whilst the other, which he called a Cord, signifies the Chancellor, on account of the manifold occupations of the active life, whereby he measured justice to everyone by a line of distribution.

"One might also say that they were the two great luminaries placed in the firmament of the Church of Canterbury, which did not eclipse one another by their proximity, but illuminated the whole Church with the splendour of their united rays."[2]

Richard remained faithfully attached to the Archbishop all through his persecutions at home and in exile abroad; "knowing that they who are partakers of the suffering shall also be partakers of the consolation, and that they who suffer together shall also reign together."

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[1] Zach. xi. 7.
[2] Bocking, i. 15, 6.

Two such friends can have had no secrets from each other, and Richard knew well the almost immaculate purity of the Archbishop's life. Father Bocking relates an anecdote which testifies to the Chancellor's zeal for his beloved lord's reputation, and the simplicity and humility of St Edmund. The story has been told in the Archbishop's life, but as it concerns St Richard no less than his master, it cannot be omitted here. Friar Ralph says that his knowledge of the incident was derived from St Richard's own lips.

St Edmund was always glad to visit religious women, and those whom he thought to stand in need of his exhortation, whether to counsel them to a good way or to encourage them to advance further in perfection. So it happened that he once paid a visit to a certain handmaiden of the Lord. Whilst his attendants remained waiting outside, the Saint engaged in a long conversation with this person. One of his household, occupying a superior position, took the matter ill, and began perversely to suspect something wrong, and is reported to have been heard muttering some such expressions as these: "There is a snake lurking in the grass," "A fox in a lamb's fleece," "All that glitters is not gold." Then he added more plainly: "Our Archbishop, under the pretext of these conferences he holds with women, has some other object in view than what is supposed."

Richard, who was standing by, heard the jeering words, and was struck dumb with horror. It was as if he had been struck on the forehead with a hammer, so that when the Archbishop came forth from the place where he had been talking, his Chancellor, by his downcast looks, betrayed the sadness of heart that he was unable to conceal. The Archbishop, who was accustomed often to scan Richard's countenance, noticed his dejection, and calling him aside, said: "Master Richard, why are you so downcast, and why is your countenance so unusually sad? Hide it not from me, for I know there must be some good reason for it." Then Richard told him lovingly and respectfully what had been said: "Things of such a kind that my face cannot conceal the sadness of my heart."

Whereupon Blessed Edmund, without any confusion, and in a spirit of meekness, consoled his son, saying: "My good and dear Master, let not this matter distress you, and do not lay it to heart; for I would have you know for certain, that as regards women, if all my actions were written publicly on my brow, I should have no cause to blush."

"Oh, what a glorious testimony," concludes Friar Ralph, "of the purity of the prelate's conscience! Oh, what loving solicitude in the disciple for his master's reputation! The master's conscious innocence dispels the disciple's sadness, whilst the grief of the disciple furnishes the master with an opportunity of establishing his innocence."

The character of St Richard's work as Chancellor of Canterbury is summed up in the words of Urban IV.'s bull of canonisation, dated 22nd January, 1262, where he says that: "Amongst others who recognised the Saint's merit, Blessed Edmund of Canterbury, attracted by the praise of his learning and the fragrance of his holy conversation, admitted him to his special friendship, and made him his chancellor. When intimate acquaintance had convinced the Archbishop that Richard was endowed with even more abundant grace than rumour had credited him with, he entrusted to him the entire administration of the affairs of his archiepiscopate, looking upon him as his own right hand, the faithful repository of his counsel, his trusty minister of justice, the learned oracle of fruitful science. Not only in these higher offices, but also in those more insignificant duties which came under his charge, through the grace of God which ever accompanied him, he so approved himself that in truthfulness of speech, in rigour of justice, in sweetness of patience, in aspect of humility, he exhibited himself amiable to all, helping the poor by his alms, the rich by his counsels. Thus, shining as the morning star, as his merits increased, his brightness waxed to the splendour of the noonday sun."

After long and terrible struggles with the King, the Court, and the monks of Canterbury, into which it is needless to enter, St Edmund, utterly worn out and discouraged, made up his mind to leave England and retire to Pontigny. "Some time in the year 1240, whilst in an agony of doubt as to what was the right thing for him to do—whether to remain in the country and languish in weariness, or to yield and retire, according to the words of the poet: 'When a madman is on his course, give place to his raving'—he was praying very earnestly on a certain night that the angel of good counsel would direct his steps and enlighten his heart as to what should be done that was best and most fitting, and most salutary for his soul in this emergency. And, behold, in the midst of his prayer, while he was very much afraid to take flight altogether, it was revealed to him from above what he was to do, in the following words: 'Trust the inscription written round thy small seal, and follow him whose martyrdom is represented in the midst.' Now the inscription round his private seal was this: *Eadmundum doceat mors mea, ne timeat.*[1] And in the middle was finely carved Blessed Thomas the martyr, and the soldiers dashing out his brains."[2]

St Thomas also appeared to him in vision, and strengthened him to act manfully; and these visions so consoled and enlightened him, that he became a changed man. He determined to follow in the path of St Thomas, being assured that as the martyr had by his glorious passion exchanged the cares and troubles of this life for an eternal crown of glory, so might he himself, by manly endurance of worldly trials, take his flight, under his saintly predecessor's guidance, to the God of all consolation. Now, therefore, in the midst of his troubles, he would pray with fervour: "O Lord Jesus Christ, Who in Thy prayer didst say, 'Father, not My will but Thine be done,' such also shall be my form of prayer. Not as I will, but as Thou wilt, let it be done; as Providence shall decree, so let it happen. God grant that my Church may obtain its rights, and let others, though they be our adversaries, enjoy what belongs to them, in peace and security."[1]

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[1] "Let my death teach Edmund that he may not fear."

[2] Cotton MS. Jul. D. vi. f. 1213. See *Life of St Edmund as told by Old English Writers*, arranged by Monsignor Ward. (London: Sands & Co., 1903.)

But in spite of his resignation and patience, his troubles only increased, till at last, being unable to exercise his pastoral office according to the dictates of his conscience, he resolved to imitate St Thomas, and leave the country. In all these anxieties the Archbishop's faithful Chancellor upheld and counselled him, and when the Saint's departure was finally decided on, Richard, as a matter of course, accompanied him. The exact date of their leaving England is a little uncertain, but Dom Wallace gives several reasons to prove that it must have been in the latter half of September, in the year 1240. Following the Canterbury chronicle and the "Polistorie," he says that the embarkation took place at a spot then called "Greistaneshende," between Dover and Sandwich. The Archbishop was accompanied only by his brother Robert, his Chancellor, and a very few attendants, amongst whom were some Dominican friars. "Secretly, therefore," says the old MS., "and as if flying from England, he departed."

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[1] Dom Wallace, *Life of St Edmund*, p. 335.

Matthew Paris describes this sad leave-taking of the country that had used the meek and gentle Saint so ill, and tells how the Archbishop, as the ship bore him far from the coast, "looked back and wept most bitterly, knowing in his heart that he would never see it again, and that the kingdom would suffer infinite evils, and the Church be overwhelmed with a great slavery."

The fugitives landed at Gravelines, thence they went to Senlis, where Blanche, the Queen-mother of France, met them, and showed much reverence and kindness to the Saint and his companions, and finally they reached Pontigny, the refuge of Edmund's predecessors. Here, "In a place hallowed by so much patience, this patient man wished to await in peace the end of his course, because he who is patient must be restored. Nor was he deprived of his desire, for there this peaceful man was at rest, finding at Pontigny an haven after his toils."[1]

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[1] Ball. Coll. MS. f. 60.

CHAPTER VII

DEATH OF ST EDMUND—RICHARD'S ORDINATION

Last illness and death of the Archbishop—Richard's grief—The guidance of God manifest throughout his career—His devotion to St Edmund's memory—Goes to the Dominicans at Orleans—Studies theology—William de Bussi ordains him—Change in his manner of life—His desire of excessive mortification restrained by the Bishop—Builds an oratory to St Edmund's memory—Returns home and becomes parish priest at Deal.

THE hour of eternal rest was, in fact, close at hand for the much-tried Archbishop. When St Edmund left England he was already seriously ill, and the malady from which he had for some time been suffering soon attacked him with such violence that it became evident to all that his days were numbered. The physicians advised his going to Soissy for fresher air, but he reached it with great difficulty. Richard, of course, went with him, and tended him with assiduous affection and tenderness. He had also with him his brother Robert and two other faithful friends, the chamberlain Bertrand, and Eustace, his chaplain. During his last illness

Edmund never rested on a bed, but sate in a chair, sometimes reclining his head on his hand. The Abbot one day brought him some little delicacy, but he put it gently aside, saying, "It is now many years since anything that could gratify the palate has entered my mouth." He spent the time in making acts of thanksgiving, and "seemed already to have entered upon the life of the blessed in Paradise, and to have a taste of its joys." He breathed his last, "calmly and placidly, as it was fitting that one who had ever been a lover of peace should have a peaceful passage to eternal rest," on the morning of Friday, November 16th, 1240. Before he became unconscious he made his will, leaving several legacies to special friends. To Richard he left his "cup," i.e. his chalice,[1] with the words: "We bequeath our cup to our beloved Chancellor, who has for this long time entwined himself in our heart's affection."[2] Some years later we find the Bishop curing a paralysed youth by giving him to drink from this venerable cup.

Richard's grief at the loss of his beloved friend can be better imagined than described; he was almost heartbroken. But as Chancellor, all the arrangements for the Archbishop's funeral and the winding-up of his temporal affairs devolved upon him; many people had to be seen, and many letters written, and for a while his sorrow had to be restrained. When all was completed and most of St Edmund's attendants had departed with tears, leaving only his few personal friends and the clergy who watched beside the sacred body, Richard, in the presence of the Abbot and community of St James, broke up the Archbishop's seal, "lest fraudulent letters might be issued, as coming from him"; a very necessary and usual precaution. But it must have been a sorrowful moment, and when Richard gazed on the broken fragments of the well-known seal, as they lay about his feet, they must have represented to him nothing less than the destruction of an intercourse that had become almost as the very essence of his life.

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[1] *Cuppa, vel copa, ad reponendam Eucharistiam.* Du Cange.

[2] "*Quem jam diu invisceravimus.*" Bocking.

There comes a moment to most of us when an experience such as this suddenly changes the whole aspect of our lives. The joys of an intimate friendship, where there is complete sympathy and understanding between two souls who love each other in God, are sweet beyond telling, and seem to turn life into an exquisite poem, making all sorrows light and all pain easy. But, as St Edmund himself said, such sweetness is not for the followers of Christ Crucified, but rather, "the salt-sea billows are the milk with which we must be nourished, and, like the Baptist, we must eat wild honey in the desert of this world." The carrying of the cross is the prose of hard reality, not the beautiful fancy of the poet. Such intimacies as that between Edmund and his Chancellor are rare enough, but they have a work to do in the sanctification of souls. Then a time arrives when the work is done and God Himself steps in and cuts the cord that might have tied them down to earth. But the knife penetrates to the very heart of him who is left, and so it was with Richard of Wyche. The hour when he stood by his friend's lifeless body and broke up his seal of office was to him as the hour of death. Like the grain of wheat, he had to die and be cast into the ground, that afterwards he might rise and bring forth the fruit which was his destined work.

As we watch his career it is impossible not to be struck by the way in which Almighty God seems to have gradually prepared and led on His servant, step by step, towards the final goal. No doubt it is so with the lives of all His elect, but in this case the guidance is unusually visible. The sphere of Richard's labours is ever widening; more and more responsibility is gradually laid upon his shoulders. From quiet Worcestershire to noisy but studious Oxford and Bologna, from the life of an unknown youth and labourer to that of a scholar, a doctor, and the ruler of a University, thence to the friendship of a saint and the management of England's chief See, we behold him pass, his training quietly, but surely, being carried on, guided by an unseen Master. Then the blow from the heavenly hammer is struck, and the disciple reels in agony. Recovering from the shock, we find him now docile and malleable in the hand of God, sufficiently perfected to bear the yoke of the Good Shepherd as a pastor of the Church.

Still, though in one sense the dead past could never return, it was not so deeply buried as to be entirely forgotten, and from Father Bocking's account it is evident that St Edmund never ceased to be a living influence in his friend's heart. "And when," he says, "the course of his [Edmund's] life had been run, and his holy spirit had separated itself from the body and exchanged its exile for the true Home, . . . Blessed Richard, being bereft of such a father and deprived of so sweet a bodily presence, would perchance have exceeded the due measure of grief, had he not feared to offend against the Divine will by murmuring, and had he not confidently believed that his venerable father himself had exchanged the sorrows of this life for an immortality of bliss. Thus his master, though dead, was as one still living, for he left to come after him a disciple who, if he was not in all things like to him (which, indeed, must be left to the Divine wisdom to decide), nevertheless I can boldly and confidently assert, strenuously endeavoured to imitate him as far as human frailty would permit. O, how frequently did he pronounce the name of Blessed Edmund; how was it ever on his lips and in his heart! For as often as anything was spoken, or anything done, or anything preached resembling the virtues of his former master, he was wont to add: 'Thus used my lord Edmund to speak, thus to comport himself, thus to preach.' But though he was diligent in recounting the words and acts of his friend, he was still more diligent in imitating them."

After the Archbishop's burial at Pontigny all those who had been with him scattered themselves in various directions, and the Chancellor was left alone. His office had, of course, come to an end with his master's death, and it mattered to no living being now what became of him, or where he went. But God had not deserted His servant. Other work was in store for him, for which he was now to receive direct preparation. After much prayer, and no doubt with the counsel of the Abbots of Pontigny and Soissy, he decided to go first to Paris, to his friends, the Friars Preachers. After a short stay in the Convent of St James, he went on to Orleans, where, in 1219, St Dominic had founded a house of his Order at the request of the Bishop, Manasses de Seignelay.

The Orleans Friars had lately opened a school of theology and law, to which many of the famous teachers flocked when the universities were closed for a time to the religious orders. Here, then, by the study of theology and training in the higher paths of the spiritual life Richard was at last to make definite and immediate preparation to receive the sacred priesthood. Bocking speaks of a "celebrated doctor of the Order" under whom our Saint studied, but who this teacher was is not known, though he is described as being no less holy than learned.

In his book, *Les Saints de l'Eglise d'Orléans*, the Abbé Cochard says that St Richard went to the Orleans Convent in 1241—probably early in the spring, and that he remained with the Friars for quite two years, becoming a lector in theology. Among the *Pièces Originales de la Bibliothèque des Pères de St Edme à Pontigny* there is preserved a letter from the Saint, attesting that Edmund Rich asked in his will to be buried at Pontigny. It is signed and dated: "Ric. de Wichis, apud Aurelias, A.D. 1242."

During these two years of peaceful study and prayer the wound inflicted on Richard's heart by the loss of his friend gradually healed, and his interior life received a great impetus. Under the direction of the Friars—filled at that time as they were with the spirit of their founder, and numbering in their ranks men of the greatest sanctity—he made rapid progress in virtue and in that spirit of combined contemplation and action which forms the special characteristic of the Order of St Dominic. We have already spoken of the vow made by the Saint to join the Friars Preachers, and that it may possibly have been taken at this time. Certain it is that his devotion to the sons of St Dominic was greatly increased by his stay at Orleans, and his choice of a Dominican confessor and the houses of the Order that he founded in his diocese testify to the strength of this attachment. Here also he made the acquaintance of William de Bussi, who then occupied the See of Orleans, filling at the same time the office of Chancellor to King Louis of France. The two soon became intimate, and the venerable Bishop rejoiced when the time came for him to consecrate so holy and tried a soul to the service of the sanctuary.

Both Capgrave and Bocking describe Richard's assiduity in the study of the Scriptures, "hearing and learning the greater portion of the Sacred Text, not as those who hear with the ears and understand not, but listening outwardly he learned and pondered interiorly, that he might be of the number of those blessed ones spoken of by Job: 'They that hear and observe shall finish their days in glory.' This," says the Dominican writer, "was the end of his study, the object of his science—to direct his life to God."

His great desire now was to be admitted to ordination, that in the Holy Mass "he might be able to offer in sacrifice the Son of God to the Father, for the salvation of the Lord's flock."

The ordination must have taken place some time in the year 1243, though his biographers do not give the date, the ceremony being performed in the Friars' church by the Bishop of Orleans. Thenceforward Richard quite changed his manner of life; casting off his worldly attire he wore plain coarse garments, and lived in the greatest strictness and retirement, mortifying his flesh to such a degree that, had not the more prudent counsel of his friends, and especially of the Bishop, whom he much reverenced, induced him to moderate his austerities, his body would have given way.

As soon as he had received Holy Orders Richard hastened to carry out the great wish of his heart, and asked the Bishop's leave to build an oratory in honour of the Blessed Edmund.[1] To this William de Bussi willingly agreed, and himself endowed the same, that it might serve as a religious centre for the English nation.[2] Here Richard used to say his Mass, offering up constant supplications, with many devout tears, to God.

He did not remain very long at Orleans however, after his ordination and the completion of the pious memorial to his dead friend. Now that he was irrevocably consecrated to God's service the desire to work for the good of souls stirred strongly within him, whilst at the same time he longed to return to his own country and the neighbourhood of the diocese that held for him so many sacred memories. We find from some later words of Bocking that he held the prebend of Deal before he was consecrated Bishop, and, as an instance of his forgiving spirit, he says that in Richard's absence (probably at this very time of his being abroad) the priest who was left in charge, "by indiscreet treatment, lost for him five horses, and wasted much of the goods of the prebend." When Richard learned this he refused to take action against the priest, and even gave him some of his stipend, as well as providing him with a suitable horse for his own use. This prebend of Deal was attached to the priory of St Martin's at Dover, and at that time was in the gift of the Archbishop of Canterbury. In all probability it had been bestowed on the Chancellor by St Edmund, though, as Richard had not then received the priesthood, he could not reside there, and would be obliged to appoint a priest for the work. Throughout his life the Saint never possessed more than one benefice at a time, and to Deal therefore he must now have gone. In this quiet spot he began to exercise his ministry, hidden, as he thought, from the world, and content to spend his time in prayer and the care of his little flock.

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[1] As St Edmund was not canonised till 1246 the chapel cannot have been dedicated to him at the time of its erection, but must have been built in his memory, that Masses might there be offered for his soul.

[2] Cf. Abbé Cochard.

CHAPTER VIII

RICHARD IS ELECTED BISHOP OF CHICHESTER

Boniface of Savoy, St Edmund's successor—His character—Recalls Richard to the chancellorship of Canterbury—Letter of Pope Honorius to Henry III. on his accession—Henry's double-dealing—Death of Ralph Neville—Passelew is elected Bishop of Chichester—Election quashed by Boniface—Richard of Wyche unanimously chosen in Passelew's place—Anger of he King—He seizes Richard's revenues and sends an agent to Lyons to get the election quashed by the Pope.

NOT for long was Richard left to enjoy the peaceful life of a parish priest.

In 1241, Boniface of Savoy was elected to fill the vacant See of Canterbury. He was at the time bishop-elect of Belley, though still only in subdeacon's orders, and the Canterbury chapter seem to have chosen him rather in obedience to the King's command than from any idea of his special qualifications for the office. The Pope's confirmation was not obtained till 1243, and though Boniface arrived in England early in the following year, his consecration did not take place till the January of 1245, only a few months before that of St Richard. The appointment was not popular; in the first place, the new Archbishop was a foreigner, and uncle to the Queen, and secondly, he had the reputation of being a worldly man, more of a courtier than an ecclesiastic. Matthew of Westminster calls him "a man very unlike his predecessors, who before him had been eminent for their many virtues in the Church of Canterbury." There was much friction on financial matters between Boniface and his bishops and clergy, and in 1249, before he had formally taken possession of his See, we find him demanding some large payments from the prebendaries of Chichester towards defraying the debts of his province. One of the accusations brought against him by a Protestant historian is that he wore armour. Probably the dangers of the time justified him in doing so, though we can hardly imagine St Edmund or St Richard adopting the practice. Their armour consisted of a rough hair shirt, worn until the hour of death. But Archbishop Boniface does not seem to have been the only prelate who thought it necessary to wear a warrior's coat under his episcopal garments, for an amusing story is told much later of the Scotch Bishop Beatoun, who on a certain occasion, forgetting what he had donned, struck his breast, declaring that on his conscience he knew nothing of the matter of a dispute between the Hamiltons and Douglases. Whereupon Gavin Douglas, who was standing by, jestingly exclaimed: "Your conscience is not good, my lord, for I hear it clattering!"

The new Archbishop was undoubtedly a great contrast to his predecessor; but to succeed to any office that has been held by a saint must be a difficult task to an ordinary man, and as far as our present history is concerned, the actions of Boniface show that, if not yet very high up on the ladder of sanctity himself, he could recognise and appreciate holiness in others.[1]

It must have been soon after his arrival in England from Belley that Boniface heard of St Edmund's Chancellor being quietly established as a priest at Deal. He immediately recalled him to his Court and reinstalled him in his former office, at the same time bestowing on him the rectorship of Cherringes, or Charing, in Kent, as being no doubt a position of greater dignity than that of priest at Deal.[2] Richard returned to the troubles and distractions of secular work with reluctance, and gave the Archbishop to understand that he intended ere long to join the Order of Preachers. This, however, was not to be.

When the news of the accession of Henry III., then a boy of ten years old, reached the Pope, Honorius sent him a beautiful letter of exhortation and advice. "Since the fear of God is the fount of life," he writes, "so I pray and earnestly exhort Your Majesty to accustom yourself from your youth to that fear of the Lord. May you ever govern yourself by the means of that thought, and restrain yourself from vice. May your study always be how to imbue yourself with every virtue. May you reverence Christ's Spouse, the Church, and its ministers, in whom, as the same Lord has declared, He Himself is honoured or despised. In this way, growing from grace to grace, and from virtue to virtue, may you govern a people subject to you in the beauty of peace and the riches of contentment. And may the Lord add day unto day, and multiply the years of your life, until from this earthly and transitory rule, He shall translate you unto the everlasting Kingdom of Heaven. And since manners are formed by associates, strive to have for your firmest friends upright and honest men, who, sincerely desiring your safety and honour, may be ever ready to suggest to you how you should please God and men."[1]

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[1] The traditionary cultus of Archbishop Boniface as a beatified servant of God was solemnly confirmed by Pope Gregory XVI., and an office in his honour permitted to be celebrated in Piedmont, his native country, somewhere about the year 1845.

[2] He is described as "Rector of Cherringes" at the time of his election, in the Papal Registers. Bliss, *Cal.* i. 215.

Well indeed would it have been if the young King had followed this fatherly counsel. Unfortunately for himself, for the Church, and for the people of England he soon allowed himself to be led by unworthy advisers, and was carried very far away indeed from that "fear of the Lord" here recommended by the Father of Christendom. Henry's double-dealing, more than anything else, exasperated and alienated his people, whilst his exactions and levies were so extortionate and unreasonable, that it is little wonder if he made the overlordship of Rome—under which he invariably sheltered himself in times of friction with his subjects—hateful to the whole country. As early as 1227, Matthew Paris wrote of him: "Our King perverts all things. At one time, by the advice of his followers, without even the knowledge of his friends and natural subjects, he contracted a marriage; now he has secretly called a legate into the country, who will change the face of the land. Now he gives, and now he takes back what he has given." Again, in 1240, St Edmund found it necessary to complain to the Pope of Henry's interference with the liberty of election by the chapters to the episcopal sees and conventual abbacies. "The King," writes the chronicler, "did not permit cathedral and conventual churches which were deprived of their pastors to take breath, nor to provide themselves freely and canonically with suitable pastors; following the movements of his own will, rather than his reason, he impeded their election by means of his cunning agents, whom he kept in pay for that purpose."

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[1] "This letter," says Abbot Gasquet, from whose translation the above extract has been quoted, "is inserted in the *Chronica Majora*, under the year 1218 (though Potthast places it in 1216). It is only known through Matthew Paris." See *Henry III.*, p. 30.

The time had now come when Richard of Wyche was to feel the weight of the tyrant's hand.

In 1244 the See of Chichester fell vacant by the death of Bishop Ralph Neville, and the canons proceeded to elect their archdeacon and treasurer, Robert Passelew, as his successor. Bocking says that Henry allowed full liberty of election to the chapter, and Capgrave speaks of its having taken place "with the consent of the King," but there is no doubt that little freedom was really given them. Passelew was one of Henry's justiciars, and a creature of the Court. According to Matthew Paris, he had obtained the King's favour in a wonderful degree, by an unjust inquisition, by which he added some thousands of marks to the royal treasury. This inquisition he describes as "a cruel and severe mode of proceeding," namely, "to inquire carefully into the occupation of the royal forests, or unforested land, amongst the people dwelling near it, in order that those who presumed so to occupy the land might be mulcted in a heavy penalty." In his capacity of royal justiciary he went about the country "carrying off the small substance of the poor, and increasing the King's money, draining the little wells of the needy with the draw-bucket of his cupidity, in order that by the drops of those in want, the sea of those living in abundance might be increased. And thus he drove many from their dwellings, and rendered them homeless and beggars."[1]

Passelew was undoubtedly a wise and prudent man according to the maxims of the world, but ignorant and unscrupulous, and utterly unfit for the high spiritual office into which Henry now tried to thrust him. It does not speak very highly for the canons of Chichester that they should have been willing to elect such a man as Passelew, but no doubt they feared, as did so many other cathedral chapters, the wrath of the King, should they fail to comply with his wishes. "Hoping, therefore, to please God and the King, as well as to obtain Henry's favour and protection, and the advancement of their Church thereby, they elected the said Robert Passelew their bishop," says the same chronicler.

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[1] M. Paris. (Bohn Series II., p. 63.)

The election had, of course, to be confirmed by the Primate, and when Boniface heard of the affair, he was much displeased. Neither the elect nor the election did he consider at all satisfactory. Passelew had already attained an unenviable notoriety, whilst the Archbishop must have known that the choice had been made under pressure. Accordingly he directed that a formal examination of the candidate should be held by certain of his suffragans and clerks, under the presidency of the Bishop of Lincoln; "all men of eminent virtue, of great wisdom, and skilled in theology and canon law."

Passelew's knowledge of feudal law availed him little when he stood before such a man as Robert Grosseteste. His theological training was found to be as slight as his morals, and after a fearless and searching examination, he was rejected on the ground of ignorance and unfitness of character, whilst the election was declared null and void.

That Passelew was totally unfit to be appointed to any ecclesiastical office is evident from Grosseteste's refusal in 1246 to admit him at the King's request to the living of Northampton, which the Bishop declared "he could not conscientiously do, considering him unfit for the cure of souls." He also addressed a letter to Boniface on the subject, begging him "to pause before inflicting so great an injury on the Church of God, as to induct such a man into any living."

Passelew died at Waltham in 1252. Matthew Paris (who calls him Archdeacon of Lewes) notes his death and says: "This Robert, though a clerk and a prelate, did not hesitate in his adherence to the King, to impoverish many people, in many and divers ways, in order to fatten his Sovereign; but his deeds follow him."

Before the council broke up the Archbishop exhorted the members, having God before their eyes, and consulting only the well-being of the Church of Chichester, to appoint as her pastor one who, without scruple of conscience or danger to his own soul, might fitly bear the burden of so high and responsible an office. "Then," continues the old writer, "did He Whose spirit once inspired the bishops to appoint Nicholas to the See of Myra, now inspire these bishops to place our Richard at the head of the Church of Chichester."[1] St Edmund's Chancellor was a well-known man, and his courage and fidelity in defending his master's cause inspired the canons with confidence that he would uphold the rights of their church against all oppressors.[1] The decision was therefore received with acclamation, bishops and clergy, together with the cathedral chapter, "giving thanks to God with their whole heart."

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[1] According to the account given in the Breviary lessons for his feast, St Nicholas was elected Bishop of Myra through a divine admonition to the assembled bishops, directing them to choose for their metropolitan the man who should next day be the first to enter the church.

The election took place in the May of 1244, and the King received the news on the Feast of St Barnabas, whilst he was staying at St Albans. Matthew Paris was thus probably a personal witness of Henry's anger at the rejection of his own candidate and the appointment of one whom he dreaded and disliked. He became "vehemently enraged," regarding the bold stand made by the bishops as the work of "his enemy," St Edmund, who had never feared to resist and oppose the King in other like cases, and whose ordinances and example had now encouraged Boniface and his suffragans to follow in his steps. He conceived special indignation against Boniface, whom he particularly accused of ingratitude, charging him with being an injurer of the royal dignity, and a plotter of treason from the beginning of his own promotion, which he owed entirely to the King's favour. And heaving a deep sigh from his inmost heart, he said: "I suffer all this deservedly, because I hindered the free election at Canterbury, whence so many saints have come, and thought fit to promote an unworthy person to that dignity." A strange utterance, at a moment when he had been endeavouring to thrust a far more unworthy person into the See of Chichester.

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[1] *Quod erat vir strenuus* is Bocking's expression.

Henry immediately forbade the new bishop-elect, who had thus been appointed without his knowledge or consent, to be allowed admission to any barony pertaining to his church or to any secular possession. The revenues he already enjoyed were seized by the papal clerk, Laurence Martin, and Henry took immediate steps towards carrying the cause to the Holy See. The Pope's action in the matter when it was brought before him seems to show that there was some irregularity in Boniface's conduct, in thus providing, of his own initiative, without consultation with King or Pontiff, a new bishop for the vacant See. "The King would deservedly have had no slight favour to his side of the question, but because he had so often, by cunning arguments and frivolous pretexts, rejected several proper men, whom he was bound rather to promote and to protect, as the holy kings had done of old, a remedy for such a great evil was obtained, which was, that without the knowledge of him who designed so much evil, or even if he opposed it, provision should be made for the widowed churches, over which fit and proper persons should be set as soon as possible, that the Lord's flock might no longer be injured, which seems consonant to reason."[1]

The agent chosen by Henry to carry his complaints to the Pope was the above-mentioned Master Martin, a clerk who had been sent to England by Innocent IV. to obtain money at a time of great pecuniary difficulties. His conduct soon made him deservedly unpopular, and great complaints of his extortions and injustice were carried to the Council of Lyons by the representatives of the English people. The chronicler declares that the net receipts of the revenues collected by Martin and other agents of the Roman Court amounted to sixty thousand marks, which was more than the King's whole yearly revenue, without taking into account various other emoluments obtained by these officials.[1] Finally, Master Martin was warned "that he had better take care of his tail," and leave the country, which he did, "secretly and suddenly"; not, however, without having received full authority and instructions from the King to act as his agent, and to make every endeavour to get the election of Richard quashed by the Pope. And it was against such men as these that the Saint had to defend his rights. It is not then to be wondered at that he showed some unwillingness to accept the appointment?

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[1] M. Paris.

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[1] This estimate is now believed to be a gross exaggeration.

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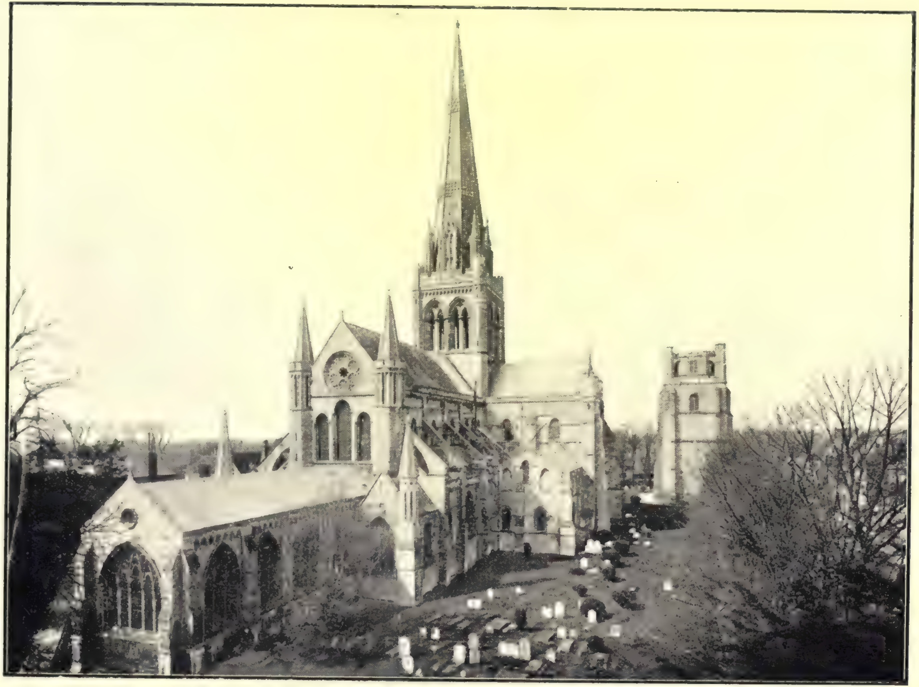

Chichester Cathedral

From photograph by Valentine & Sons

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CHAPTER IX

THE CONSECRATION

St Richard's distress at his election—Motives for accepting the bishopric—Bocking's story of a "certain priest's" dream—Richard presents himself at Court with letters from Boniface—Henry refuses to yield—The bishop-elect goes to Lyons—An unpropitious moment for his petition—The Pope's need of support from the English King—Innocent's sense of justice roused—Receives Richard with kindness, confirms his election and consecrates him Bishop—Miraculous flow of the holy oil—Richard makes a pilgrimage to Pontigny and returns to England.

THE news of his election caused our Saint the deepest distress. Yet he cannot have been wholly unprepared. Before his death St Edmund had foretold his friend's elevation to the episcopate, and Richard, who had boundless faith in the Archbishop, must therefore have felt certain that such an event would one day take place. This did not, however, lessen the pain of the shock when it actually came. Not only, in his deep humility, did he dread the responsibility of the care of so many souls, but he sincerely believed himself to be utterly unworthy of the dignity, and far from that perfection which the Church requires of her bishops.

Such sentiments would in any case have made him shrink from accepting a bishopric, but in the present case there were many other reasons as well for dreading the prospect before him. The news of Henry's anger must have reached him almost simultaneously with that of the election, and Richard knew the King too well to doubt for a moment that his path would be strewn with thorns, and difficulties of every kind put in his way. Hearing that his temporalities had already been seized, and that Henry was threatening to confiscate the whole property of the Church of Chichester, he was for a time uncertain what would be the best course to pursue.[1] "Considering on the one hand," says his biographer, "that if he yielded, the Church of Chichester would long lie desolate, and on the other, that he was threatened with persecution if he accepted the appointment; fearing to defile his conscience by strife, and yet dreading to yield lest he should give an injurious example to others in a like situation, he was troubled and perplexed in soul." Finally, however, influenced partly, no doubt, by St Edmund's prophecy, and also greatly moved by the thought that in resisting an appointment made and approved by his metropolitan and so many good men, among whom the Bishop of Lincoln was conspicuous, he might be opposing the will of God, Richard decided, "for the welfare of the Church and the guarding of her liberty," to accept the office and prosecute his cause in the face of the King's opposition, rather than yield for fear of persecution.

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[1] A note to Bocking's *Life* in the Bollandists explains that Matthew Paris distinguishes between the *reservation* and the *confiscation* of the Episcopal goods, and says that the actual seizure did not take place till after Richard's consecration, but that the King "held up" the property and forbade the Bishop to take possession of any barony or other temporality of the See directly he heard of the election.

Father Ralph relates a " dream or vision " that was vouchsafed to "a certain priest"—a friend of both Edmund and Richard—which, if it reached the ears of the bishop-elect, may have consoled and encouraged him to take up this new burden with more readiness.

On the night preceding the election the priest in question, knowing nothing of what was pending, or that there was any thought of his friend's being chosen for a bishopric, " saw in his sleep a mansion, the exterior of which was very imposing. Then he began to think within himself and to wonder if the beauty of the interior corresponded to the exterior. So he approached the house, and looking in, saw two men, arrayed in pontifical robes, whom he recognised, the one as Blessed Edmund, once Archbishop of Canterbury, the other as Master Richard of Wyche. As he gazed, St Edmund raised his hands and placed an episcopal mitre on his friend's head. Wondering to see him thus clad in pontifical garments, who to his knowledge was not a bishop, the priest looked on with anxious eyes, and presently beheld a noble and venerable person, clothed all in white, stretch forth his hand in the direction of the two prelates, addressing them in the words of the anthem appointed by the Church to be sung of the

Apostles Peter and Paul: *Gloriosi principes terræ, quomodo in vita sua dilexerunt se, ita et in morte non sunt separati.*"[1] The placing of the mitre on Richard's head by St Edmund is attributed by Bocking to signify that he obtained the grace of the episcopate through the merits of the holy Archbishop, whilst the person dressed in white is "a sign of an angelical revelation," and shows that both saints were to be endowed with dominion over the earth, that is, their own flesh, and with the principality of apostolic rule. Also, that they were so inseparable through the bond of charity that even death could not break the tie, as St Jerome says: Those who are united by the bond of charity cannot be sundered by distance of place. "I am the more inclined to think this," concludes Bocking, "because the Blessed Edmund, when dying, said that Richard had so entwined himself in his heart's affections that death itself would never part them."

As soon as Richard had signified his willingness to accept the burden thus laid upon him, the Archbishop provided him with letters to be presented to the King, petitioning for the royal confirmation of the election. Both Boniface and Richard must have felt that the ceremony was merely a tragic farce, the result of which was a foregone conclusion. There was no likelihood of Henry's consent being obtained, and accordingly it was with rather a heavy heart that

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[1] "Glorious princes of the earth, as they loved one another in life, so in death they are not divided."

Richard presented himself at the royal Court. The Archbishop's letter contained a request for the deliverance of all the temporalities of the See of Chichester into Richard's hands, and the restoration of his personal property which had been seized by order of Henry. Such a demand served only to increase Henry's wrath, and though the details of the interview have not been preserved, it was evidently a very unpleasant one. The King absolutely refused to confirm the election, or to allow Richard to enter on his rights. The Saint was supported by Boniface and Grosseteste, as well as by the other prelates who had assisted at the election, but Henry was deaf to both remonstrances and appeals. After some months of fruitless efforts and the endurance of what his biographer describes as "long fatigues and many humiliations," Richard therefore "committed his cause to the Divine mercy," and decided to seek the help of the Holy See, "the refuge, after God, of the oppressed of this world."

Innocent IV. was then at Lyons, where the council had already begun its sittings, and where, on the 15th of January, 1245, he had consecrated Boniface, after his five years of waiting as the elect of Canterbury. So Richard found one friend at least awaiting him in the Papal Court; but on the other hand Henry's agents had preceded him, and were already actively at work in their master's interests. He arrived at a time of great anxiety for the Church and her head, and the moment might well have been regarded as unpropitious for the presentation of a petition against the power of the King of England. Innocent had convoked the council with the determination of proclaiming open war with the Emperor Frederick, and in order that the united voice of Christendom might pronounce a solemn excommunication against this implacable enemy of the Church. This was felt by all to be a final act, and as it were, "a throwing away of the scabbard."

There is a tradition that it was in this council that, by order of the Pope, the cardinals first assumed crimson robes, "to intimate that they must be ready to shed their blood for the Church." The chronicler describes the solemn scene of deposition and excommunication, when "all trembled," as the terrible words were spoken, and the assembled prelates extinguished and cast their tapers to the ground. The Emperor's agent, Master Thaddeus de Sessa, and his companions beat their breasts in sorrow and confusion, mournfully exclaiming: "Oh dreadful day! Day of woe and misery!"

The complaints brought to the council by the English nobles of the oppressions and exactions of the papal agents, and the levying of money on the abbeys and bishoprics of the country for the carrying on of the war against Frederick have already been referred to, and though Innocent is said to have acknowledged that there had been abuses, which he promised to rectify, still he was in very real need of substantial help, and for this he relied to a great extent on his

English fiefdom. To offend the English would therefore be naturally against his interests, which, it may be truly said, were the interests of the whole of Christendom. To the mind of the Pope "the English" were practically represented by their Sovereign, and now, in the midst of his difficulties, at a time when he needed to gather around him all his friends, he was met by the King's proctors, violent in their accusations of the bishops and the elections that had lately taken place without the royal consent![1] They clamoured on behalf of their Sovereign for redress of the "great injury" he had suffered, in being thus deprived of a prerogative that had belonged to the Crown of England since the time of William the Conqueror. On the other side came Richard the Englishman, strong in his personal holiness and the justice of his cause, to throw himself on the protection of the Holy See, ready, in the spirit of a true son of the Church, to obey the Vicar of Christ in whatever he should decide.

It was a difficult position for the Pope, but Innocent rose to the occasion. Henry, it was true, had some cause for complaint, in that Boniface had acted without consulting either King or Pope. This Innocent knew and acknowledged; but he saw that so much danger was threatening the Church in England from the constant abuse of the royal power in the matter of elections that, in spite of all political considerations, he must uphold the spiritual authority. He had received Richard with fatherly kindness, compassionating him tenderly for all he had undergone, and for the oppression of his Church, and now after a careful consideration of both sides of the question, he declared his approval of the appointment and confirmed it with his formal sanction. In reply to the angry protestations of the King's agent the latter "was told to his face" that for such promotion the King's assent was not necessary; that the powers granted were not a right but a privilege, which could be ignored if it were abused; and that Henry's frequent rejection of canonical elections on frivolous pretences had rendered him unworthy of exercising his prerogative. "Thus," says the chronicler, "owing to the sins of the King, his own dignity, as well as that of the kingdom, was tottering. But when these things came to his knowledge he ordered the property of the two Sees of Chichester and Chester to be confiscated."

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[1] Roger de Weseham had been elected Bishop of Chester about the same time as Richard's election to Chichester, and apparently also without the King's consent.

Innocent desired to conciliate Henry as far as was consistent with his own dignity and the maintenance of religious discipline. He condescended, therefore, to send him a letter explaining his action in the matter. To the King's complaint, that Boniface had rejected his candidate and appointed another on his own authority, the Pope replied that he could not but approve of Passelew's election having been quashed by the Archbishop; but that, whilst also approving of and confirming the choice of Richard of Wyche to fill the vacant See, he did so, not because the Archbishop had any powers thus to "provide" for a See, but on his own personal judgment, and "by the plenitude of his apostolic powers." Therefore the fact that he had appointed the same person that Archbishop Boniface had chosen was not to be considered in any way detrimental to Henry's royal rights.[1]

Henry, however, declined to be appeased, and seized upon everything belonging to the Church of Chichester, putting his own minions into the palace and wasting the temporalities in a shameful manner.

Meanwhile Richard was commanded to prepare for consecration, the Pope declaring his intention of himself performing the ceremony. There arose, of course, the question concerning his vow, from which he could not accept dispensation without deep regret. But the Vicar of Christ has power to bind and to loose, and the newly-elected Bishop knew well enough that it would be more perfect to renounce his desire in a spirit of obedience than to resist the wishes of the Sovereign Pontiff in such a matter. He must have realised, too, that in the life to which he was now called he would have to carry after his Lord a far heavier cross than would have been his lot had he entered the ranks of the most austere religious order.

With much prayer, and in a spirit of deep humility did the Saint present himself before the Pope, on March the 5th, 1245, to receive the episcopal consecration that would wed him to the Church of Chichester, and anoint him as a pastor of souls. Roger de Weseham, formerly Dean of Lincoln, a holy and fervent priest, received consecration as Bishop of Chester at the same time, and a pretty story is told by Capgrave, of how, after the imposition of hands, when the Pontiff proceeded to anoint de Weseham, the ampulla containing the holy oils was found to be almost empty. With difficulty a few drops were extracted for Innocent to pour upon the Bishop's head. But when, in some perplexity as to what to do, he turned to Richard and tried once more to obtain a little oil from what seemed now a quite empty phial, behold the sacred liquid flowed in such abundance that the attendants were scarcely able, with many cloths, to prevent it streaming over the Saint's neck and body. The Pope and cardinals were filled with surprise and admiration, and one of the latter exclaimed with emotion: "Truly this man hath received the fullness of grace!"

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[1] Rymer. I. 266.

After his consecration, Richard obtained leave from the Pope to remain a little longer in Lyons before returning to England. He seems to have made what we should now call a retreat, giving himself up to solitude and prayer, "fearing lest by immediately mixing himself up with worldly strifes and cares he should lose the benefit of the great graces he had received." He must indeed have felt the need of strength from on high to support him in the coming contest. Then, provided by Innocent with letters apostolic directing Henry to give the new Bishop of Chichester peaceable entrance into his See, to restore to him his possessions and to receive him in a spirit of reconciliation and friendship, he started for his own country.

Before quitting France, however, he paid a visit to the tomb of his beloved master at Pontigny. Miracles had already begun to be worked there, and the fame of Blessed Edmund was spreading far and wide. The English people had by this time recognised the holiness of the man they had cast out, and during Richard's stay in Lyons a petition for Edmund's canonisation had been presented to the council. In the English Court, however, he had still many enemies, and though, according to Matthew Paris, eight archbishops and about twenty bishops gave testimony to the "manifest miracles by which the Lord was rendering him famous," the Pope hesitated to proceed so soon to the canonisation; "not by his own inclination, but urged thereto by the envious spirit of others." He put the matter off, saying that other questions were pressing more heavily on the Church just then, but added: "However, whilst we are alive he shall never hereafter be doomed to neglect; and we rejoice in the Lord and give abundant thanks to Him, that God and the whole world bear testimony to his holiness and virtues."[1] This decision of the Pontiff must have been a great disappointment to St Edmund's friends, and especially to his ex-chancellor, and we can understand that it would make him all the more anxious to visit and pray by the Saint's tomb.

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[1] M. Paris, ann. 1245.

Whether he witnessed any miracle we are not told; such proofs of his friend's sanctity were to him unnecessary, but he prayed earnestly that, by the merits and intercession of Edmund, God would send him help and comfort in his trials. He was on the eve of a struggle in which, to all appearance, the world had everything and he had nothing, and he may well have felt that under divine grace none could help him better than the friend who, in life, had given him, by word and example, such noble lessons of patience and humility.

Cheered and strengthened by this pilgrimage to his old master's earthly resting-place, Richard made no more delay, but hastened northwards, and in company with a few friends, took ship for England, where messengers had already preceded him in order to find out the state of affairs there, and what were Henry's present dispositions towards him.

CHAPTER X

A HOMELESS BISHOP

Henry takes possession of the temporalities of Chichester and forbids any person to shelter or help the Bishop—Richard takes the Apostolic Mandate to Henry; is received with jeers and insults—Richard retires to Sussex—Description of the county—The Saint's life during the next two years—Sheltered by Simon of Tarring—Richard a missionary bishop—Bocking compares him to a Friar Preacher—He perseveres in going to Henry—Patience under insult—Innocent threatens to excommunicate the King, who finally yields—The Bishop takes possession of his See in a state of great poverty—Note on the Saint's will.

No sooner had Richard landed in England than he was met by his messengers with the news that the temporalities of the See were in the King's hands, and that not only had he seized the manors and all movable property, but had also issued an edict forbidding anyone to lend the Bishop money, or give him shelter. Bocking describes the straits in which the Saint now found himself, in a few pathetic words:

"What was he to do?" he asks. "To whom should he turn? Where should he go? If he stretched forth his hands to touch the goods of his church he would labour in vain; already were they dissipated by the King's satellites. The royal prohibition would prevent anyone from supplying him with even the necessaries of life. Should he seek a home in one of his own manors, none would venture to shelter him under its roof." Though now a consecrated bishop, he was as destitute and lonely as the poorest beggar in his diocese.

Under these circumstances, Richard saw that no course was left him but to go straight to the King with the Apostolic Mandate. The exact date of his arrival in England is uncertain, and so we cannot know where Henry was then holding his Court, but Richard soon found this out, and boldly presented himself, armed with the papal letters. The King's anger may better be imagined than described. Far from disarming him, Innocent's orders and strong recommendation of the Bishop (to whom, it must be remembered, Henry seems to have borne a great personal dislike, with a keen remembrance of his implacability in upholding St Edmund), served only to inflame his wrath, and he poured out on the head of the newly-consecrated prelate a torrent of abuse and invective. Seeing their Sovereign's humour, his courtiers took the same tone, and roundly rated the Saint for venturing to obtain from the Pope that which the King had denied him.

"What is also much to be regretted," says Bocking, "one or two clerics, unworthy of their name and calling, were not ashamed to join their voices to the clamour against the holy man," a statement that is followed by a denunciation of worldly clerics who lower their priestly dignity by becoming courtiers and flatterers of royalty. "Nevertheless," he adds, "we are not to believe there are no good men, whether lay or cleric, at Court; such, for instance, were Joseph, Daniel, David, and Thomas à Becket. Therefore I consider that in Courts are to be found [the sons of] Satan mingling with the sons of God, false accusers in company with the holy Daniel, unbelievers, destroyers, and scorpions [back-biters?] by the side of an Ezechiel. And of this number I not undeservedly reckon those who turned the mind of the King, naturally benignant, and Catholic by divine grace, against the Blessed Richard."

The case was evidently hopeless, at least for the present. But Richard of Wyche was not a man to be turned from his duty by unauthorised opposition. He had been consecrated Bishop of Chichester, and as Bishop of Chichester he would henceforth live, even though deprived of the outward pomp befitting his episcopal dignity. Yea, though he had to beg his bread in the streets, he would not be shut out from his diocese. As a poor man he would go thither, but as a bishop he would labour there, living among the people, consoling and confirming them with the grace that now filled his own soul, feeding his flock as the Good Shepherd had bidden him do. So in humility and disgrace, poorer even than when he quitted his Worcestershire home, Richard left the Court and set out on his journey to Sussex, unattended and unhonoured. He could not be received by his canons with the stately ceremonial of the Church, no solemn enthronisation could take place; all that was to come after.[1] Nevertheless, the Bishop's heart was light, and his soul at peace. The end for which God had been long preparing him was attained at last, the way lay clear, at least as far as his pastoral duties were concerned, and he was ready to throw himself heart and soul into the work now awaiting him.

The scene of the Saint's new labours presented a very different aspect from the home of his early youth, or the Universities in which so many years of his life had been spent.

An old book, called *Properties of the Shyres of England*, thus describes the southern counties some centuries later than St Richard's day:

> "Essex full of good housewyves;
> Middlesex full of stryves.
> Kentshire hoot as fyre;
> Sowseks full of dirt and myre."

Fuller calls it "a fruitful county, but very dirty for the traveller therein, so that it may be better measured by days' journeys than by miles." And a curious account is given of the Weald by a writer in the early half of the eighteenth century, who says that he travelled through "the deepest, dirtiest, but many ways the richest country in all that part of England." The amount of timber was enormous, but it sometimes took more than a year to get a tree to Chatham, so heavy were the rains and mud. If such was the state of the Sussex roads in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, what must it have been when Richard began his missionary journeys through the county?

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[1] It is not clear whether the cathedral itself was seized by Henry, though his officials certainly occupied the episcopal palace. But if Richard was able to officiate in the Church at all, it must have been with very little ceremony and much poverty of detail. But he was probably shut out altogether.

But there is another side to the picture. Sussex has its Downs, and on those who live beneath the shadow of their peaceful influence, they exercise a strange fascination. They are "the smoothest things in England, gigantic, rotund, easy; the eye rests upon their gentle contours and is at peace. They have no sublimity or grandeur, only the most spacious repose. Perhaps it is due to this quality that the Wealden folk, accustomed to be overshadowed by this unruffled range, are so deliberate in their mental processes, and so averse from speculation or experiment. There is a hypnotism of form: a rugged peak will alarm the mind, where a billowy green undulation will lull it. The Downs change their complexion, but are never anything but soothing and still."[1]

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[1] *Highways and Byways of Sussex.* E. V. Lucas.

Not at once, however, could our Richard have echoed the words of the poet:

> "God gave all men all earth to love;
> But since man's heart is small,
> Ordains for each one spot shall prove
> Belovèd over all.
> Each to his choice, and I rejoice
> The lot has fallen to me
> In a fair ground—in a fair ground—
> Yea, Sussex by the sea!"[1]

No, Feckenham Forest and the fruit-laden orchards of Worcestershire still reigned supreme as Richard's ideal of home and country. Nevertheless, to such a lover of nature, trained from childhood to watch the ever-varying beauties of God's world, those softly-rounded hills and "billowy undulations" must have strongly appealed, bringing a sense of peace and calm to his mind, wearied by the recent struggle.

He probably took the road from Billingsgate, resting perhaps at Billingshurst, once an important station, now only a pretty village on "Stane Street," as the great road from London to Chichester was, and as far as it exists is still called, constructed—according to the legendary chronicle of John de Waurin—by Belinus, a descendant of King Lear, who also built a wonderful gate at its London end, which he called Bricache, but named by the English Belnesgace (Billingsgate), over which gate, when Belinus died, "the Britons placed his body in a golden urn." The

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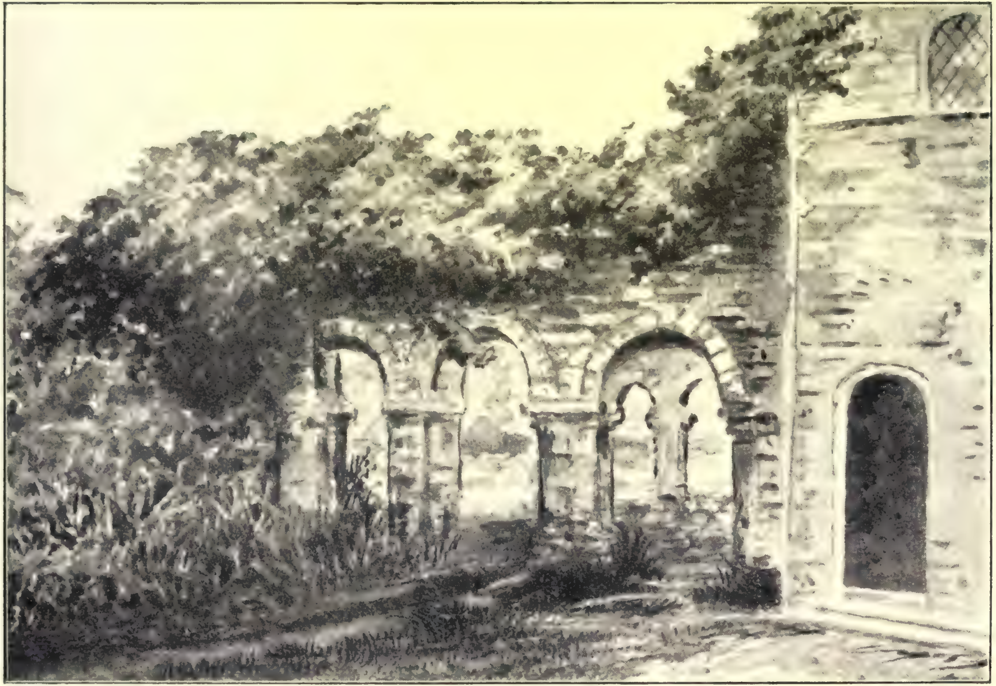
[1] Kipling.



Ruins of Boxgrove Priory

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road, now broken up in many places, and scarcely recognisable, in Richard's time went through Horsham and Pulborough.

The Bishop must have passed by many manors, abbeys, and convents that were under his jurisdiction, for the See extended over the whole county. The great Premonstratensian Abbey of Bayham lay to the east of his route, to whose Abbot we find him later addressing a letter, and where he became a frequent and honoured guest. The ancient Convent of Rusper, the scene of one of the Saint's many acts of charity, stood in perhaps the loneliest spot of the Weald, not far from Horsham; whilst as he approached Chichester, the famous Priory of Boxgrove would not be very distant. Ten miles north of the capital he would pass through Bignor, the *Ad Decimum* or tenth-mile station of the Romans, probably in Richard's time merely a hamlet surrounded by fields, bearing the tradition of what is now known as a fact, that beneath the soil lay an immense villa of a Roman Colonial Governor.

At none of these places, however, could the Bishop find a home, and when he reached his cathedral city, it was only to find the palace gates closed against him. The canons seem to have rallied round him, and there may have been some who were willing to risk the King's anger and take him in. But it would have meant the loss of their position and goods, and Richard would not allow it. For some little time he appears to have wandered about, living one hardly knows how. Then he was guided by God to the house of Simon of Tarring, a simple and holy priest—"the faithful holder of a single benefice"—who had known Richard in better days, and now reverently offered to share with him his house and board.

The village of West Tarring lies a mile or two north-west of Worthing, in a sheltered nook formed by a bend of the low Sussex shore, and is said to be unique in the mildness of its climate, which has been compared to that of the Riviera. Tarring—originally a settlement of the Terringas—was given by King Athelstan to the See of Canterbury, and the archbishops long had a palace there. It is not improbable that, as St Edmund's chancellor, Richard had recommended Simon for the benefice, and in his turn the grateful priest hastened to repay the kindness. It was a suitable spot for the Bishop to make his temporary home, within easy reach of the sea, so that, if necessary, he might escape by boat to France, and at the same time, not too far from Chichester. Simon, of whom Father Ralph says: "He was a man according to God's own heart, famous for his good life, and much given to deeds of charity—may his name live for ever, and his memory never be blotted out!"—feared neither King nor nobles. He was touched to the heart at the sight of his Bishop's destitution, and implored him to make the presbytery his home till Henry should restore his goods. Richard humbly and gratefully accepted the offer, and thus, "a poor outcast, he took shelter under this hospitable roof, sharing the meals of a stranger, warming his feet at another man's fire." Henry seems to have left Simon unmolested, and the good priest's courage met its reward, for during the whole time of Richard's stay God so blessed his charity that his land prospered more than ever before. In spite of the extra expenses he had to incur, the grain in the barns never failed, the storehouses were filled to overflowing, the cupboards well supplied, and the cellars constantly replenished, so that Simon might well believe that in Richard he had entertained a special favourite of God.[1] A close friendship sprang up between the Bishop and his host, and Simon had the privilege of attending his friend's death-bed, and receiving his last words. Richard, on his side, testified his gratitude by remembering Simon and his nephew in his will.

West Tarring is famous for its fig-trees, and the story goes that the original stock was brought over from Italy by St Thomas of Canterbury, who often stayed at Tarring. Others say that the trees owed their origin to Richard. Very probably the Saint found the trees there, and knowing they had been planted by the martyr, tended them with loving care, and the skill acquired so long ago in his beloved Worcestershire orchards. In any case, the miraculous grafting of a bud, related by his biographers, may have been the beginning of their extreme fertility.

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[1] Bocking, vii. 74.

The Bishop loved to walk and meditate in Simon's peaceful garden, and one day in spring he noticed a tree on which he thought it would be well to graft a new bud. Cutting a slip from another plant he performed the operation with great care, and in due time saw with pleasure that the graft was growing and beginning to send forth leaves. Soon afterwards he had to leave Tarring on business of the diocese, and as he expected to be absent for some time, he put the tree and its young shoot under the gardener's care. On his return, at the beginning of July, he went, as usual, into the garden, where his host met him in some trouble of mind. "Alas, my lord," he said, "I grieve to tell you that through the negligence of the gardener, the shoot you grafted has perished." "Not so," replied Richard calmly; "it will surely remain." And taking a little knife from his pocket, he cut a twig from a tree near by and inserted it over the dead shoot. "Wonderful to relate, though at that time of year the sap is leaving the plants and does not bring them fresh life, that shoot, engrafted by the man of God in the heat of the summer, grew and flourished, and bore both blossom and fruit the same year."

Knowing that Simon was not rich, his guest was content with little, his chief distress being that in his state of more than evangelical poverty he could not show hospitality to his chapter and friends, nor provide for the poor, as becomes a bishop, and as he so ardently longed to do. In the meantime he did what he could. He went through the streets and lanes, visiting the country districts of his diocese, exercising his pastoral office, preaching, admonishing, administering the sacraments. He became a true missionary bishop, such as had not been seen since the days of St Wilfrid. Wherever good was to be done, or evil to be corrected, there would the Bishop make his way. Here, there, and everywhere did he go, and long before the two years of his exile were ended, his kind face and fine figure became a familiar sight to his people. One writer has compared him to "a two-edged sword," penetrating into the very heart of his diocese. Not a village or hamlet, hidden away in the most lonely valley, surrounded by the pathless Down, or nestling at the foot of the wildest cliff on the seashore, could hide itself from his presence. The eye of sickness and sorrow would brighten at his approach, and little children would run for his blessing. Though evildoers soon learned to fear and avoid their new Bishop as "a terrible man," the simple ones of his flock and the repentant sinner grew to love and trust one who quickly earned for himself the title of "father of the poor."

It was truly a hard and wearing life, and we can scarcely wonder that Richard of Chichester did not live to be an old man. Besides the burden of anxiety that weighed upon his soul on account of the destitution of his diocese, and the King's iniquity, the physical fatigue of this period of his episcopate must have told upon the strongest frame. He had to wander up and down among the poor fishing villages of the coast, to cross the Downs in the scorching summer sun, and the biting winds of winter; the chill mists rising from the low, marshy grounds near the shore, the heavy rains and muddy roads, the deep forests of the northern Weald, all had to be encountered in the course of his visitations; and, while carrying spiritual help to so many, he dared not ask for food or shelter for himself. Well was it now for Richard of Chichester that, as Richard of Burford, he had become accustomed to fatigue and pain.

He lived, in fact, the life of a Friar Preacher rather than that of a bishop, as we learn from the apostrophe addressed to him by his Dominican biographer:

"O, Richard, servant of Christ! Remember, I bid thee, that life and state which, in thy younger days, thou didst purpose by vow to follow. How great was thy desire to embrace it, had not God otherwise ordained. And yet thou mayst rejoice! For thou hast indeed deserved to follow that way. What way? What life? What state? thou askest. I speak in truth of the life of the Friar Preacher, which is to preach Christ in poverty, possessing nothing, to procure the salvation of souls, and to labour cheerfully, without self-interest, in the vineyard of the Lord, trusting to His grace. Endure, then, for a short time; that which thou dost, do bravely, and so thou shalt not lose the merit of thy voluntary poverty, nor yet the reward attached to the pastoral office!"

It is not, however, one of the virtues of a bishop to renounce the property or rights of the Church committed to his care by the Apostolic See, and Richard had no intention of submitting permanently to Henry's usurpation. He therefore presented himself periodically at the Court, following the King to the various places where he might happen to be, and in spite of every kind of rebuff and insult, patiently, but perseveringly, represented the justice of his cause, and petitioned for the restitution of his liberty and the goods of the See. Insults and rebuffs, indeed, he received in plenty. We hear of how, on one occasion, having followed the King to Windsor, he entered the palace, and was accosted by one of the marshals, who, "with a sour countenance," and insolent tone, exclaimed: "How dare you enter here, knowing, as you do, how grievously you have offended our lord the King!" The Bishop changed colour, feeling keenly for the moment the being thus repulsed in presence of all the bystanders. Then meekly and quietly he left the palace, and waited outside with the common people, until he could gain a hearing. It was a precious moment of self-conquest; the passing resentment gave place to thanksgiving. "He did not curse or murmur in his heart, but thanked God and prayed for those who persecuted him."

This was no solitary instance of his treatment by the

King's courtiers. The poverty of his dress and his lowly mien provoked many a rude jest and gibe, in which the King seems not to have been ashamed to join; but "like the apostle, when he was reviled, he blessed; being persecuted, he suffered it; not forgetting the patience he had learnt in the school of St Edmund."

Once it happened that he had been specially ill-treated in this way, and returning to Chichester, those who had accompanied him related to the chapter all that had occurred. They were deeply afflicted and indignant, and appear to have hinted that the Bishop was too meek in enduring as he did these constant humiliations. Richard alone preserved a cheerful countenance. Looking round on the mournful faces of his canons, he said with a bright smile: "My brethren, do you not understand these words of Scripture: 'The apostles departed from the presence of the council, rejoicing that they were accounted worthy to suffer shame for His name's sake?' I tell you all that, by the grace of God, this tribulation of ours will turn to joy." His friends and clergy marvelled at his words and demeanour, and noticed how he always returned from these interviews with the King as contented and happy as most men would be after receiving honours and titles. The secret of this peace lay in the fact that the Saint had now thoroughly learnt the lesson of Christ's Cross, and so it was given him to realise experimentally the truth of those divine words: "Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice' sake, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Richard had kept the Pope informed of Henry's conduct, and Innocent sent many admonitions and mandates to the latter, but without success. At the end of two years the Pontiff found it necessary to proceed to extreme measures, and two of the principal prelates of England were directed to threaten the King with excommunication if he did not, within a given time, restore the goods and liberty of the See to the Bishop. Frightened by this threat, and perhaps, as Bocking hints, troubled in his own conscience, Henry at last gave way. Richard received permission to take possession of his cathedral and what goods yet remained, and the King ordered his manors to be restored to him, at the same time pledging himself, "of his own free will," to pay the Bishop a certain sum of money, "in token of his good faith." This money was never paid in Henry's lifetime, though in the Parliament of October, 1248, being pressed on the matter, he solemnly promised to repay the Bishop in money for all he had withheld and destroyed. This promise was conveniently "forgotten" by the faithless Sovereign. But Richard did not forget, as the following clause in his will testifies:

> "I will also that, for the fulfilment of the foregoing [legacies and other instructions], there be demanded from my lord the King the profits arising from the

Bishopric of Chichester, which he for two years unjustly took, and which of right belong to me, for concerning them, I will even require the payment before the Most High, unless he shall have satisfied my executors according to their wish."

To this clause Mr Blaauw appends a note telling us that Edward I., in a deed executed at Chichester, at the time of the translation of St Richard's body, 1276 [*Rot. Pat.* 4. Ed. I., m. 19], declares that the debt of two hundred pounds which had been "lent" to King Henry by the Bishop, had been, after dispute, now fully paid to his executors, William de Selsey, and the others, "for the unburdening of the soul of my father, as was right to do."[1]

At last, then, Richard could comport himself exteriorly as a bishop, free to enter and rule his diocese in a manner befitting his rank. Poverty, however, would necessarily be his portion for many years. He found the land and manors in a state of ruin and decay, while the episcopal coffers were practically empty. It would, therefore, take much economy to restore any sort of prosperity to the See. Singularly enough, the chroniclers make use of the same expression whilst giving an account of the restoration of the Chichester property, as that which they used when describing the return of the young brothers to their little home. *Nudus et pauper*, Richard's brother had taken possession of the old home at Burford, and now again, "naked and poor," did the Bishop of Chichester take possession of his cathedral.

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[1] One of Edward I.'s offerings to Chichester appears in the accounts of his jeweller, Adam of Shoreditch, in 1294, when four large brooches were made for the shrines of SS. William of York, Thomas of Canterbury, Richard of Chichester, and Etheldreda of Ely.

Before, however, describing the Saint's life at Chichester, it may not be out of place to devote some pages to a short history of the See itself.

NOTE

The clauses in the Saint's will mentioned on page 123 run thus: "To the boy Henry, nephew of Sir Simon de Tarring [I bequeath] ninety shillings. Also to Sir Simon de Tarring I bequeath my best palfrey and the Book on *Virtues*, that is to say, Annotations on the Psalter. Also, to the same, the goblet which the Lord Stephen de Longspée gave me."

This Stephen was the son of William Longspée, Henry II.'s son by Rosamond Clifford. His wife, Ella Countess of Salisbury, founded Lacock Abbey, of which convent she later became abbess. Stephen and St Richard were great friends, and the former no doubt made the Bishop many presents. Two "cups of maple," besides that left to Simon, are mentioned as the knight's gifts, one of which the Saint left to the Cistercian Convent of Marham, in Norfolk, founded by Isabella de Warenne, and the other, called the "Cupam Magnam de Mazera," was to be given to Lacock Abbey. These "Mazer Cups" were wooden bowls (probably richly carved), much prized in those days, and believed by a recent writer to have been made, not of maple, but of the wood of the walnut-tree, lately introduced into England. The "large nuts" growing in the Earl of Lincoln's magnificent garden at Holborn, in 1213, are supposed to have been walnuts, and being as yet rare, no doubt the goblets made from the wood were expensive enough to be considered a suitable present for a man in Longspée's position to offer a bishop.

The quotations from St Richard's will given here, and further on, are taken from the translation of Mr W. H. Blaauw, in Vol. I. of the Sussex Archæological Collections. The original will is in the registers of Chichester. [Regest. Episc. Rede. E. p. 176.]

CHAPTER XI

THE SOUTH-SAXON SEE—SELSEY AND CHICHESTER

Conquest of Sussex by the Anglo-Saxons—Bosham the cradle of Christianity in the County—Dicul and his monks—Arrival of St Wilfrid—Foundation of the See of Selsey—Ecclesiastical foundations in Sussex—Old Malling—Steyning Church—"Alien Priories"—Norman influence—Deposition of Bishop Æthelfric by the Conqueror—See transferred to Chichester by Lanfranc—The old Roman *Regnum*—Foundation of first cathedral—Bishops of Chichester—Ralph Luffa, an energetic reformer—Canons early established at Chichester—Bishop Hilary—Cathedral burnt: rebuilt by Bishop Seyffrid—Richard Poore—Ranulph of Warham—St Richard's predecessor, Ralph Neville—His character.

"In the year of our Lord 477 came Œlle to Britain, and his three sons, Cymen, Wlencing, and Cissa, with three ships, landed at the place called Clymenesora (near Wittering, at the mouth of what is now Chichester Harbour), and there slew many Welsh (or Wealas, i.e. strangers), and drove some into the Forest of Andredeslea."

In these few words the old chronicle recounts the beginning of the Saxon kingdom of Sussex. In 490 the invaders took complete possession, burnt the city and fortress of Andredesceaster, "and slew all that dwelt therein, so that not even one Briton was left."[1] The conquering race spread over the Weald, and with the Britons the Christianity and civilisation of the country also disappeared. For two hundred years "darkness covered the land, and gross darkness the people" of Sussex. In one little spot alone did the light of Christianity shine; but only as a mere taper, insufficient to disperse the surrounding gloom.

From the high ridge of the Downs just above Kingly Bottom may be seen, nestling among the trees, through which gleams like a silver thread the waves of a channel that has made its way inland from the sea, a small grey church, with high-pitched roof and heavy tower, capped by a low shingle spire. Bosenham, or Bosham, is one of the four or five places marked on the very early maps of Sussex; it holds its place in history, and its church claims to be one of the oldest in England.[2] It is represented in the Bayeux tapestry, with Harold entering to pray before embarking for Normandy. This little village was the cradle of Christianity in Sussex. Tradition says that there was a church there in the third century; but however that may be, we learn from Venerable Bede that at the time of the Saxon invasion there dwelt in this place five or six holy men, under Dicul, a monk of Irish descent, who may have come from St Columba's great foundation in Ireland. Here, in a tiny monastery, surrounded by woods and water, "they served the Lord in humility and poverty," and the invaders appear to have left them in peace; but they made no impression on their savage neighbours, and so in time the little light died out and left the land in total darkness.

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[1] *Chron. Sax.* See Lingard, Vol. i.

[2] The story runs that the bells of Bosham were carried off in a Danish raid; but they weighed so heavily on the ship that she and her cargo sank together. When the present bells ring the ancient submerged peal is said to respond from the bottom of the channel.

The great Archbishop of York, St Wilfrid, was the first apostle of Sussex and the founder of its See. The first time he touched its shores, however, he met with a very stormy reception. When returning to England, after his consecration, about the year 664, his ship was driven by a tempest on to the coasts of Sussex. The natives attacked the stranded vessel with ferocity, a heathen priest at their head. The Bishop's retinue, numbering one hundred and twenty men, resisted them bravely, while he and his clergy knelt and prayed. At last one of Wilfrid's party, "like another David," smote the heathen priest a deadly blow on the forehead with a pebble, but the natives, all the more enraged, thrice renewed the attack. Just as they were preparing to assault the Christians for a fourth time, the grounded vessel floated with the rising tide, and the Bishop and his retinue landed safely at Sandwich.

St Wilfrid's next visit to Sussex was in 681 or 682, when he took a noble revenge on the South Saxons for their former inhospitality. Driven into exile by Ecgfrid, King of Northumberland, he sought a temporary refuge in Sussex. Æthelwealh (or Edelwach) was then King and had been baptised not long before, though he had not taken the trouble to propagate the Faith among his people; however he received St Wilfrid with kindness at his Court. The early English kings had no liking for towns, and Æthelwealh's royal villa was near the point of the flat and dreary but fertile peninsula of Selsey, which projects into the sea about ten miles south of Chichester. Venerable Bede tells of the state of ignorance in which Wilfrid found the people, and describes how the Saint, by preaching to them, "not only delivered them from the misery of eternal damnation, but also from an inexpressible calamity of temporal death; for no rain had fallen in that province for three years before his arrival, whereupon a dreadful famine ensued, which cruelly destroyed the people. It is reported that often forty or fifty men, being spent with want, would go together to some precipice or to the seashore, and there, hand in hand, perish by the fall, or be swallowed up by the waves. But on the very day on which the nation received the baptism of faith there fell a soft but plentiful rain; the earth revived again, and the verdure being restored to the fields, the season was pleasant and fruitful."

Having thus opened the way of salvation to these poor heathens, the Saint applied himself to their temporal improvement. Though the sea and rivers abounded in fish the natives hitherto "had had no courage to catch anything but eels," which they could find in the muddy channels without venturing into the deep water. The good Bishop taught them how to fish. His own men, moreover, cast a number of nets into the sea, and, "by the blessing of God, took three hundred fishes of several sorts, which being divided into three parts, they gave one hundred to the poor, one hundred to those of whom they had the nets, and kept one hundred for their own use. By this benefit the Bishop gained the affections of them all, and they began more readily at his preaching to hope for heavenly goods, seeing that by his help they had received those that are temporal."[1]

In gratitude for the Saint's kindness to his people, Æthelwealh made a grant of land in Selsey—"the land of the sea-calf"—to Wilfrid and his companions. Here they built a church, dedicated to St Peter; Wilfrid set up his episcopal throne or "settle" therein, and thus was founded the See of the South Saxons, now known as the See of Chichester. St Wilfrid's church has long been swept away by the sea, which has worked great havoc on that coast. Beneath the beach and a large tract of water where the little fleet of fishing-boats rides at anchor lies what was once a park of deer, which in its most prosperous days stretched for miles. It still goes by the name of "the Bishop's Park," and a strip of the shore, washed by the waves, is called "the Bishop's Coppice."

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[1] Bede, iv. 13.

After St Wilfrid's departure from Sussex in or about 686, the See was governed for nearly four hundred years by a regular succession of Saxon bishops. The history of the period is very vague, but charters of donations of land show that Christianity spread throughout the county. One of the earliest ecclesiastical foundations is that of Old Malling, near Lewes, built by a Saxon ealdorman of the time of Ceadwalla. Old Malling was often visited by St Richard, though it was not under his jurisdiction, having in 838 been given as a "peculiar" to the See of Canterbury by King Ecgberht.

The government of another church, dating from the eighth century, was the subject of constant litigation with the Bishops of Chichester even up to St Richard's time. This was Steyning Priory, said to have been founded by St Cuthman, a gentle-minded lowly shepherd on the hills of western Sussex. The story of his journey in quest of work, bearing his infirm mother with him on a rough couch slung by cords across his shoulders, and his arrival at Steyning, or Stenninges on the South Downs, is told in the *Acta Sanctorum* of the Bollandists and also by Alban Butler. Cuthman built a little church with his own hands, and when the parish passed into the hands of the Normans the fame of the shepherd-Saint's virtues and miracles spread far and wide.

The later history of Steyning may be given as an example of the difficulties caused in the government of the See by the large number of "alien" churches and religious houses that sprang up in the county, the result of Sussex having so completely fallen into the hands of Norman proprietors. Steyning was granted (in the first instance by Edward the Confessor, and afterwards by the Conqueror) to the Abbey of Fécamp in Normandy. The Abbot sent over some monks to take possession and they built a church, the nave of which, a most stately fragment of rich Romanesque, still survives. The parishes of Steyning and Rye were "of the exemption of Fécamp," that is, were not subject to the jurisdiction of the diocesan, but to the mother-house in Normandy. Moreover, the Abbot of Fécamp had the right of holding a market at Steyning on two days in the week, and a fair twice a year. It is easy to understand how such an arrangement resulted in complications and friction with the English authorities, and the Bishops of Chichester, notably St Richard's predecessor, Ralph Neville, had protracted disputes with the Norman Abbots touching the reverence and obedience due to the head of the See from the Steyning monks. The matter seems to have been still unsettled when Richard succeeded to Chichester, and his biographer speaks of his great charity to the Abbot, Robert of Tregoz, as an instance of his forgiveness of injuries. It was at last decided that Steyning Priory should be exempt from episcopal jurisdiction. As years went on these alien houses increased in number, and were always a cause of trouble with the diocesan. Battle Abbey was, of course, never subject to the Bishop, neither was the great Cluniac Priory of Lewes, founded about the same time by William de Warenne and his wife, Gundrada; whilst Boxgrove Priory and its dependent parishes belonged to the Abbey of l'Essaie in Normandy.

Sussex shared the general depression in learning and religion that weighed upon the whole country during the greater part of the ninth century, from Danish invasions and internal wars. Everything except fighting was more or less at a standstill, and though there is no record of any great depredations of the Danish invaders in Sussex, they at times "harried on the South Saxons," and the fewness of ecclesiastical charters shows how the progress of the Church was checked. About twenty-two bishops reigned in succession, with here and there vacant periods between, from Eadberht in 709, to Ethelric in 1058; but little is known of any of them save Æthelgar, a monk of Glastonbury, who was "eminent for piety and ecclesiastical discipline." In 988, seven years after his promotion to Chichester, he succeeded St Dunstan on the throne of Canterbury.

The Saxon bishops, like the Saxon kings, belonged more to their people than to the city or district where they ruled: they were fathers and leaders rather than rulers; kings and bishops of the South and West

Saxons, rather than of Sussex or Wessex, Selsey or Winchester. But with the Conquest much of this was changed. William was the King, but not the father of the people whom he conquered. Undisputed master of the country, his chief object was to retain it in his hands, and he preferred to do this by depressing the natives rather than by courting popularity, or seeking to gain their love. Castles and strong fortresses sprang up all over the country,[1] and within a few years of his arrival, "every dignity in the Church, every place of emolument in the State, and almost all the property in the land had passed into the possession of the Normans." In the Catholic historian's opinion the changes were on the whole for the good of the nation, though, as he says, "accompanied with many acts of injustice. It served to awaken the English clergy from the state of intellectual torpor into which they had fallen, and raised them gradually to a level with their foreign brethren in point of mental excellence."[2]

Some of the bishops were deposed; among them Æthelric of Chichester. He had been consecrated by Stigand, Archbishop of Canterbury, whom William set aside in favour of Lanfranc, in 1070. Stigand himself had received the pallium from the schismatic Pope, Benedict X., and "the faultless Bishop of Selsey," as Stubbs calls him, may have been regarded as sharing the Archbishop's schismatic position.

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[1] Chichester Castle was built or repaired about 1068.

[2] Lingard, Vol. ii.

Personally, there was nothing to be said against Æthelric; he had been a monk of Canterbury, and declared he was unaware of Stigand's uncanonical status.[1] Some time afterwards, on occasion of a suit between Lanfranc and Odo of Bayeux touching some church property, which the latter, when acting as regent, had seized, William expressed his wish that the matter should be tried in conformity with the old English law. The aged South-Saxon bishop, then confined at Marlborough, was recommended as a man "profoundly versed in ecclesiastical law," and he was accordingly escorted with honour, in a wagon drawn by four horses, to Penenden Heath, where the trial was going on. By the aid of Æthelric's learning the rights of the See of Canterbury were clearly defined, and Odo was forced to make restitution.

With this act of a holy and learned old man, deprived of his bishopric through no fault of his own, the record of the South-Saxon See of Selsey ends.

One of the Conqueror's own chaplains, named Stigand, succeeded Æthelric, and five years later the Council of London, under Lanfranc, removed several Sees from villages or decayed towns to the larger cities. Sherborne was transferred to Old Sarum, Lichfield (for a time) to Chester, and Selsey to Chichester. Lewes would have been a more central position in which to fix the See, but Chichester was probably chosen as being easy of access from the sea coast, whilst the old Roman walls that surrounded it could be, if necessary, easily repaired and fortified, as was actually done by the Royalists in 1642 when the city was besieged by Waller. The Roundheads were quartered in the cathedral, where they did irreparable damage, and Waller himself took possession of the convent of the Grey Friars near by. Another motive for placing the episcopal See at Chichester was that Stane Street ran thence direct to London, whereas to get to Lewes from the capital a cross-country journey through muddy roads and forests would be necessary.

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[1] *Constitutional History*, Vol. ii.

The city itself—the old Roman *Regnum*—is supposed to have been one of the first places founded in the country by Claudius. Vespasian had his quarters there, and to this day the form of the town is that of a Roman camp, with its four main streets running north, south, east, and west, and the lesser ones diverging from them.

Bishop Stigand removed to Chichester in 1082, and took possession of a chapel dedicated to St Peter, belonging to a monastery of nuns, who appear to have been dislodged, and their church became the nucleus of the new cathedral. Beyond an ancient arch and some rough stonework nothing now remains of this first church, though the parish of St Peter keeps up the memory of the original chapel and its patron.

Stigand's successor, Godfrey, was bishop for little more than a twelvemonth, and after his death the See lay vacant for three years, during which period William Rufus appropriated the revenues. In 1091, Ralph Luffa was consecrated Bishop, and he is generally regarded as the real founder of the cathedral, both in its material fabric and organisation. The church he built was finished and consecrated by 1108, but was severely injured by fire seven years later. The energetic Bishop, however, hastened to repair it, and obtained financial help from the King, Henry I. The main plan of Ralph's structure can still be traced: a cross church, with low central tower, like the existing cathedral before the addition of the spire, and having two towers at the west end; a heavy massive building, "plain almost to sternness." Some of his work remains in the arches of the choir and nave, part of the triforium and the aisles, which were broken through in a later age for the addition of side chapels. All these portions clearly indicate the solid Norman style of Ralph Luffa's day.

A statute of the year 1114 is signed by the four dignitaries of the chapter, and proves that by that time the system of government by canons had been regularly established at Chichester. It is difficult to say exactly when the change from the monastic form of government instituted by St Wilfrid was made, but it must have been very early, possibly before the removal to Selsey. Chichester has always been reckoned among the cathedrals of the "Old Foundation," i.e. administered by canons, whose form of government was to a great extent left unchanged at the Reformation, whilst all the Sees under monastic government were secularised.

Ralph Luffa was an earnest prelate, visiting his diocese regularly. "He was distinguished alike for height of stature and vigorous intellect; robust and high-spirited," says an old writer. He courageously supported St Anselm against the Red King, and stoutly resisted Henry I.'s attempts to extort fines from the clergy. William of Malmesbury tells a story of how, having reproached the King for trying to impoverish his "poor diocese" when he ought rather to enrich it with gifts, he closed all the doors of the churches and barred the entrances with thorns. All public worship was thus made impossible; Henry relented, removed the tax, and helped the Bishop to repair his cathedral.

A very different man from Ralph I. was Bishop Hilary (1147-1169). He had a reputation for eloquence and some knowledge of canon law, but was more of a courtier than a bishop. His cathedral owed to him several improvements and endowments of offices, but his episcopate is chiefly remarkable for his strife with Battle Abbey, which he tried unsuccessfully to subjugate to his jurisdiction[1]; and for his opposition to St Thomas à Becket. He alone, of all the bishops, sided with Henry II. in 1163; he influenced the Primate to agree to the Constitutions of Clarendon, and finally declared the Saint perjured, and refused to obey him. He died before the martyrdom took place.

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[1] A deed of gift from the Abbot of Battle to St Richard has quite recently been discovered at Chichester. It is dated 1251, and makes various grants to the Dean and Chapter, and "the advowson of Westfield to the Bishop." Printed copies of this deed are extant, but until its discovery in October, 1911, no original was known to exist.

The See of Chichester, like several others, lay vacant for four years after St Thomas's death, and it was not till 1174 that John, Dean of Chichester, and three other nominees of the King, were received to consecration, after doing penance at the martyr's shrine.

Seven years after the accession of Bishop Seyffrid in 1180, the church built by Ralph Luffa was almost entirely destroyed by fire. The roofs of Norman churches, being very generally of wood, took fire easily, and such accidents were not uncommon. Seyffrid built a large portion of the cathedral now standing, "beautiful and lovable, in its delightful blending and contrast of severe massive Norman, with the pure and graceful beginnings of early English. As we see it now, with but slight alterations, so was it made by Seyffrid and his immediate successor, Simon of Wells."[1] Nevertheless the cathedral in its present condition, fine as may be its architecture, bears a very different aspect from that which it must have worn to our ancestors, when shrines and altars stood in their beauty; when the figures of Our Lady and the saints looked down from their niches; when incense and sacred song filled the air with the worship of God Incarnate, and the Holy Sacrifice was offered daily beneath those fair arches, whilst crowds of worshippers knelt around. Such ceremonies, for instance, as must have been that of the opening and re-dedication of the cathedral to the Most Holy Trinity in 1199, when six bishops assisted at the solemn High Mass, and the beautiful Office of the Dedication was sung by a full choir.

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[1] *Memorials of Chichester*. The spire, however, was not added till some time in the thirteenth century. It fell with the tower in 1861, and seven years later the present spire was completed.

During the time of the Interdict the See remained vacant, Simon of Wells having died in 1207, and the next bishop was Richard Poore, Dean of Old Sarum, consecrated to Chichester about 1214. He was a devout man, much given to prayer, and a lover of ecclesiastical discipline. His reign at Chichester lasted scarcely three years, for he was then translated to Salisbury, and thence, in 1228, to Durham, by appointment of Gregory X. His Constitutions of Sarum are given by Abbot Gasquet in his *Henry the Third*, as an example of the strong desire manifested by the English bishops of the period for better diocesan discipline. The statutes afterwards drawn up by St Richard seem to embody much of his predecessor's work for Salisbury.

He was succeeded at Chichester by Ranulph of Warham, one of the bishops whose signature is attached to Magna Charta. He enriched the See in several ways; among others by establishing a *staurum*, or stock of cattle for the benefit of the bishops and diocese. To supply these flocks with pasture Ralph de Neville, St Richard's immediate predecessor—for we have now reached the year 1224—obtained grant of a large tract of land west of Chichester called Bruillum (i.e. rough coppice or uncultivated ground) and Depemarsh. The first survives to the present day under the name of Broyle, parts of which still retain the same character.[1]

Bishop Ralph de Neville presents in many ways a great contrast to Bishop Richard de la Wyche. A good and faithful bishop, he was at the same time an ardent politician and statesman. Two years after his consecration he became Chancellor of the realm, receiving the great seal by appointment of the common council of the kingdom.[2] Like Archbishop Langton, who spent his declining years at the beautiful manor of Slindon, between Chichester and Arundel, where he must often have been visited by the Bishop of Chichester, Neville firmly upheld the rights of the Church against royal and foreign exactions, and Henry III., who at this time began to show signs of a desire to act without a ministry, would fain have deprived Ralph of his office. In 1231, the See of Canterbury fell vacant, and when the monks elected the Bishop of Chichester to fill it, the King, seeing an opportunity of getting rid of a troublesome chancellor, approved the appointment. Ralph, however, declined the office, and refused to contribute anything towards an embassy to Rome to plead for his appointment, regarding such an arrangement as simoniacal.

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[1] The bishops had free leave to clear the wood, cultivate (*assertare*) the ground, and enclose it with hedge or ditch, and it was to be free of forest law. (Cath. MSS. Lib. E.)

[2] *Constitutional History*, Stubbs, ii. pp. 41 and 50.

In 1236, according to M. Paris, Henry "instantly demanded his seal from the Bishop of Chichester, his Chancellor; although he had blamelessly discharged the duties of his office. This, however, the Chancellor refused, seeing that the King's violence exceeded the bounds of moderation, and said that he could on no account give it up, since he had undertaken the charge by the general consent of the kingdom, and therefore could not resign it without that consent." Nevertheless, though Henry could not deprive him of the chancellorship, he somehow managed to wrest the seal from him. Later he was restored to favour and remained Chancellor till his death, which took place at his house in London in 1244.

He did much for the benefit of his diocese though he cannot have been very often there. He obtained for the clergy tithes of hay and mill produce on the royal demesnes, hitherto exempt from such payments; built and repaired some of the churches and manors, and spent a good deal on improvements in the cathedral. In 1210, two of the towers had fallen, and Bishop Neville began the work of restoring them, and gave one-twentieth of all preferments of the Church to the work for five years. To his time some of the side chapels of the nave are said to belong. The restorations, however, were not completed during his lifetime. He also bequeathed to the poor of Chichester a fund for annual distribution of twelve quarters of wheat, commuted in modern times for bread-money.[1]

Some letters belonging to the reign of Henry III. were discovered by Sir Duffus Hardy in 1841, and edited in 1862 by Professor Shirley. Among them are several from Simon de Seinliz, steward of Ralph Neville's estates in Sussex, which, though too long to quote, are interesting as showing that our forefather's ways of doing business were much like our own. The steward was, of course, concerned rather with the secular than the ecclesiastical affairs of the diocese, and he goes into details which show him to have been a shrewd man with a good eye to his master's interests. Farming operations, the clearance of woods, the working of marl, the building of windmills, bargains for buying timber and land, houses and horses; requests for more seed, more hounds to destroy the foxes, etc., all find their place in his correspondence. In one letter he says: "I will perambulate your woods as soon as the sheriff of Sussex and certain knights who ought to be present can attend. . . . I have raised by borrowing and other means £20, for your expenses in London. . . . I was sorry to find, when I was in London, that the expenses of your inn are so heavy."

The inn here spoken of was a magnificent house that Ralph Neville had built in a street then called *Vicus Novus*, but which came to be known after him as "Chancellor's" now "Chancery" Lane. The house afterwards became the hospitium or inn of the Earl of Lincoln, who bought it from the Dominicans when they moved to Ludgate. Though the ground has long been given up to members of the law one portion of the estate still belongs to Chichester and is called "the Chichester Rents."

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[1] Cath. MSS. E., and *Lib. Regis*.

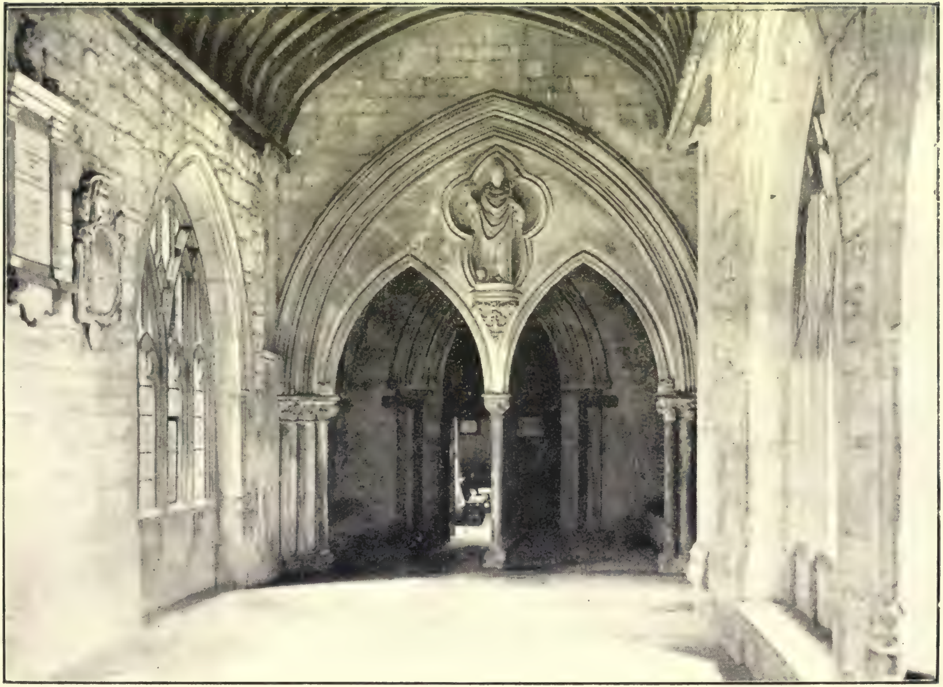
Ralph Neville was a good and a great man, for whom not even the ever-critical Matthew Paris has a disparaging word, commending him as "a man altogether praiseworthy, and an immovable pillar of truth and fidelity in affairs of the State." He must have left the diocese in fairly prosperous condition, and was probably far from foreseeing the extreme poverty to which it would be reduced by the King before his successor could take possession.

CHAPTER XII

ST RICHARD AND HIS CLERGY

The Bishop takes possession of his cathedral—Ceremony of enthronement—Three divisions of a bishop's flock—His duties to each—The Saint's relations with his clergy—Preference for educated priests—Refuses to give benefices to his youthful relations—Presides in person over the studies of his clerks—Love of Scripture—System of administration—Duties of the members of the Chapter—Richard's devotion to the Divine Office—Anecdote of his zeal—His "Constitutions"—Affection for his clergy—His compassion and severity—Story of a sinful priest—He protects the rights of his clergy—Punishment of a knight of Lewes.

WE may picture to ourselves, with one of the later writers on St Richard, the city of Chichester, on a certain summer's day, in the year 1247. The bells of the cathedral are pealing merrily overhead; the shops are empty and work is suspended; masters and men, women and children are abroad in the streets in gala attire. The country people have been flocking into the town since early morning, and all gather together near the city gate, and in the precincts of the



St Richard's Porch, Chichester Cathedral

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cathedral: a motley crowd, joyous and laughing, with rough play and jokes no doubt, but all in the best of humours, and all uniting with heart and voice in thanksgiving to God. For at last their Bishop is to enjoy his own, to dwell among and rule his flock in peace and security; all the familiar ceremonies are again to be carried out with the solemnity they love, and their father is to be no more as an exile among them. To-day Richard of Chichester makes his solemn entry into the city and takes possession of his episcopal throne.

At an early hour the Dean would assemble with his canons, and all the other officials in the cathedral, robed in the best vestments that the rapacity of King and courtiers may have left them, and there await the arrival of the Bishop. Meanwhile the mayor and his aldermen are riding away in a glittering cavalcade to St Roche's Hill, where for many centuries it was their custom to meet the Bishop on his entrance or return to his See, to congratulate him on having escaped the dangers of the way, and come safely through the bad roads of Sussex, and to escort him to the city.

The great doors of the cathedral were closed, and Richard, dismounting, waited humbly outside till the customary challenge of "Who comes there?" had been given from within and responded to. Then they were thrown open and the Bishop was received by the Dean and Chapter. The Dean presented him with the Book of the Gospels, and the form of Oath, which he took within the porch, and which ran thus:

"In Dei Nomine. Amen.

"Nos, permissione divina Cicestrensis Episcopus, juramus quod jura, statuta libertates et privilegia, antiquas etiam approbatas et assuetas consuetudines istius ecclesiæ nostræ Cistrensis, observabimus, quodque possessiones ejusdem ecclesiæ conservabimus, dispersasque et injuste alienatas proposse nostro congregabimus. Sicut nos Deus adjuvet et hœc sancta Dei Evangelia. Amen."[1]

Then the Dean and precentor "humbly led him to the High Altar," where he gave his benediction to the kneeling people. After this the Te Deum was sung, with *Pater Noster*, *Salvum fac*, etc. and the following prayer:

"Concede quæsumus, Domine, huic famulo Tuo, Episcopo nostro, ut prædicando et exercendo quæ recta sunt, exemplum bonorum operum animos suorum instruat subditorum et æternæ remunerationis mercedem a Te, piissimo Pastore, percipiat. Per Christum Dominum nostrum, etc. Amen."[1]

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[1] "In the Name of God. Amen. We, by Divine Providence, Bishop of Chichester, swear that we will observe the prescribed laws, the liberties and privileges, and the customs, ancient and approved, and generally observed, of this our Church of Chichester; and that we will keep the possessions of the same Church, and will gather together, to the best of our power, those that are dispersed and unjustly alienated. So help us God, and these holy Gospels of God. Amen." (The above oath is given in "*Cathedralia*," by M. E. C. Walcott, prebendary of Chichester.)

To the tender heart of Richard that must have been a moment of supreme emotion, and his tears must have flowed freely, as he raised his soul to God in deepest gratitude, not only for the present joy of restoration to his See, but—saint as he was—yet more for all the sufferings and humiliations of the past, that had drawn him so near to God and fitted him for the honours with which he was now surrounded. From the depths of his heart he could say with David: "It is good for me that Thou hast humbled me." "We have rejoiced for the days in which Thou hast humbled us: for the years in which we have seen evils."[2]

The enthronement was followed by High Mass, at which the Bishop pontificated, assisted by five deacons, five sub-deacons, and five rectors or cantors. According to the custom in use at Chichester, the Bishop offered at his enthronement a noble of gold on the altar, and probably preached a sermon. Later in the day there would be solemn vespers, and then the people were entertained at the Bishop's expense. A consecration or enthronement was generally attended by many of the great nobles, and even by the King himself, but in the present case it is hardly likely that Henry or any of his Court would have attended. Richard's personal friends—and he had many—together with the abbots and priors of the religious houses in the county, were no doubt present, rejoicing to see their bishop take his place, openly and with befitting dignity, among his flock, but there is no record of king or courtiers having been there.

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[1] "Grant, we beseech Thee, O Lord, to this Thy servant, N., our Bishop, that by preaching and practising the things that are right, he may give the souls of those under his charge the example of good works, and may receive from Thee, most loving Shepherd, the recompense of eternal reward. Through Christ our Lord. Amen."

[2] Ps. cxviii. 71. Ps. lxxxix. 15.

The family of a bishop may fairly be divided into three divisions says our Saint's historian, towards each of which it is his duty to act as a good head. The first, and perhaps the most important portion consists of the clergy of the cathedral, who minister to the flock under and with their bishop, and on whose training largely depends the salvation of the people and the well-being of the diocese. Secondly, there are the members of the bishop's household, with whom he must come into personal contact, and who live with him in the familiarity of home; whilst beyond these again are the whole people—*plebs universa*—of the diocese, over whom he reigns as spiritual sovereign. Richard thoroughly understood the grave responsibility involved in these three relationships, and strove with all his might to fulfil his duty in each. "Towards his clergy he desired to behave as a master to his disciples: to his household he was as a father to his children: to the people at large he acted as a kindly nurse to her infant charges."[1]

One of his first cares was to gather round him men well versed in science and letters, or those capable of solid study, whom he could train and teach according to his own high standard of doctrine and morals. St Richard had no liking for ignorant piety; as a doctor of theology and canon law, he knew experimentally the value of a thorough knowledge of the whole teaching of the Church for those who had to instruct others, and he did not consider an elementary acquaintance with doctrine sufficient for a priest, any more than a mediocre degree of faith or morals. He would remind his clerks of the precept of the law, that that which is offered to the Lord shall be without blemish[1]; saying that the priest who has affection without understanding is lame; whilst he who is ignorant may be compared to a blind man, ever seeking vainly to grasp at things with his hands. He therefore preferred candidates for the priesthood to be of fairly mature age, considering the mind of youth to be light and his virtue untried, and therefore less capable of imbibing the higher wisdom. On this subject he would, with a certain humour, comment on the words of Isaias: "Whom shall He teach knowledge, and whom shall He make to understand the hearing? Them that are weaned from the milk; that are drawn away from the breasts?"[2] "No," said the Bishop, "for in those young candidates are verified the words which follow: 'Command, command, command again.' Yea; command and command again discipline and doctrine to boys in prebends and benefices, and what shall you find? Scarcely 'a little here, and a little there.'" On this account he refused to admit some of his young relations [no doubt the sons of his brother and sister] to benefices. When remonstrated with, the Saint replied that our Lord did not give the keys of heaven to St John the evangelist, a young man and his kinsman, but to St Peter, a man of mature age and in nowise related to him, and that he would not "build up Sion with the ties of blood."[1]

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[1] Bocking.

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[1] Lev. xxii. 21.

[2] Isaias xxviii. 9, 10.

Richard himself undertook much of the instruction of his younger clerks, believing that his own words and example would have more power for good than if he merely gave his directions and left the work to others. He taught "wisely, sweetly, and joyfully: wisely, that he might instruct them; sweetly, that he might draw them on; and joyfully, that, if any were obstinate in their own opinion, he might bend them." The studies of his own youth were now revived, and the former lector and master must have taken up the teaching of his earlier years with delight, pouring out once more the treasures of learning acquired at Oxford and Bologna. The Saint's will testifies to the number of books of Scripture with commentaries contained in his library; the Book of Sentences is also there mentioned, and it is clear that to the end of his life he remained a lover and collector of books. He is said to have himself written seven books *de ecclesiasticis Officiis*, under the title "*Officium ut ex debito,*" as well as some commentaries on portions of Scripture. None of these are extant.

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[1] *Nolens ædificare Sion in sanguinibus.* Cf. Mic. iii, 10.

Chichester belonged, as has been said, to the cathedrals of the Old Foundation, and is supposed to have very early adopted the rule drawn up by Bishop Chrodegang of Metz for his cathedral clergy in 763. This rule was quite monastic in character. The canons lived in community, could not go out for a night without leave, shared a common table, took their turns in serving in the kitchen and wore a uniform dress. Before very long, however, modifications began to be introduced in England; the living in community was gradually abandoned, and in the eleventh century it became customary for the majority of the chapter to live in houses of their own. Thus a distinction came to be made between the clerics who lived in separate houses and those who still preserved the old discipline, living under rule and having all things in common. The former were called *canonici sæculares*, the latter *canonici regulares*, by which name they have been known ever since.[1] This practice of having secular canons living apart is designated as the "English mode" by William of Malmesbury. But though no longer bound to strict community life they were under the obligation of following certain definite rules.

The substitutions of secular canons for religious in some of the cathedrals excited much indignation among the latter, and Richard of Devizes speaks bitterly of the change. "The secular canon may be absent from his church whenever he pleases, and may waste the patrimony of Christ when and how he likes. Whether the praises of God are shouted through his own lips or by those of a hireling is all one to him. If a poor stranger knocks at the door of such men and asks for relief, it will be opened by a vicar as poor as himself, who tells him to go and get a dinner elsewhere, as the master of the house is not at home. Such is the glorious religion of your secular canon, to introduce whom you have turned out the monks who praised God with their own mouths, whose bread was ever freely given to the poor man, whose door was ever open to the wayfarer!" The vice of non-residence became in fact so great an evil that Bishop Seyffrid, in 1197, drew up some stringent regulations on the subject, and Richard himself did the same later.

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[1] See an article on Canons Regular, by Dom. Allaria, in the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, p. 289.

In his *Traditions and Customs of Cathedrals* Dr Walcott gives a sketch of the constitution of Chichester, such as it must have existed in the time of St Richard. "The Cathedral chapter," he says, "was subject to the perpetual visitation of the Bishop and formed his council, with the right of being summoned in all cases of presentation to capitular benefices, creation of archdeaconries, convening of synods, formation of statutes, examination and ordination for the ministry, etc. They had the power of appeal against the Bishop after due remonstrance; of administration of the diocese during a vacancy of the See, and of the election of a successor to the episcopal throne." [1]

The four dignitaries of the chapter in St Richard's time, dean, precentor, chancellor and treasurer, occupied the four corners of the choir, to overlook the good order of the church. The dean was a person of great authority, and presided over all canons and vicars in the cure of souls and correction of morals. No canon might be absent for more than two nights without his permission, and he held a weekly chapter of faults. The rough manners of the period are illustrated by the story of a dean who had had some disagreement with his canons and appeared in their midst with a following of armed men, by way of bringing them to submission. The dean was bound to residence for a certain number of days in the year, and received a double "quotidian" if resident during two consecutive months; the said quotidian being two-and-twopence, provided he was present at one of the hours of the divine office daily. His share of the quarterly distribution of the common fund (usually about £10), was forfeited by absence.

The duties of the precentor resembled those of our cantors. He ruled the choir, and is described as sometimes walking up and down during the singing of the office with a richly-ornamented bâton in his hand. On account of the dignity of the sacred worship which he regulated, the precentor ranked next to the dean.

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[1] *Traditions and Customs of Cathedrals*, by M. E. C. Walcott, B.D. (Longmans, 1872.)

The treasurer's was a responsible office, for he had entire charge of the material fabric of the cathedral, besides keeping the sacred vessels, jewels, and relics. He had to keep the building in good repair, and provide everything required for Divine Service—incense, lights, decorations, etc.—even to the hay, rushes and mats for the floor. The sacrist worked under him, and there were two servants who rang the bells, and "swept the church with brooms before Easter and the feast of the Dedication." At Christmas, hay was provided for the choir and chapter-house, which at Easter were sprinkled with ivy-leaves. The number of lights to be provided by the treasurer was exactly prescribed. There were seven, each of two pounds weight, on the High Altar.[1] Eight candles were to be placed on the rood-screen and two on the altar steps. Two small candles were carried before the priest when he censed the altar. The office must have been generally recited from memory, as at Matins only two, and on Trinity Sunday three candles were to burn in the chandelier in the midst of the choir. If the Bishop were present he was to have two before his throne.

The treasurer had also charge of the common fund supplied by the members of the chapter, and regularly distributed according to rule. A statute, dated 1127, empowered this dignitary and two other canons "to distribute bread according to the statute of Bishop Hilary," and from the residue of the *commune* to give twelve pence to each canon present in his habit at Mass or Vespers, on every Saturday, with a deduction in proportion to his absences, and to each vicar threepence over and above the "stall wages," as they were called, which were paid to the vicars by the canons for whom they supplied. The vicars, who were probably most of them poor men, also received two white loaves and one "cob" loaf daily, provided they were in their places in choir in time for the Invitatory. This went by the name of "Venite Bread."

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[1] The practice of placing lights on the altar only began in the thirteenth century. See *The Holy Eucharist*, by the Bishop of Newport, p. 213.

The functions of the chancellor were to a great extent educational. On 23rd July, 1249, St Richard convened a full chapter in which it was decreed that the ancient customs of the cathedral should be reduced to writing and published, with certain additions. The clause relating to the chancellor ordains that "he shall rule the school, or present [a master?] to it; hear the lessons and determine them; keep, with the assistance of a faithful brother, the seal of the chapter, and compose letters and deeds." The "lessons" here spoken of were the Breviary *lectiones*, i.e. the portions of Scripture, Lives of the Saints, and Homilies of the Fathers, that are read at Matins, and some of which it was customary for the elder boys of the cathedral school to read. Great stress was laid on this being done with becoming care and reverence, penances being enjoined for negligence. The "ancient customs" referred to above were probably a statute of Bishop Ralph, belonging to the year 1232, which says: "The chancellor, by the ancient custom of the Church, must hear the lessons assigned for the night office in person, or by a fit substitute of competent experience, well learned in the method of pronunciation customary in this church. This he must do immediately after vespers. He can, however, if he wishes to lighten his labours, call the juniors of the second and third forms, and hear their lessons before that office. But whoever is going to read must present himself to be heard at a convenient time; otherwise, if through mispronunciation, or absurdity, or otherwise, he offend against the rule of the Church, let him incur the penalty decreed against those who commit default in duties assigned to them by the daily tablet."

The school attached to the cathedral dates back even to the days of Selsey, and was removed to Chichester when the change of See took place. Ten "singing-boys" were to be maintained by the chapter, chosen by the schoolmaster and precentor, and "on these ten, works of mercy were to be specially, frequently, and heartily exercised by the dean and canons." In 1482, the number of these chorister boys was increased to twelve, eight of whom "must have good high voices." In 1523, Bishop Sherburne wrote instructions for a curious ceremony to be observed after his death. Every year, on his anniversary, the chapter were to give to these eight singing-boys, with the high voices, a glass cup each, filled with egg and milk, flavoured with sugar and coloured with saffron. These they were to carry in one hand, with a little loaf and a silver spoon in the other, and going to the Bishop's tomb, were to eat and drink there, and then to pray for him, saying: "May the soul of Bishop Robert, our benefactor, and the souls of all the faithful departed, by the mercy of God, rest in peace."

The præcular or bedesman (now the verger), besides attending to the four altars in the choir, had the care of the cloisters, in part of which the boys were allowed to play, and then, as now, he found them sometimes a troublesome lot. At a later date we hear of his "scourging out of the cloister all ungracious boys with their tops." This was after the Reformation, when he also had to drive from the sacred precincts "hogs and dogs."

The members of the chapter were bound to perpetual residence, except in case of study at the University (*causa scholarum*) or service to the King, who was allowed to retain a canon in his private service, or to the Archbishop. Only those in "real," that is, personal, not vicarous residence, received the *commune*. Each canon was, however, allowed a vicar, who acted for him in his absence.

The canon's dress was a black habit or cassock, and a long white rochet, over which was worn a tippet or almuce of Calaber or dark fur. At Matins they had to wear copes, "open, without *gorjuræ* [ornaments, or orphreys?]" There were three classes of cope: the black canonical, or choral cope, used on ordinary days, that St Thomas à Becket is said to have worn when going to Court; the pluvial, or processional cope, often hooded; and the festal cope, worn on "double" festivals, *in cappis*, of extreme richness. "To bear the cope" was to act as rector of the choir—what we should call Master of Ceremonies.[1]

Attendance at the Divine Office has ever been one of the most sacred duties of those communities, whether of monks or secular clerks, who have the privilege of reciting it in choir, and in this duty Richard of Chichester showed himself exceedingly zealous. So great was his devotion to the Church's office that on receiving visits from religious men who were in the habit of chanting the *Opus Dei* chorally, he would greet them with a holy kiss, saying: "It is good to kiss those lips that are fragrant with the perfume of holy prayer, with the fervour of the incense of devotion towards God." This custom, he said himself, he had learnt from the Blessed Edmund. Soon after his establishment in his episcopal palace, he adopted the custom of himself calling his clergy for Matins, which were then said very early in the morning. Sometimes it would happen that they overslept themselves, an offence for which the Saint showed a tender indulgence, knowing that they had worked hard the day before, and he would wait patiently, prolonging his own devotions till they were ready. The like indulgence, however, he never allowed himself, "for he knew that in order to gather the heavenly manna it behoved him to be beforehand with the sun in blessing God, and with the dawn in adoring Him." Nevertheless, it did sometimes happen in the spring and summer, when daylight comes on apace, that having prayed far into the night, the holy Bishop would not wake till after daybreak. Then he would lament and grieve, and cry out to the birds whom he heard already chanting their matin-song: "Alas! ye little birds of heaven. Irrational creatures though you be, ye have to-day been before me, miserable man, in offering your song of praise to our Creator!"

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[1] Cf. *Victoria History of Sussex*, Vol. ii.; Dean Stephens' *Memorials of Chichester*; and Dr Walcott's books on Cathedral Customs.

He set an example to his chapter by never being absent from choir except under absolute necessity, nor did he allow others to be away. Father Ralph relates that once, when another bishop was staying with him, Richard saw this prelate occupying himself with temporal affairs and prolonging conversation with some lay persons at a time when he should have been in the choir. The holy man was much troubled, and unable to restrain the fervour of his spirit, he called the friar to him: "See, brother," he said, "how my lord is acting. He leaves the Divine Service to attend to other things. That is not right, and it is your duty to admonish him, that he may correct himself."

The Bishop's anxiety to have everything connected with his cathedral and the working of his diocese as perfect as possible, caused him to draw up the series of synodial statutes referred to in the last chapter. They are now known as "St Richard's Constitutions," and regulate in detail the administration of the sacraments, the pastoral duties and private life of his clergy.[1] The constitutions are dated 1246, and must therefore have been drawn up while he was yet a wanderer in his diocese; they show how, even before he was established in his See, he had thoroughly gauged the needs of his flock and knew exactly where correction and where encouragement was wanted. The words of the preface, moreover, prove that during the time of his humiliation he had not failed to gather his chapter about him in synod.

"The salvation of those under our charge," he writes, "rests on us by virtue of our office, and we are bound to see to their correction in spiritual matters, lest, through want of knowledge, anyone may stray from the path of justice, or through presumption, dare to contravene the canonical institutions. Therefore, in this holy synod, we propose to issue certain mandates, lest we, who are obliged to render our account of others, may be condemned in the great examination for our own negligence."

The first subject treated of is the sacraments and their due administration. "There are seven sacraments instituted by Christ: Baptism for those entering the way of life; the Confirmation of those fighting; the Eucharist for those journeying along the way; the Penance of those who have wandered from it, but are returning; Extreme Unction for those passing away; Orders for those ministering; Matrimony for those labouring."

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[1] A copy of these Constitutions is to be found in Wilkins' *Concilia*, Vol. i. p. 688. It is taken from a MS. in University College, Oxford, 148, 6. The original is probably in the Chichester Archives.

The sacrament of baptism is treated of at some length, and the priest is charged to see that lay persons understand the proper form of administering it, which, however, they are not to presume to do except under actual necessity. No fee is to be demanded for the administration of baptism or any other sacrament, or for burial, but what is gratuitously offered may be accepted. In the sacrament of penance the necessity of contrition is to be strongly inculcated and insisted on as a condition for absolution. The penitent should avoid mentioning the names of others in confession, but the confessor must be careful to inquire into any circumstances that may aggravate the sin. Restitution, when possible, must be enforced, and no alms or penances may take its place. The penance given must be directed to the eradication of evil habits of sin. "Satisfaction," in the view of the Saint, "consists in cutting off the causes of sin. Fasting is the proper antidote of gluttony and lust; prayer is the cure for pride, envy, anger, and sloth; almsgiving against covetousness and avarice."

Extreme unction is to be administered to any who in case of necessity demand it, and "for this duty the sick-bed is not to be shunned."[1]

Detailed directions are given regarding the sacraments of holy orders and matrimony, and in all difficulties the clergy are admonished to consult superiors.

The Saint's devotion to the Holy Eucharist is shown by his minute and careful legislation regarding all things connected with the service of the altar. Everything surrounding it, and especially the linen used for Mass, must be of spotless cleanliness, and no priest may say Mass in torn or dirty vestments. The chalices must be of gold or silver, and a crucifix must always be placed before the celebrant. When the Holy Viaticum is carried to the sick it must be taken with the utmost reverence, the priest in surplice and stole, accompanied by cross, lights, and holy water, and preceded by an acolyte with a bell to let the people know that their Lord is passing.

Only those who have passed a sufficient examination are to be admitted to the ranks of the clergy, and no one is to be ordained to sacred orders if he come with any other design than to serve God alone; ordination, therefore, should be refused to anyone for money, favour or privilege, and all those in the least tainted with heresy or suspected of leading unholy lives must be rigorously excluded from the priesthood.

The statutes are most emphatic in enforcing personal residence, both of the cathedral chapter and of the clergy in their parishes. Each priest may have only one benefice, and all are bound, according to their ability and means, to maintain hospitals and other works of charity. If it is found on the death of a priest that he has neglected the care of his church, this has to be made good from the property he leaves behind him. On the other hand the laity are enjoined to be faithful in paying their tithes, and detainers of tithes, after three monitions, are to be anathematised, and not admitted to penance or reconciliation till they have made satisfaction.

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[1] "*Nec propter illud vitetur thorus.*" Possibly from dread of the infectious diseases then so prevalent some of the sick may have been deprived of this sacrament.

Finally, the clergy are reminded of the duty of instructing their flocks in the truths of the Faith, and they must teach them simple prayers according to their ability to learn. All, however, are bound to know in the vernacular, and understand the meaning of the Our Father, the Apostles' Creed, and the Hail Mary.

The Church of Chichester had its own "Use," and in 1250 the Bishop ordered that this should be followed throughout the diocese. Archbishop Chicheley, however, abolished the Chichester Use in the year 1414, and ordered the Sarum one to be adopted. No record of the old rite has been handed down to us, except that of censing the Host at the Elevation, which was done by two acolytes maintained by the Abbey of Robertsbridge, and a curious local custom that is said to have been observed on the Epiphany. Two vicars walked round the choir carrying the symbol of the Holy Ghost, and offering it to the dean and canons in turn until someone accepted it, the recipient being bound to present some ornament to the Church during the year.

We have dwelt at some length on these constitutions of the holy Bishop, not only because they are interesting in themselves as historical evidence of church discipline and government in the thirteenth century, but also because they throw light on his personal character. The minuteness of many of the regulations on the one hand, and on the other, the large sense of justice to all classes and degrees of his flock that are evident throughout the document, thoroughly harmonise with that combination of practical good sense, high standard of priestly perfection, and tender compassion for human weakness that distinguished "our Richard" throughout his life. As he governed himself, so he governed his church, that he might offer it to God "glorious . . . holy, and without blemish."

St Richard loved and was beloved by his clergy. He liked to have them round him, and entered into their personal joys and sorrows with the tenderness of a father, and the interest of a friend, and his simple, genial ways were no less attractive now than in the days of his youth. Some of his household feared him, no doubt; the exceeding candour and straightforwardness of his nature made themselves felt everywhere, and with anything like deceit or finesse he sometimes lacked patience. Avarice too in any shape he detested, and we are told how he would reprove his officers, and above all, his clerics, if they showed any eagerness to extort fines, or hardness in dealing with the poor. For the infirm and old amongst his priests he felt great compassion, and soon after his elevation he built a hospice, or home, where they could be sheltered and tended, and himself provided the necessary food and clothing. No trace of this house remains, for St Mary's Hospital in Chichester dates from 1229, and was erected for thirteen bedesmen and their chaplain, though some writers have been inclined to point it out as St Richard's foundation for clergy. From a document in Bishop Rede's *Collections*, it seems possible that this home may have been at Shermanbury, and was dedicated to St Edmund.[1]

The sin which, next to heresy, our Saint detested and punished most severely in his clergy, or indeed in any member of his household, was that of immorality. Some writers have referred to his severity in this matter as almost excessive, but when we remember the manners of the age, on the one hand, and the coarse licence that almost everywhere prevailed, and on the other, reflect, as the saints reflect, on the sanctity that should adorn those whom St Catherine of Siena calls "the Ministers of the Blood," it is easy to understand the Bishop's severity, and how he would hold in horror any sin that thus defiled the sanctuary.

"Although," writes Friar Ralph, "the holy man knew how to tolerate, pass over and forgive injuries done to himself, he knew also how to avenge to the utmost insults offered to God and His Church, especially when he had to deal with contumacious disobedience or hardness of heart." A certain priest had committed a grievous sin, and, in defiance of the law of God, was openly living an unholy life. By the Bishop's command this unhappy man (whom Bocking refrains from naming, "lest I should bring shame on one who may have already done penance"), was ignominiously expelled from his benefice and suspended from all ecclesiastical functions. He was of noble birth, with many powerful connections, and Richard was soon besieged with petitions for the pardon and reinstatement of the offender. Bishops and priests, the King, and even the Queen, condescended to intervene on his behalf; but in vain. The Bishop was inflexible, declaring that whilst he lived such a man should never, with his consent, have the care of souls in his diocese. "He might be compared to the rock against which the judges and rulers of this world hurled themselves to their own destruction."[1] A certain prelate of high rank who, from Capgrave's account, seems to have been no less a person than the Archbishop of Canterbury begged him to retract his sentence, and to him Richard respectfully but firmly replied, "My lord, I am willing to commit my authority in this matter to you, provided that, at the peril of your soul, you will undertake to do therein what you will desire to have done on the Day of Judgment." Hearing these words, the prelate

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[1] See *Sussex Arch. Coll.*, Vol. xliv.

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[1] Cf. Ps. cxl. 6.

"wisely declined to accept such a burden," and henceforth no one ventured to interfere with the Bishop's decisions on such matters.

Strict as he was with his clergy, Richard nevertheless zealously upheld their rights, never allowing the secular powers to go beyond what was ordained by the law in dealing with them. On one occasion a knight of Lewes had dared to lay sacrilegious hands on a priest and put him in prison. The Bishop showed great indignation when told of the outrage. He sent for the offender, and threatening him with ecclesiastical censure, forced him to swear to observe the laws and privileges of the Church. Moreover, determined to make an example of the case for others, he laid upon the knight a severe penance—one, however, it should be noted, that though exceedingly humiliating, did the man no hurt or real injury. He ordered him to carry round his neck the wooden block to which he had bound the feet of his victim, and thus accoutred, to walk through the city and district where the ill-used priest had been wont to minister; thus acknowledging his fault and publishing his penance to all. The knight offered a large sum of money in commutation of the sentence, but Richard refused to accept it. Never, indeed, was he known to take or offer presents or money from those whom he had offended, or who wished to propitiate him in any way.

CHAPTER XIII

THE BISHOP IN HIS DIOCESE

Richard's energy and method in work—A popular Bishop—Canon Cooper's appreciation of the Saint's character—Dislike of "tale-bearing"—Courtesy to his adversaries—John Fitz-Alan—The Bishop's love of his flock—"Father of the poor"—His preaching formed on that of the Friars Preachers—Almsgiving—Richard of Bachdene—Unsuccessful attempts to make the Bishop economise—His grief when he had nothing to give—Upholds the law of sanctuary—Charity to an imprisoned woman—His relations with the Friars—Short account of Friar Bocking and Arundel Priory—Bequests in the Saint's will testify to his affection for the Friars—Franciscan and Dominican houses in Sussex.

Friar Bocking's narrative is, as we have said, almost entirely destitute of dates, and it is therefore practically impossible to assign to any particular period the anecdotes he relates of his friend's life as a bishop. Here and there one can, from incidental allusions, fix a proximate date to some of the circumstances, but for the most part we must be content with the picture drawn for us of the Saint's daily life, and the light thrown on his character by his words and actions, and not attempt to look in Friar Ralph's pages for a consecutive history of the next eight years.

With a few exceptions, to be noted later, those years were passed by Richard within the limits of his diocese, and were entirely devoted to the care of his flock. It seems to have been in the character of the man—a part of his very nature—to give himself wholly to whatever work he might have in hand at any particular moment. Throughout his career it was always the same: in the light of faith the duty that lay directly before him represented to his mind the will of God, and assisted by a vigorous nature, he did it "with all his might." Just as, when a farmer, a student, or a chancellor he had spared himself no labour and accomplished an immense amount of work, so now, as bishop of a large See, he was never known to spend an idle moment. Working with great method, he did not allow one duty to overlap or interfere with another, and thus found time for all—including long hours of prayer, that might perhaps be deemed possible only to a cloistered monk.

He soon became a very popular bishop, and Canon Cooper speaks truly when he says:—"St Richard gained a popularity in our county, which, considering the shortness of his episcopate, is astonishing. There was something, without doubt, winning in his demeanour, but was it not rather his strong sense of duty and his patience under cruel wrong which appealed to our forefathers' hearts, and gained their love? He was not as some mediaeval bishops of Chichester were, a statesman, giving more time to the administration of the country and the improvement of the King's finances than to the care of his own diocese; but a true shepherd of the flock entrusted to his care. English people have a strong sense of justice, and a man they think hardly used is sure to find a place in their hearts. Hence we may well suppose that his untiring devotion to his duty, his gentle ways and his endurance of wrong, made him, what he certainly was, the most popular man in all Sussex."[1]

It is true that he was hated at Court, one nobleman going so far as to declare that he was willing to be hanged if only Richard of Chichester might hang with him. But after a time many of his enemies changed their attitude, for the merits of his life and conversation "silenced their tongues." His courage and meekness in adversity at first drew from them an unwilling admiration, and in not a few instances this developed into esteem and friendship. Those who came into conflict with him, whether in defending what they considered their rights, or through some attempted encroachment on the Bishop's privileges and office, found that even on such occasions they were forced to acknowledge how far above them he stood, in his incorruptible justice, his purity of motive, and—what perhaps struck them the most—his unfailing charity towards his adversaries. In the first place he always showed great unwillingness to listen to accusations and complaints of others, especially if he thought they had been carried to him in a tale-bearing or malicious spirit, and invariably refused to take any steps in the matter till the accusers had proved their words, preferring, as he said, after the example of our Lord, to condemn no one on hearsay. Then again, even to those men of the King's Court, who in former days had heaped insults upon him, he showed, on coming into power, every possible kindness, inviting them to his table and conferring or obtaining benefits for them. John Fitz-Alan, the first Earl of Arundel, was greatly displeased at Richard's promotion, and committed some serious acts of encroachment on the rights of the See. Bocking does not go into details, but says that the offender deserved and incurred excommunication (probably in a minor form), till he should make restitution. Whilst still under the censure Fitz-Alan had to go to the Bishop's palace on some other business. To his surprise Richard received him kindly, placed him by his side at his own table, and revoked the sentence of excommunication for the time he should be under the episcopal roof. The Earl, confused, expressed his astonishment, and the Saint answered gently: "Though we may be divided in opinion concerning rights and possessions, and I have to do my duty for the protection of my See, nevertheless, as Christians, we must not withdraw from charity or its outward manifestations, and if I wish to recover what is mine, I must not deprive God of what is His. Nevertheless, if you have not come to make satisfaction, I shall revoke the absolution on your departure."

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[1] See a very appreciative article on the Saint in the *Sussex Arch. Collections*, Vol. xliv.

The offender did not, it would seem, submit at the time, though he left the palace in admiration at the Bishop's magnanimity. "Never in my life did I see such a man!" he exclaimed; "he loves his enemies, and returns good deeds for injuries!" Some time later, Fitz-Alan fell into disgrace with the King, and though his controversy with the Bishop had not yet ended, Richard charitably intervened on his behalf and reconciled him with Henry. In like manner did the Saint behave towards the Abbot of Fécamp, the King's brother the Earl of Cornwall, and the Countess of Kent, sister to the King of Scotland and wife of Hubert de Burgh, all of whom had disputes with him concerning property. Whilst firmly holding his own, he refrained from all anger or recrimination, demeaning himself with dignity and mildness, "repaying abuse with honours and enmity with friendship." By this self-control and complete setting aside of all personal feelings in the maintenance of right, Richard manifests, more clearly, perhaps, than in any other of his actions, the height of virtue to which he had attained, and, unlike as were their characters as a whole, reminds us forcibly, in this respect, of the holy Bishop of Geneva, St Francis of Sales.

The people of Sussex soon found that their new bishop had no more intention of dwelling in seclusion behind the gates of his palace than he had of living at the King's Court, or in the castles of the nobles. Neither the duty of entertaining the many friends and guests who so often visited him, nor even the graver obligation of presiding at the celebration of the solemn functions in the cathedral were sufficient to retain him constantly within the city. During his stay with Simon of Tarring he had made personal acquaintance with many of his people, and now that he was free to go where he would, and had means of transit at his disposal, he set himself to visit the whole county, staying sometimes at one of his manors, sometimes in an abbey or monastery, or again under the more humble roofs of his parish clergy.[1] In this way he learned to know all the members of his flock, their troubles and joys, their needs and infirmities. When possible he would prefer to be called and to call himself "Richard the priest," rather than "Richard the Bishop," and "Father of the poor" was the title dearest to his heart.

We have seen how his biographer describes a bishop's duty to his flock as being that of a tender nurse to her delicate little charges, and in another passage he continues the simile. "It is the duty of a nurse to wash the child, to soothe its cries, and to feed it, and thus did our Blessed Richard. Poor sinners, more foolish and helpless than children, soiled with the filth of sin, he tenderly washed, exciting them to tears of compunction, with the words of holy doctrine and the discipline of correction. The penitent he soothed in holy confession, reuniting them in peace to their mother, the Church; consoling, comforting, and embracing them with much compassion, after the example of Him Who was sent to heal the contrite of heart, and preach deliverance to the captive. Then, too, he fed them; first with the Bread of Life, and also by simple preaching and instructions. He knew that, as children, they were incapable of receiving the strong meat of theological learning, and therefore adapted his teaching to their capacities, giving them the sweet milk of the Divine Word. He desired also and exhorted his clergy to do the same."

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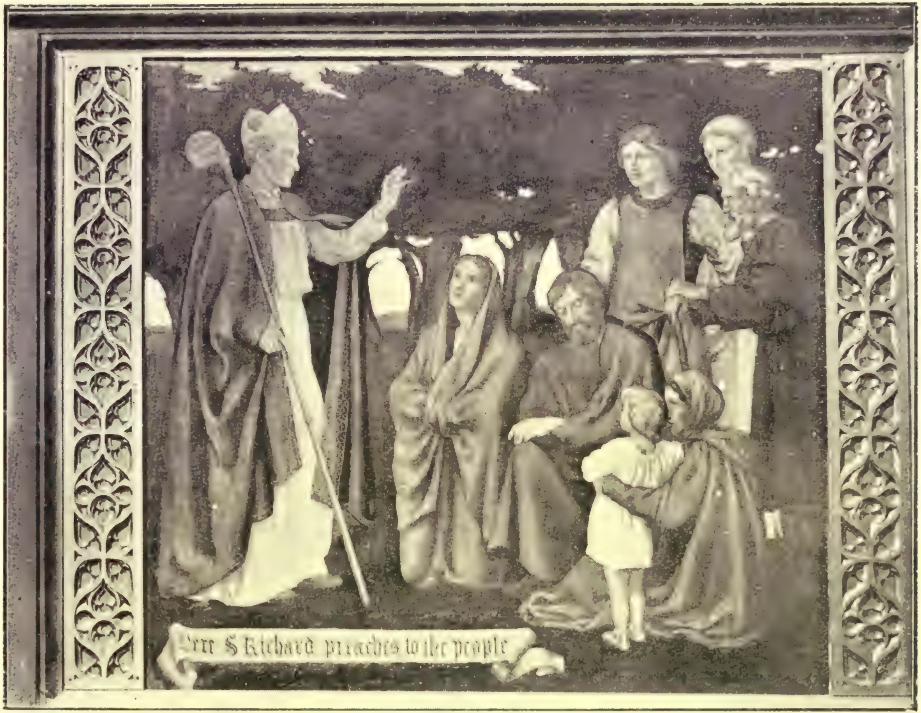
[1] According to a valuation made at the end of the century there were about three hundred parishes in the diocese.

There are some modern paintings in the chapel of St Mary Magdalene, in Chichester Cathedral, one of which represents St Richard preaching to the people —a devout and well-chosen picture of what may be called the holy Bishop's favourite occupation. Bocking speaks of him as being a constant and great preacher, exhorting, reproving, entreating, after the example of the apostle, and says that he often preached even beyond the limits of his own diocese. His style would naturally be modelled on that of the Friars whose ranks he had hoped to join, and is said to have been direct and simple, full of clear doctrine, forcibly expressed. We can, indeed, scarcely imagine him indulging in flights of rhetoric or studied eloquence; arts completely out of keeping with what we have learnt of our Richard's character.


Here S Richard preaches to the people

St Richard Preaching

From a painting in Chichester Cathedral

He did not, however, confine his labours to the care of souls, but, like a tender father, watched over and helped all who needed temporal assistance. No doubt the whole diocese had suffered from Henry's seizure of the property of the See, for in those days the welfare of the poor depended on the spiritual authorities to an extent that we can now perhaps hardly realise. Richard's compassionate heart longed to relieve this distress, and in spite of his own poverty, his almsgiving was abundant. "He felt himself, as it were, straitened by a threefold bond: the pressing obligation of the debts incurred by the diocese during its time of persecution, the robbery of its goods by the King and its consequent poverty, and, above all, by the pressure of disease and famine that he beheld around him." In the midst of these difficulties he would seek out the suffering and needy and succour them from his own scantily-filled purse. His seneschal, who was probably a cousin, "a prudent man and a knight, called Richard of Bachdene," by no means approved of this unlimited almsgiving on the part of his master, and one day took upon himself to remonstrate on the matter. "My lord," he said, "you have scarcely enough to keep yourself, and you ought not, therefore, to give away so much." The Saint's reply must have made the prudent seneschal regret that he had spoken.

"Is it just, my dear brother, think you," said the Bishop, a little warmly, "or acceptable in the sight of God, that we should eat and drink out of vessels of gold and silver, while Christ, in the person of His poor, is starving, and my people are faint and dying for want of help? Indeed, I know that my holy father [St Edmund] ate and drank from a wooden bowl and platter; why, then, should I not be content to do the same? Therefore, as money is short, take these gold and silver dishes that are used at my table, and sell them. With their price we will feed the members of Christ, Who hath redeemed both them and us, not with corruptible gold and silver, but with His precious blood." After a pause he continued: "There is my horse, too; he is in very good condition, and will fetch a high price. I do not need so fine a one. Sell him also, and bring me the money for the poor." We can imagine the seneschal's consternation as he departed to execute his lord's commission.

Friar Ralph confesses that on another occasion he himself made an attempt to bring the Bishop to more worldly considerations, equally without success.

"Wretch that I am!" he says, "I myself once tried to persuade the holy man to remember the debts with which he was burdened, and to moderate his alms and expenses a little. He could scarcely wait for me to finish speaking before he replied: "Brother, this burden on our diocese arises from no sin or iniquity of mine. Why, then, should I be punished for the sins of others, and deprive either my guests of the honour that is due to them, or the poor of their alms? Neither would it be just to my household to show stinginess towards them, for such is not becoming in a bishop."

The Saint liked to go about and distribute alms or food with his own hand, partly because he could thus find out deserving cases, partly because he knew that his gifts, when bestowed by himself, gave greater pleasure than when sent by a messenger, and especially because in this way he often found opportunity of bestowing a spiritual alms and succouring a soul in distress. Sometimes when travelling about with his attendants, he would go out of his way to seek those whose needs had been reported to him, but who had asked for nothing. At this his followers would occasionally protest, saying: "My lord, why cannot you let your alms be distributed by some of your people? And why do you give like this before you have been asked?"

"Because," replied the Bishop, "in the first place, I hope to receive a double reward from my divine Master, Who will recompense not only the gift, but the labour of giving. And secondly, it is written: 'Thou hast prevented him, O Lord, with the blessings of sweetness,' and I ought to do the same. We know that that is bought dearly which is obtained by entreaties, and according to the old proverb: 'He gives twice who gives quickly; but he who delays to give does not give even once.'"

"Certain masters," as Bocking calls them, teachers or poor priests, perhaps, would sometimes come to him, confessing their great need of material help, but acknowledging that, on account of their position, they were ashamed to beg. Richard, full of compassion, did what he could for them privately, and on one occasion, having no money to bestow, he ordered a gilt goblet from his table to be given to each of them, saying: "Take these and pawn them, that you may have money for your necessities, and we will redeem them when it shall please God."

So incorrigible, as some called it, was the holy Bishop in this matter of almsgiving, that he made even his personal losses a motive for increasing his charities. It happened once that some portion of his palace took fire, and considerable damage was done, the repairing of which would be an expensive business. The household loudly bewailed their misfortune, lamenting over the losses they had sustained. Richard was present and immediately began to give thanks to God with a calm and joyful countenance. "Be comforted, my children," he said; "we have still sufficient left to provide ourselves with food and clothing. But," he added more gravely, "this has happened because we do not give alms as we should do." And turning to his almoners, he commanded that for the future, more, rather than less, should be dispensed to the poor from his personal possessions. Occasionally, however, it happened that when persons came to his gates, or met him on the road and asked for assistance, the Saint had actually nothing to give. This grieved him deeply, and if he could do so without offence, he would borrow a small sum from one of his companions. Father Ralph tells how on one such occasion, when he could bestow no help, he was heard murmuring to himself in great dejection: "Alas! Alas! The poor of Christ crucified, on Whose patrimony I live, grieve and complain that I have given them nothing; but it is I who have greater cause to grieve and mourn, in that I have nothing to give!"

No doubt the good Bishop was often imposed upon, and found that he had assisted the unworthy, but this did not trouble him. He cheerfully took the risk, and looking upon himself as the most unworthy of all, bore the loss for the love of Him Who said: "Whatsoever you do to one of these My least brethren, you do it unto Me."

A work of mercy to which the Saint bore a special devotion was that of burying the dead. He would never miss an opportunity of performing the funeral rites over even the poorest of his flock if he could possibly be present, and gave orders to his clergy always to acquaint him with the death of any parishioner, that he might with his own hands commit the mortal remains to earth, and consecrate the grave with his prayers. And this he would not seldom do at the cost of much personal inconvenience. This practice is mentioned as worthy of praise in the breviary lessons for the Saint's feast.

We have already spoken of the sternness with which the Saint upheld the rights of his clergy, and he was no less severe in maintaining the privileges of the Church with regard to the rule of sanctuary—in those days often the sole protection against the brutality of men. The town of Lewes was on a second occasion the scene of an outrage that roused the Bishop's strong indignation. Some burgesses had violently torn a malefactor from a church in which he had taken refuge, and without waiting for the action of the law, had hanged him. When this news was brought to Richard he went to Lewes, and under pain of excommunication, made the guilty men dig up the body, which they had buried out of consecrated ground, and bear it on their shoulders to the church whence they had torn their victim. Those who had aided and abetted them had to walk through the streets of the city with ropes round their necks, and despoiled of their outer garments. A pecuniary fine in commutation of the sentence was offered and indignantly refused.

On the other hand, we have an instance of the holy Bishop's compassion for sinners in an act of mercy exercised towards a poor outcast woman, who for a grievous crime (in which the partner of her guilt appears to have escaped) had been imprisoned in one of the episcopal manors, where she lay under sentence of death, the King's officers only delaying the execution till after the expected birth of her child. The Saint happened to visit the manor where she was incarcerated, and went to see her. Finding the poor creature penitent, he absolved and consoled her, after the example of our Lord, bidding her go and sin no more. Then he let her out, and showed her a neighbouring church where she might take sanctuary.

Soon afterwards appeared his seneschal—probably our friend, Sir Richard Bachdene—with a very long face.

"What is the matter?" asked his master. "Why are you so troubled?"

"No wonder I am troubled," was the reply; "the King's prisoner has escaped, and in spite of our poverty I shall have to pay a fine of one hundred pieces of silver!"[1]

"Well," said his lord calmly, "what are one hundred pieces of silver compared with the life of one captive? Blessed be God, Who hath freed her."

Richard often made use of the Friars—both Dominican and Franciscan—as his agents in the many secret charities that he practised—charities that were not confined to his own diocese.

"Not content," says his biographer, "with receiving those who came to him, regarding himself as the debtor of the poor, he would try to find out their needs and help them secretly, consoling and strengthening them with the spiritual food of the word of God, while he bestowed on them temporal alms." With great compassion and tenderness he would encourage them to patience, teaching them that the sufferings of poverty purge away the stains of sin, and setting before them the great glory that should follow if they bore their privations willingly. On such charitable errands as these, where spiritual consolation was no less needed than material help, if unable to go himself, he would by preference employ the sons of St Dominic or St Francis.

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[1] *Centum solidos argenti.*

The many anecdotes related by Father Ralph of this period of the Bishop's life are told with a personal and delicate touch that shows him to have been a witness of what he recounts, and he must have been on intimate terms with the Bishop during the whole of his episcopate. It would have been interesting to know something of the private history of this good Friar, who was privileged to enjoy the special friendship of a saint, and to be entrusted with the secrets of his soul. He says little, however, about himself, and that only in connection with the subject of his biography. He is supposed to have been a native of Sussex, and to have belonged to the Priory of Arundel. It is probable, however, that he made his novitiate abroad, and became acquainted with Richard at Paris or Orleans. On the latter's establishment in his See, he would very naturally like to have as his confessor a member of the Order to which he was so greatly devoted, and no doubt asked for Father Ralph Bocking. Arundel would have been the Friar's nominal home, but he must have spent the greater part of his time in the Bishop's company, and under the same roof with him. In the introduction to the two lives of St Richard given by the Bollandists, John Pitseus is quoted as describing Bocking to be "a man illustrious for his piety and learning, who on this account was much loved by the Saint. He called him to his side and made him his guide concerning the secrets of his conscience, and intercourse with God. As, therefore, the Friar was a sharer of all the counsels of so great a man, and knew his manner of life by daily intercourse, after Richard's death he wrote an account of his deeds in Latin, and dedicated the great work to Isabella, Countess of Arundel."

This is all that we can learn of our Saint's chief biographer, though of the convent to which he is said to have belonged rather more is known. Whether St Richard himself founded it is uncertain. Dugdale gives its origin as late as the reign of Edward II., but this is proved to be a mistake by the fact of its being mentioned in the Bishop's will, where he bequeaths "to the Preaching Friars of Arundel the Book of Sentences and twenty shillings." Also, in May, 1297, we find the notice of a gift from Edward I. of twenty-two shillings "for three days' food for the brethren at Arundel." At the then recognised rate of fourpence for a day's food, this would point to a community of twenty-two brethren. Records of other gifts and legacies exist, including one, in 1381, made by Michael Northburgh, Canon of Chichester, of forty pounds, in return for which the Friars were to celebrate certain Masses for the benefit of his soul, and were moreover "to construct two glazed windows with the money, as set forth in an indenture made between them." In spite of gifts and legacies, however, the house was a poor one, though always holding a good reputation for fervour and regular discipline. The present station of Arundel is said to stand on the site of the priory, and a small farm-house retains the name of the Priory Farm. The place lies low, and in old days was probably often flooded.

Three other Dominican houses are mentioned in the Saint's will: those of Canterbury, London, and Winchester; and the Franciscan Friars are remembered in the same way. The latter Order had been established in Chichester before St Richard's arrival there, and the eastern portion of their church still stands, with its lovely five-light lancet window of the purest early English type. For many years it has been used as a lumber room, but a movement has been lately set on foot to restore it to a more becoming use.

The Franciscans had also a house in Lewes where the Bishop often visited. They seem to have suffered a good deal from poverty, and on one occasion Richard exercised on their behalf the power attributed to him in the county of working miracles.

One day, when crossing the bridge near Lewes, he saw some fishermen casting their nets into the river, while one of Archbishop Boniface's stewards stood on the bridge watching them. As the Bishop approached the man exclaimed: "Oh, my Lord, we have toiled a long time and caught nothing. Will it please you to wait a little while, till we try once more? Give us your blessing, and we will again let down the net." Richard smiled, but did as he was asked. Raising his right hand, he blessed the nets and the men. "Cast out now, in the Name of the Lord," he told them. They obeyed, and on drawing the net to land found therein four fine mullets, a fish that was not wont to appear in that river.[1] Of course they were presented to the Bishop, and the Archbishop's steward naturally thought he would send them as an offering to my Lord of Canterbury. Not at all. Turning to one of the men, he bade him carry the mullets to the Franciscan Friary in Lewes, with a message declaring that it was on the brethren's account that God had provided them.

The Dominicans of Chichester are not mentioned in the Saint's will, and are, therefore, supposed not to have been established there till after his death. It seems strange that he should not have founded a convent of his favourite Order in his own city, and it may be that he had done so much for them in life as to make it unnecessary to remember them in death. But whatever the date of its foundation, the Friars Preachers' house in Chichester in course of years became very flourishing. There are records of many royal and other grants and legacies, large and small, made to it, among them a grant of land from Edward the First's queen, Eleanor. A curious bequest is mentioned in 1479, when a certain John Wode left them "a gold noble," under the condition that "the prior shall not disgrace my brother for that trespass which he, with many others, did, in dragging a thief out of the said prior's church, against his will, as the prior says."

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[1] This is a mistake on the good Friar's part. Mullet are often caught in the rivers of the Sussex coast, though the incident may have happened at a season when they do not usually frequent fresh waters. But as in our Lord's own miracle, the result of the Saint's blessing was to bring fish to the net after long and fruitless labour, not the miraculous production of an unknown species.

Like the Priory of Arundel, the Chichester house was favourably reported of by the King's visitor at the time of the dissolution, though there, too, the poverty had become great, and eighty ounces of church plate had to be redeemed from pledge to pay the royal messenger's expenses. No trace of the convent now remains, save that in an old wall in Whyke Lane, near the Cattle Market, some ancient worked stones are incorporated, and in the neighbourhood of a house still called "Black Friars," a number of coffins have been dug up, marking it as probably the burial-ground of the brethren.

CHAPTER XIV

ST RICHARD AND THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS—A WORKER OF MIRACLES

The Bishop a welcome guest in the monasteries of his diocese—Bayham Abbey—A monk cured by using the Saint's bed—Visits Selborne Priory and obtains a dinner for the monks by his blessing—Relics of St Richard at Selborne—His humility regarding his supernatural gifts—Cures a crippled boy—His candle miraculously lit in a procession—Multiplication of beans at Cakeham Manor—The recluses of Sussex—Laws for the anchoresses in the Bishop's constitutions—Bequests to the recluses in his will—Anchorage at Hardham—Richard's solicitude for religious women—Rusper and the Bishop's seneschal—A sharp reproof—Misapprehension of his character by some modern writers—Dealings with the Jews—" St Richard's Pence."

St Richard's affection for the religious orders was by no means confined to the Friars. Though unable, as he would have liked, to dedicate himself to God in religion, the life of the evangelical counsels possessed a strong attraction for him, and he always manifested a loving interest in the many convents and monasteries in his diocese. His greatest friends were members of religious orders, and in such houses as those of the Premonstratensians at Bayham, the

Benedictines of Steyning and Boxgrove and the great Abbey of Battle, or the Cistercians of Robertsbridge (the single house of their Order in the county),[1] the Cluniac Monastery at Lewes, and many others—in all, whether under his jurisdiction or not, the Saint was always a welcome and happy visitor.

The Abbot of Bayham was very intimate with the Bishop, and Bocking relates how the bed on which he lay during his frequent visits to the Abbey, where he was wont to be "joyously and graciously entertained as an angel of the Lord," was kept unused, as a sacred object. It happened once, not long after Richard had been staying there, that one of the canons was seized with grievous pains in all his limbs, so that he could hardly endure the agony. Remembering the sanctity of their late guest, the sick man bethought himself of proving the miraculous efficacy attributed to St Richard's bed, and crawling to the room, found it still undisturbed, just as the Saint had left it. Stretching himself with difficulty upon the mattress, he prayed, striking his breast and

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[1] In the Bodleian Library there is a MS. bearing the inscription: "This book belongs to St Mary's of Robertsbridge; whoever shall steal it or sell it, or in any way alienate it from this house, or mutilate it, let him be anathema-maranatha." The Bishop of Exeter had in 1327 somehow become possessed of this volume, and below the above inscription he inserted: "I, John, Bishop of Exeter, know not where the aforesaid house is, nor did I steal this book, but acquired it lawfully." In spite of the good Bishop's ignorance, however, we find the Abbots of Robertsbridge, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, more than once employed in public embassies, and the Abbey must have enjoyed a position of some importance.

Ruins of Bayham Abbey

saying: "O Lord God, I beseech Thee, for the love of him who lately slept here, to restore me to health; for I truly believe that holy man to be pleasing in Thy sight." His faith was immediately rewarded: the pains left him and he rose strong and well as before. The incident naturally increased the veneration of the canons for the Bishop, and after his death this same bed was more than once the instrument of miraculous cures.

Bayham Abbey was founded about 1200 by Sir Robert of Turnham, lord of the Manor of Bayham, who had served with honour under Richard I. He endowed his abbey with many lands, which he gave "for the soul of the good King Richard, the salvation also of my Lord, King John and his children, for my own salvation, and for the souls of all my predecessors and successors."[1] The ruins of the Abbey are still to be seen, and present a good specimen of one of the ancient homes of the Augustinian and Premonstratensian canons. "Standing in the midst of meadows of the richest green, beside a rushing stream, in a wide but winding valley, bounded by wood-clad hills, it is a perfect picture of monastic seclusion and repose"; a picture, however, no less mournful than beautiful, with the venerable walls in ruins and the broken arches wreathed with ivy, telling the sad story of destruction worked by the ruthless hands of men calling themselves Christian.

The Augustinian priory of Selborne in Hampshire was at this time governed by "a certain John, a venerable and religious man." Richard and he had known each other from boyhood, having been born in the same township, and had been at school together. The friendship of youth had lasted through maturer years, and the Bishop often visited his old companion in his priory. On one occasion the power of the Saint's blessing was manifested in the same way as at Lewes, this time from Richard's desire to give pleasure to his friend.

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[1] Cf. *Diocesan Histories*. Chichester.

Prior John had invited the Bishop to stay with him, and much desired to show him honour by providing something extra for dinner. But no delicacies were forthcoming; fish was scarce, and the ponds were empty.

"My Lord," said the prior, "will it please you to come down with us to the water that, perchance, owing to your presence, God may vouchsafe to send us a fish?" The Bishop graciously assented, and they went with several of the company to the fish-pond close by. "With much energy," says the historian, "they cast their net for a draught," but without success, and the net became so tangled and twisted that it would have been impossible to retain any fish that might be caught. Disappointed, the party were turning away, when Master Nicholas of Wyche, a cousin and familiar friend of the Saint, turned to him and begged him to raise his right hand and bless the water. Richard, pitying his friend's chagrin, did as he was asked, and behold, a pike, three feet long and more, lay upon the tangled cords, "kept there, not by the meshes of the net, but drawn and allured by the blessing of the holy man.[1] Then all who were present gave glory to God for the merits of the Bishop, and no doubt the good prior presided at dinner and dispensed the fine fish obtained for him by his old friend with much satisfaction.

The name of this prior does not appear in the *List of Heads of Religious Houses* by Willis, the first Prior John of Selborne being there assigned to 1339, and we have no clue to the surname of St Richard's friend. Gilbert White, however, says that there exists an undated grant to Selborne Priory, from Robert Sannford, Master of the Knights Templars, of "a tenement and its appurtenances" in Selborne, which had been given to the Templars by one Americus de Vasci. "Prior John" is named as the person to whom this deed is conveyed, and as Sannford was Master of the Templars in 1241, no doubt this John was our Saint's friend and old schoolfellow. The historian of Selborne gives the very interesting piece of information that Selborne Priory possessed two relics of St Richard: a bone—*junctorium*, and a comb—to which Mr Blaauw, in his notes on the Saint's will, adds a chafing-dish.

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[1] The common, or river pike (*Esox lucius*), with broad, depressed head and black-spotted fins, is much esteemed for its palatable flesh. Being very large and extremely voracious, it is not a fish that monks would keep in their ponds, as it would soon devour the smaller kinds that were ordinarily preserved in the "home-ponds," for daily consumption.

Richard appears to have taken the miraculous powers with which his biographers declare him to have been endowed very simply and quietly. He must have known that God was many times pleased to work unexpected results through his words and actions, but with his deep humility it never entered his head that he could be in any way personally concerned in the matter. He realised to the full that such gifts were truly *gratiæ gratis datæ*, given to him for the benefit of his people, and thanked God with the simplicity of a child for the privilege of being allowed to act as His instrument in such works of charity. When possible, however, he loved to associate and cover himself with the merits of his venerated friend, St Edmund: thus we read of a poor boy belonging to the town of Orpington in Kent, whom St Richard, when a simple priest, had found lying outside the church door in a state of helpless paralysis, loathsome from poverty and neglect. The Saint, like a good Samaritan, sent him to a house of his own and had him cared for, and later brought him to Chichester. One day the Mayor of Chichester, Reginald by name, came to the palace on business with the Bishop, saw the poor child and asked who he was, and what he did there? Richard told him, whereupon the mayor exclaimed: "Order the boy, my Lord, to be brought before you, that laying your hands upon him, you may give him health." The boy was sent for, and, as if half in jest, the Bishop blessed him. Then, with touching humility, he sent for the cup that

St Edmund had bequeathed to him, and pouring a little wine into it, gave the cripple to drink, whereupon the child stood up, whole and straight. "O wise circumspection of this man!" exclaims Ralph; "what trust in the goodness of God, and at the same time, what humility, in that in order to avoid vainglory, he shelters himself under the merits of St Edmund!"

So great became throughout the diocese the fame of the Bishop of Chichester's supernatural powers that his clothes, and even his shoes, were in request by those who suffered in any way, whilst many came from a distance to be healed by his touch. Only once do we find an instance of a miraculous occurrence that seems to have had for its sole object the desire of Almighty God to glorify His servant before men.

One of the Bishop's favourite country-houses was the manor of Cakeham, lying to the north of the Selsey peninsula, not far from West Wittering. The house still stands, and though the picturesque tower of red brick did not exist in St Richard's time, having been added by Bishop Sherburne, it must have been an attractive place to stay at. The sea breezes come freshly across the narrow slip of land that lies between the manor grounds and the shore; to the south-west may be seen dancing in the sun or rolling in crested billows the waves of the Channel, broken by the shores of the Isle of Wight; whilst northwards the Bishop's eye could rest on the grey walls of his beloved cathedral, standing out against the soft green background of the Downs. One year it happened that he went to this manor for the feast of the Purification. The chapel of the place—the remains of which are now used as a dairy—stood in or close to the grounds of the house, and the Candlemas procession took place out of doors. A high wind was blowing and all the candles were suddenly extinguished, including that borne by the Bishop. It was impossible at the moment to relight them, and the procession went on its course with unlighted candles in the hands of ministers and people. Quite unexpectedly the Bishop and those near him saw that his candle had been relit and was burning brightly. "Who lit my candle?" whispered Richard in surprise to the priests at his side. "No one, my Lord," they said. The Saint blushed in great confusion, as, looking round, he perceived that his was the only candle alight. "Say nothing," he quickly rejoined, hoping that the miraculous incident had not been noticed by the congregation in general. It soon got about, however, and the people rejoiced at the favour shown by God to their beloved pastor, though to himself it brought only a sense of shame and distress.

The bailiff of Cakeham—a namesake of the Bishop—is mentioned in Richard's will, where he is left a legacy of one hundred shillings, and Nigel, the bailiff of Aldringbourne, another of the episcopal manors, receives the same sum. It was this Richard of Cakeham, by the way, who once begged for his master's help on occasion of a violent fit of the gout. With his usual kindness Richard sent him a pair of his boots and the bailiff had no sooner begun to wear them than his gout disappeared. Cakeham was also the scene of a miraculous multiplication of beans, mentioned in Urban's Bull of Canonisation. In the year 1247 England was stricken by a terrible famine, and the people in Sussex, as elsewhere, suffered great distress. The Bishop went to stay for a time at Cakeham and a great number of his flock followed him there, begging for food. They were fed without stint, but very soon the Saint's own granaries were exhausted and there was scarcely a morsel of bread left. The officials hit on the expedient of boiling down the remains of the annual crop of beans, to supply food for a small portion of the multitude. While they were doing this Richard passed by, and learning the straits to which they were put, lifted his heart in silence to Him Who multiplied the loaves and fishes for the poor of Galilee, and then blessed the beans as they were being cooked. When distributed it was found that whereas there had been a barely sufficient quantity to feed a third of the crowd for one meal, now there was enough for a whole day's food for everyone.

There was one class of persons living in his diocese in whom St Richard took a special interest. The recluses are a feature in the Church belonging almost entirely to the Middle Ages. To modern piety such a life as theirs presents no attraction—in practice, at least—though we sometimes hear and read sentiments of admiration expressed for them. Their lives are totally opposed to the ideas of the present day, and therefore are scarcely understood even by Catholics. Nevertheless, there is no doubt whatever that many of these men and women, "more lonely than hermits," as Father Dalgairns says in his essay on the subject,[1] stricter in their enclosure than any cloistered monk or nun, leading a life, to worldly eyes, merely idle and useless, were very highly favoured by God. Who can read the wonderful *Revelations of Divine Love* shown to Mother Juliana, the anchoress of Norwich, without being deeply moved by the sense of the Divine Presence, revealing itself through the words of a simple woman, but one who was admitted to the closest personal intercourse with the Most High God? Here, perhaps, more than in any other book of uninspired authorship, we are helped to realise the depth of love with which Christ hath loved us.

The object and motive of an anchorite's life—whether man or woman—was prayer: prayer for the world outside; prayer for his or her own salvation; above all, prayer of passionate love for our Divine Lord. This love was the basis and support of their long life of imprisonment. "There is undoubtedly," says the writer just quoted, "a kind of tender pathetic love, which is to be found in old English writers, and is peculiarly their own. . . . I should say that the grace which is prominent in their writings is Piety, in the sense in which the word is applied to the Gift of the Holy Ghost." The exquisite prayers contained in the *Ancren Riwle* fully bear out this opinion. The chief subject of the anchoress' meditations is to be the Sacred Passion, and the principle of expiatory prayer and suffering, as exemplified in Christ, the nourishment of her soul. "The gulf which separates the anchoress from the fanatic is the love of Jesus."

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[1] *Essay on the Spiritual Life of Mediæval England:* An Introduction to Walter Hilton's *Scale of Perfection*, by the late J. B. Dalgairns, of the London Oratory. (1870.)

Holy and devoted as were the lives of the great majority of the anchorites of the thirteenth century, they were not without their special temptations. Though so strictly enclosed, their cells were usually attached to a church, and thus were in the very midst of the haunts of men. Through the narrow window of their "anchorage" they had to receive the necessaries of life from charitable hands, and in return would often be expected to bestow the spiritual alms of good advice and ghostly comfort. This work of charity might easily lead to abuse if not carefully watched over, and to guard against the danger many of the regulations drawn up for the recluses are directed.

St Richard's Constitutions contain special rules for the anchorites in his diocese, who seem to have been numerous. He enjoins all recluses, but especially those of the female sex, not to receive or entertain any persons in their anchorages, that no untoward suspicions may arise, and to have the windows of their cells, for the same reason, as narrow as possible. They are warned to hold no communication except with persons who were known to be of unexceptionable character and conduct, and forbidden, except in case of necessity, to have the custody or repairing of the church vestments. No doubt the Bishop felt that such work might be a source of distraction and idle intercourse with those outside.

There is evidence of a great devotion to the Blessed Sacrament having been inculcated on these early recluses. In the *Ancren Riwle* (supposed to have been written by Bishop Richard Poore) the perpetual presence of the Holy Sacrament in the Church is held out as a refuge against temptation, and "it is plain that at the window that looked into the church from her cell the anchoress often knelt in prayer, with her eyes fixed on the altar where rested her Lord in the Sacrament of His love."

At Hardham, or Heringham, as it used to be called, in Sussex, the remains of an anchorite's cell may still be seen. In the south wall of the chancel of the parish church there is a two-light decorated window, and immediately to the west—visible only from the outside—is an anchorite's "Sacrament-squint," piercing the wall obliquely and contracting inwards, so directed as to command the altar, which seems to have stood a yard or so clear of the east wall. Here the anchorite could keep his watch before the Blessed Sacrament by night and by day, the light before the altar guiding his eyes towards It during the hours of darkness. Here he would join the Church's ceremonies, hear Mass, and receive Holy Communion through the narrow opening of the "squint." The window is now far from perfect, but on the outside enough remains to show that it measured two feet six inches in width by about two feet in height. The squint was not more than two and a half feet above the floor of the cell, showing that the recluse must of necessity make use of it in a kneeling posture. The cell was probably a light erection of wattle-and-daub, some eight feet square in the interior, and roofed with reed thatch from the river. "A damper and less commodious spot," in the opinion of the writer in the *Sussex Archæological Collections*, could hardly have been selected.[1]

From a bequest in St Richard's will we know that he was well acquainted with the recluse of Hardham, to whom and to several others he no doubt acted as spiritual director. Five recluses are named in the Saint's last testament, to each of whom a small sum is bequeathed, the anchorite of Hardham being of the number. These bequests show that our Bishop encouraged and approved the establishment of anchorages in his diocese and was far from considering the life of a recluse as idle and unprofitable.

St Richard showed no less solicitude for the convents of religious women situate in his diocese than for those of men. Some of these houses, founded for small communities, and in many cases dependent for help from abroad, suffered much from poverty, and the kind-hearted Bishop often visited them, and whilst very strict in the maintenance of religious discipline, he compassionated their needs and did all he could to help them. A Benedictine Convent had been founded by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the time of Richard I. at Rusper, or Rusparre, a very retired spot, lying to the west of St Leonard's Forest, in the northern part of the county, and, owing to the bad roads, even till recent times, difficult of access. One wonders why such a place should have been chosen for helpless women to live in, and it is not surprising to find that the life of the small community—they do not seem ever to have numbered more than eight or nine—was one of continual struggle with poverty. Though the founder made some kind of endowment for their support, it was so insufficient that Bishop Seyffrid II. of Chichester added various gifts of land. In the deed of donation and confirmation he says: "Nothing can be more just than that those pious gifts should be encouraged, that have for their object the glory of God and the increase of His holy religion. Since, therefore, some poor women have been appointed to, and intend to perform the ceremonies of their religious worship in the Church of the Blessed Mary at Rusper, we, regarding their exemplary piety, have determined, by authority of a deed of confirmation, to secure to them everything that may be given to their community for their support." He then makes grants to their convent from the churches of Warnham, Ifield, and others. A deed was also drawn up during St Richard's episcopate, dated 1247, by his official, Lawrence de Summercote, containing an agreement between the nuns of Rusparre and the Vicar of Warnham, whereby certain tithes are given up to the latter, and others reserved to the community. Very probably this was done after the visitation made there by St Richard that same year. The famine already referred to was devastating the country, and the Bishop's tender heart was moved to great compassion on beholding how these good nuns were striving, cheerfully and uncomplainingly, to keep up religious observance, whilst deprived of almost the actual necessaries of life. Before leaving he gave orders to his seneschal, Sir Richard Bachdene, to pay a small annual sum of money to the convent. The Saint's former reproofs to this good knight appear to have had little effect. In spite of what he must by now have learnt of the Bishop's character, he was not afraid, out of his excessive care for the episcopal purse, to disobey his master's orders. The small pension was left unpaid, and the nuns suffered in silence. Such an omission, however, was not likely to escape Richard's vigilance, and in due course he discovered his seneschal's want of obedience. The discovery so greatly incensed him that for once he seems to have lost his wonted self-control. Sending for Bachdene, he rated him in no measured terms. "Am I a child," he exclaimed, "that I need to be governed by my servants? I should indeed be sorry to be under such a tutor as yourself, and those who elected me to rule this See might well be regarded as fools if I am incompetent to manage my affairs, except under obedience to my seneschal!"

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[1] Vol. xliv.

Then he sent for another of his stewards, and ordered him, "under severe penalties," to carry to the nuns twice the amount he had first promised them. "And," says Bocking in conclusion, "I have heard from a trustworthy person who was very familiar with Blessed Richard, that the seneschal, though so near a kinsman, never afterwards found much favour, or was admitted to the same familiarity with the Bishop as before." Deliberate neglect of Christ's poor spouses, to say nothing of the disobedience, was an offence not to be tolerated by such a man as Richard of Wyche.

Some modern writers, whilst giving a good measure of praise to the Bishop's sanctity and uprightness, have ascribed to him a narrowness of mind and harshness of temper that we do not think he possessed. As a devout Catholic he certainly ever upheld the authority of the Holy See against the encroachments of king and nobles, and the moral courage that never quailed when it was a question of fighting for the Church he held so dear is surely a matter for admiration rather than adverse criticism, whilst, on the other hand, no mark of exaggerated devotion appears in any of his actions. The preservation of his diocese from corruption in faith and morals was clearly the principle of St Richard's conduct during his episcopate, the sanctification of his people the chief object of his solicitude, and he fought strenuously against anything that might hinder these, dreading lest the insidious poison of any heretical or lax doctrine should creep in among them.

For this reason, also, he exerted himself to prevent the Jews from settling in the county. Never harsh or cruel in his treatment of their persons, he gave them clearly to understand that from him they might expect no protection, and when on one occasion they asked permission to build a synagogue in his diocese, the request was promptly refused. On the other hand, he spared no labour in trying to enlighten the blindness of these poor men, and spent much time in preaching and talking to them. His work in this direction was blessed; he received many to baptism, and thus, as Bocking says, had the great happiness of saving their souls and increasing the number of Christ's flock. There was one Jew—apparently a man of some position, for his conversion gave great offence to the synagogue—who applied to the Bishop for instruction. This was given by Richard with joy, and then he took his neophyte to London and baptised him in Westminster Abbey with great solemnity, in the presence of the King and many others. Henry himself stood sponsor, bestowing on the new convert his own name, adopting him as his son in the Lord, and afterwards showing him much kindness.

Amongst other regulations made by the Saint for the good of his diocese, there is one which shows the importance he attached to the position and influence of the cathedral as the "Mother Church" of the whole flock, and how necessary he considered it to be that not only the priests but the laity also should, on the one side, look to their cathedral as the centre of their spiritual life, and on the other, help to support it by their own exertions. In order to keep alive this sense of union throughout the diocese, he directed, in the year 1247, that all parishioners should visit Chichester, pay their devotions, and make what offerings they could to the cathedral once a year, during the weeks of Easter or Whitsuntide. This would, of course, give them an opportunity of receiving the sacraments, and of coming in personal contact with the Bishop, whilst their offerings, even though small, would be a much-needed assistance towards the repairs and upkeep of the cathedral, whose funds had run very low whilst Henry had possession of the See. Among the sixteenth-century manuscripts in Archbishop Parker's library at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, there are extracts from Bishop Rede's and other Chichester Registers. One of these is a *Charta Sancti Richardi Episcopi, de comparacione facienda in festis Paschæ et Pentecostes*." (MS. 101, No. 53.) Richard argues from "the law of the Lord," requiring every male to appear three times a year in the place which the Lord had chosen, and not to appear empty, that it was only right and proper that every [male?] parishioner should visit the Cathedral Church, "the Mother and Mistress," at least once a year, bringing an offering with him, and that this visit should be paid during the solemnities of Easter or Pentecost. He also declares that this was the general custom throughout the country. The next year—April, 1248— he issued a special injunction that those who were unable to join the processions to Chichester, might visit Hastings or Lewes instead, but that their offerings were to be forwarded to the cathedral. After the Saint's death this practice was long continued, and the offerings became known as "St Richard's Pence." In 1476 they are said to have amounted to £6, and in 1494 each residentiary canon received the sum of 7s. 7d., as his share of the pence given in the Archdeaconry of Lewes.

In this way did our Richard labour with untiring energy for the spiritual and temporal welfare of his diocese, and the souls committed to his care. Sparing himself in nothing, feared by evil-doers, beloved by the good, and respected by all, he showed himself to be fully deserving of his title of the Good Bishop, obeying the admonition of St Augustine to religious superiors, that, although both love and fear be necessary, yet must they desire rather to be loved than feared, "remembering that they must give an account to God for all."

CHAPTER XV

THE SAINT AT HOME

Richard's private life—His desire of perfection increases with the years—His hospitality—A genial host—His own abstinence—The Bishop's little notebook—His humility in private life—His prayers often prolonged through the night—The Prayer of Acts—Teaches the same to others—Origin of the Office of the Blessed Trinity—Letter to a lady—The Saint's penances—Dress and exterior mien—Relations with his household—Legacies to his servants—Every official expected to fulfil his own duties—The Bishop's wish to be freed from unnecessary temporal cares—Served with fidelity—A happy household—Chichester a city of peace under Richard's government.

THE life of a bishop must always be, to a great extent, a public life. The eyes of men are constantly upon him; his actions are performed in the sight of many witnesses and there can often be but little opportunity for solitude. Nevertheless, the true life of every man is that inner one that is all the while being lived beneath the surface, known for the most part only to God and ourselves, but which is as the mainspring that sets our actions in motion. So that whilst the sanctity or the worldliness of those set in high places may be apparently manifest to all, we are not really in a position to judge their actions correctly unless we can learn something of the hidden motives which prompt them. In the case of God's saints, these inner springs of action are, for our benefit, sometimes manifested even during their lifetime, though it is not till the Church has set her seal on a man by the decree of canonisation that we can know for certain whether he died as saint or sinner.

That question has long been decided as regards St Richard of Chichester, but it is none the less interesting to learn from a biographer, who knew him as intimately as did Father Bocking, the details of his private life, and how the reality of his holiness impressed those who knew him in the unrestrained intercourse of home. The account given by the Friar at least partially lifts the veil that hangs between a saint's soul and ours.

It has already been said how carefully, when a young man, Richard guarded and restrained himself from all that might draw him from God, and now in his maturer years, far from relaxing these safeguards, he strove ever more earnestly to mortify and keep himself in subjection. Though unable to take the three vows of religion, one gathers from Bocking's words that Richard had bound himself, even before he became a bishop, to the practice of evangelical perfection in as far as his condition allowed. The observance of the Commandments alone would have been far from contenting him, and the older he grew the more earnestly he strove to attain to the perfection of the Counsels.[1]

Like other bishops of his time the Saint kept open house, and his generous disposition inclined him always to show great hospitality. He was wont to say that "a layman or a simple ecclesiastic obeys the law of hospitality if he provides for and receives two or three poor men, but a bishop does not fulfil this duty unless he receives all, both rich and poor, who come to him." In his palaces at Chichester and Amberley, or his manors of Cakeham, Aldringbourne, and Leythorne, he was always ready to entertain his guests. The feasts were evidently not so sumptuous as those of some of his predecessors; Richard was comparatively poor, and had, moreover, decided ideas on the folly of spending large sums on entertainments. His conversation was not always perhaps acceptable to worldly-minded men, but he had a wonderful gift for putting people at their ease. His kindness of heart overflowed in every word and action, whilst the courtesy and graceful dignity of his manner won the hearts of all, and made the Bishop of Chichester's table one of the most popular in the country. But the strict abstinence of his youth was still rigorously observed, and, whilst his guests were free to enjoy the well-spread table, the cheerful host ate scarcely anything, contenting himself generally with bread and a little wine, and merely playing, for courtesy's sake, with the delicacies set before him. Meat he seems to have entirely forsworn, and grew in time to regard it with a sort of horror. When he saw a lamb or kid, or birds of any kind being brought to his kitchen he would cry out with pity and shame: "Ah, poor little creatures! If you were rational beings and could speak, how you would curse us. For we are the cause of your death; you who are innocent, what have you done worthy of death?" and he would never touch any of such food when offered him.

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[1] It is generally supposed that he belonged to the Third Order of St Dominic, then known as the Militia of Jesus Christ.

In the fasting seasons his guests were fewer, and during collation he liked to have some reading made aloud. Sometimes, however, he would take the book himself, and after reading a portion, begin an interesting little discussion on the subject. Always ready to profit by the good thoughts of others, Richard kept a notebook in which it was his habit to put down any sentences he heard or read that he thought it might be useful to remember. Bocking relates that one day the Bishop said to him: "What you said yesterday at dinner struck me as very good, and I have noted it down in my little book." The meal over, no matter who was present, the Bishop himself said grace, and his manner of doing so always impressed the beholders with the inward reality of his thanksgiving. Raising his hands and eyes to heaven, he seemed to forget everything but God as he reverently and distinctly gave thanks for the benefits sent them by their Heavenly Father, always concluding with the words, "May God give us His help according as He knows our needs."

Stern in the exercise of duty and in upholding the dignity of his high office, in private the Saint was humble and simple as a child. Though, as his biographer says, he was "no neophyte" in the spiritual life, but far advanced in perfection, yet he held himself to be the lowest and most unworthy of all. In indifferent matters he would yield to his clergy, never holding out simply because he was Bishop, but rather thinking and speaking of himself as "priest of Chichester." It was this deep self-knowledge that had made him shrink from episcopal consecration, and now that he bore the burden and responsibility of a bishop he feared above all things that "through pride or vainglory he should incur the fall of Lucifer." His prayers were, therefore, constantly directed to God for the grace of humility, and as Bocking says, "the earnestness of his prayer on the one hand obtained him this gift, and on the other, the depth of his humility proved that his petition had been answered; for the prayer of the humble shall pierce the clouds."

Much of the night he spent before the altar, either of the cathedral or his private chapel, where, unseen of men, from the depths of a fervent and loving heart, he poured out his soul to God. After long hours spent thus in prayer and meditation, amidst many tears, he would throw himself for a short rest on his bed—a bed, indeed, only in appearance, for within the rich hangings was spread nothing but a hard straw mattress, according to the holy Bishop's own instructions. Sometimes, however, he kept up his vigils for so long that he would be found in the morning lying prostrate where his exhausted frame had sunk in sleep ere he could drag himself away.

Not content with practising continual prayer himself, he took great pains to inculcate the same habit on the members of his household, and constantly exhorted the many of both sexes who came under his influence to pray with regularity and fervour. The "method of prayer"—if we can call it so—adopted and taught by St Richard was that "Prayer of Acts" so strongly recommended by the more modern St Alphonsus Liguori. Following the teaching of St Paul,[1] he desired that those who pray should give themselves now to supplication, now to fervent acts of divine love, sometimes to petitions for help and acts of thanksgiving; "thus to stir up devotion and to avoid the temptation of disgust or weariness"; and he strove to instruct others in this method of prayer.

It happened once that a certain noble lady, in whose spiritual welfare the Saint was much interested, came to him to be taught how to pray. He instructed her how to use the above-mentioned Acts, and when he came to those of thanksgiving, he spent some time in considering how best to enlighten his penitent on the matter in their next interview. That evening whilst his thoughts were thus occupied he fell asleep:

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[1] Philippians iv. 6.

presently a voice spoke to him, saying: "Look at the History of the Blessed Trinity." In some of the old breviaries the title of "History" was applied to the whole Office,[1] and that for the Feast of the Most Holy Trinity is full of such short formulas as Richard desired; for instance, the words *Te invocamus, Te adoramus, Te laudamus, O beata Trinitas!* or the versicle *Tibi laus, Tibi gloria, Tibi gratiarum actio,* which, in an ancient breviary is repeated after each anthem of Lauds. Greatly struck by this admonition, the Bishop found that in the said Office ample material was given him for his lessons on prayer, and with great joy continued his instructions to the lady.

Father Ralph here pauses in his narrative to give an account of the origin of the Office of the Blessed Trinity, which is interesting, if authentic. A general chapter of the Dominican Order was held at Valenciennes, in the year 1259; Bocking, among others from England, attended it. He and his companions turned aside on their journey to visit the Monastery of St Amandus, situated in the neighbourhood, where they received a gracious welcome. During conversation the Office of the Blessed Trinity happened to be mentioned, and the Abbot told them that it had been composed many centuries ago by a member of that community, to whom a strange thing happened.[2]

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[1] The word now bears a more restricted sense, being confined to the Lessons, and especially to the Homilies, or "Sunday Histories."

[2] A note by the Bollandists says that this monk was Hucbaldus Elnonensis, who died in 937; he was illustrious by his

Whilst he was occupied in drawing up one of the responses, night came upon him and he had to leave his work unfinished. He put away his book under lock and key, and in the morning hastened to complete his task. What was his surprise to find in place of his unfinished lines the magnificent formula which now forms the ninth response of the Office.

"Summæ Trinitati, simplici Deo,

Una divinitas, æqualis gloria, coæterna majestas,
Patri, Prolique, sanctoque Flamini:
Qui totum subdit suis orbem legibus.

Præstet nobis gratiam Deitas beata
Patris, ac Nati, pariterque Spiritus almi.

Qui totum subdit suis orbem legibus."

"Richard was doubtless inspired," says Bocking, "to use these words as thanksgiving by the same Holy Spirit who caused them to be written."

The same chronicler also relates how another "noble matron," whom Richard directed in the spiritual life, was troubled and perplexed not very long before his death by hearing some mysterious words spoken to her in prayer. A voice seemed to say to her: "The time will be short; that which is round is ever running, while Richard is with thee." Not knowing how to explain these words, she sent to the Bishop an account of her experience. His answer is given by Bocking, but it is rather obscure, and reads as if a portion of the letter had been omitted. He

writings, besides being an excellent musician, and composed not only the words of the aforesaid office, but also the music, seems to have been referring to the nobility of her station and says:

"To live in God, to be always in God, and to please God, which will be accomplished if those in exalted positions mind not high things, but condescend to the humble.[1] Nothing is more pleasing both to God and men than for those in high estate in life to become lowly by their humility. I cannot form any opinion regarding you otherwise than regarding myself, because there is nothing between us but the truth, nor will there ever be. So I care not what the vanity of the world may say.

"I have understood, however, that a kind of vision has troubled you, and there is no need for this, for there is great consolation therein for one who understands it rightly.

"*The time shall be short.* This is true; we can hold nothing of time but a point; for of time past we have nothing, and of the future nothing, and that time which is the present is like a point,[2] or rather, nothing. Therefore, time may well be called short, as Job says: 'The days of man are short'; and again: 'My days are as nothing.'

"*That which is round is always running.* A round hoop is formed when the extremities of the circumference are brought together; that is, the beginning and the end, and it signifies Him Who is called Alpha and Omega. You know very well that a round thing easily moves and runs along, whilst a square or three-cornered thing does not move at all; and it is written: 'So run that you may obtain.' Must we then run? Yes. It is good, therefore, to be round, that we may be able to run. He runs swiftly who loves ardently; he runs more swiftly who loves more ardently.

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[1] Rom. xii. 16.

[2] St Catherine of Siena uses the same expression.

"*Whilst Richard is with thee.* This also is true. Let us therefore so run that we may obtain, since in the race we are one in Christ Jesus. My dearest daughter, herein is no cause for trouble; but let us think that we shall exchange this short space for eternity; a little time for that which is without end. Whilst Richard is with thee pray to the Most High King of Heaven, that He may have mercy on me, for I am [now] with thee. Pray that God may give me strength and a good will to do penance in this life for you as well as for myself, as He knows to be necessary for us; for St Gregory says: 'It is certain that He wishes to preserve from His judgment those whom He is preventing with His mercy, having made them judges of themselves.' And I say confidently that we shall have no need of the Saving Victim after death, if we ourselves have been victims to God before death. Let us therefore help one another, and let us run together to consummate our course by love."

To the practice of constant prayer and abstinence the Bishop added severe bodily penances. He chastised his flesh, already much worn by the hardships of his life, with scourgings, and harrowed it with a rough hair shirt, over which he at times wore a corslet of steel rings garnished with sharp points and drawn closely to his body by a knotted girdle. These instruments of penance he kept hidden from all save his confessor, but after death they were found upon him, and many marvelled at the joyousness of spirit with which he had endured so much secret suffering.

In his dress and exterior appearance the Saint shunned all singularity and excess: as a bishop he thought it becoming that he should be attired with a certain dignity, but avoiding all extravagance, so that it might be said of him as of St Augustine, that his clothes and shoes were neither too fine nor too poor. Bocking describes his dress as being "a white tunic or habit covered with a linen ephod" [i.e. a shorter tunic something like a dalmatic, girded in at the waist]. Over this he wore a long cloak, then called a pallium, with a cape. In furs St Richard's taste coincided with St Wulstan's, who is said to have given great offence to some worldly-minded canons who told him that he ought to wear something more "respectable" than lambskin, such as the fur of the marten, or sable. To this the Saint replied with gentle irony that the skins of such shifty beasts might do for experienced men of the world, but as for himself, plain lambskin would suffice. "Often," he said, "have I heard *Agnus Dei* sung, but never *Cattus Dei*."[1] Following his old patron's example, the Bishop of

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[1] Annals of the Hospital of St Wulstan.

Chichester avoided all superfluous expense and never wore costly furs, expecting, moreover, of his clergy that in this they should follow his lead. Neither would he endure to have rich trappings on his horses, glittering with gold and jewels, as was often done by some of his contemporaries, and this partly for the shunning of pomp, and also fearing lest the poor should cry after him in these words of St Bernard: "What doth gold on the Bishop's bridle while we poor wretches suffer cold and hunger!"[1]

Though the physical beauty of his youth and early manhood had by now quite departed under the severities of penance and the trials of his life, Richard's emaciated features shone in these days with a higher beauty that was no less attractive, and more impressive. His eyes, hollow and worn with long vigils, could still beam with the light of supernatural charity, or flash with righteous indignation on evil-doers; his smile was even sweeter since it had grown perhaps more rare, whilst his lean upright form possessed a dignity of its own that never failed to inspire respect. As the old writer says, the Saint's outward man was a faithful image of his interior soul: "Save when exceptionally moved by some strong emotion, he was of very composed demeanour; modest in countenance, stately in his walk, deferential in his manner, and grave in his actions, though in words and smile he ever showed the kindliness of his heart."

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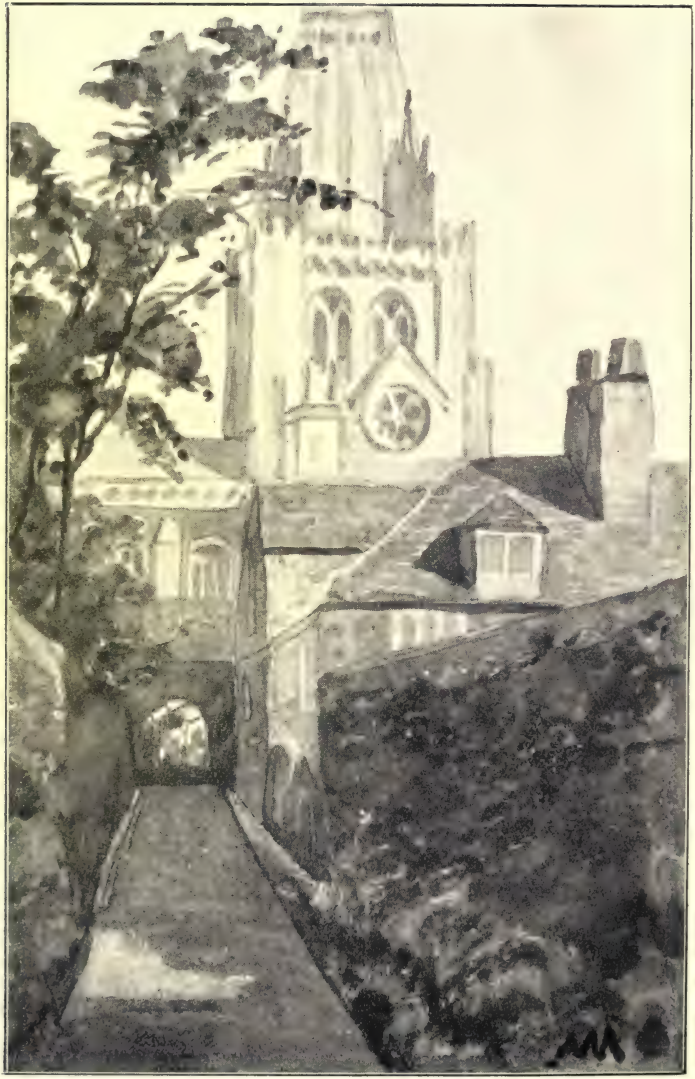
[1] Lansdowne MS., B.M., par. 7.

The Bishop's relations with his household were those of a father with his family. He knew every member personally; not only his clerks and chaplains, or the higher officials who carried on the business of his temporal affairs, but also the servants employed in the more menial offices of the palace, and he took a personal interest in each and all. Hugh of the chamber; Willard, the cook; Adam, the butler; Richard, the baker; his marshal, Ralph; Alexander who kept his palfreys; even Lawrence the farrier who shoed them, and William who ran his messages; all were known and cared for by their lord and father, and are mentioned by name in that will wherefrom we have learnt so much of our Richard and his surroundings. To each is bequeathed some small legacy, and he even begs his executors to remember and requite in proportion to their needs and deserts, "all the youths who have waited on me, not named above," adding in a spirit of humility and gratitude that he regards all these bequests to his servants, bailiffs and chaplains, "rather as debts than legacies." When we remember that this will was drawn up almost on the eve of his death, in the midst of great suffering, these minute details are sufficient proof of the interest and affection felt by the Saint for all his dependents.

Nevertheless, St Richard knew how to combine prudence and watchfulness with charity. Liberal as he was he would allow no waste in his establishment. Never forgetting that he lived, as he said, "on the



St Richard's Walk, Chichester

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patrimony of the Crucified," he always looked upon himself as merely the steward of Christ, and though his hand was ever open to give, he considered it his own duty and the duty of those he employed to waste nothing by indiscreet prodigality. Each official was expected thoroughly to understand and to exercise with strict honesty and care the office confided to him, so that the wheels of the whole establishment should go smoothly and quietly, and the experience of his life had taught him that method and regularity were the only means to secure this. He required this prudence in his family, partly that he himself might thereby be sufficiently and suitably provided with what was really necessary for his daily support and the carrying on of his work, "lest he should be importunately distracted in those divine and spiritual duties which he had much more at heart. Meditating on our Lord's admonition to 'seek first the Kingdom of God and His justice,' he sighed with all earnestness to be delivered in heart, act, and word from all occupation and solicitude about earthly things that he might wholly devote himself to things divine."[1] In the days of his chancellorship he had thus freed St Edmund from domestic and worldly distractions by taking all such cares on himself, and now he wished to be freed in the same manner by those whom he trusted. They do not seem to have failed him; he was loved and venerated by all who surrounded him, even though, maybe, they found him to their thinking, occasionally, a little over-strict. From his bailiffs and stewards he expected an exact account of their administration, and would sharply rebuke them if he found they had received fines of any kind from those under them, in payment for transgressions, according to a custom of the period, insisting that the money should be returned, even if it had been already paid into the episcopal treasury. The Bishop kept himself scrupulously free from every kind of bribe, whether it came from the hand in the shape of a gift, or in a more subtle way from the tongue, in words of flattery. Such things he abhorred with the intensity of a pure and upright nature, and generally managed to put the flatterers to shame by some word of rebuke or scorn.

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[1] Bocking, par. 62.

Richard was not above taking advice, and in any difficult or delicate question would often seek the counsel of the elder and more discreet of those who surrounded him, when he was by no means bound to do so, reserving to himself, however, the right to act freely when he thought it best.

As with his clergy, so with the lay members of his household, he exacted the most complete integrity of morals and conduct. Women do not appear to have served in his palace; at least there is no sort of mention of the fact, but his biographer tells us that anyone who was found guilty of immorality was at once dismissed from the Bishop's service, and though on proofs of repentance and reform being given, he would assist and show kindness to the culprit, he would never again allow him to be employed in the episcopal establishment.

Under such government as is here described it is not wonderful that the household of Richard of Chichester should have been regarded as one of the happiest and most edifying in the country. His confidence in his dependents generated a corresponding return of fidelity on their part, whilst the uprightness and straightforwardness of their lord's own dealings made his officials ashamed to indulge in duplicity or deceit—a vice they knew well to be specially hated by the Bishop.

Richard was an ardent lover of peace, and continually exercised the blessed office of peacemaker, for which he seemed, indeed, to have received a special gift. Discord and quarrels were laid to rest by a few gentle words from his lips, and under his rule, Chichester and its Bishop's palace became, in very truth, a "city of peace" to all who entered therein.

Thus passed the eight short years of our Saint's episcopate; years—as to outward doings—very quiet and uneventful, full, nevertheless, of much beautiful fruit, the harvest of which was gathered silently into God's granaries, and did a work for souls that was felt in the county for many generations after Richard had gone to his reward, causing his name to be cherished as a tender memory by young and old, until at last a worse Henry than the Plantagenet ascended the throne, and succeeded in stamping out from the hearts of the people the remembrance of one of the most lovable of our old English saints.

It remains for us now to say a few words respecting an event which gave the Bishop great joy, and to mention one or two of his many friends, ere we describe the final scenes of his life on earth.

CHAPTER XVI

ANOTHER JOURNEY TO PONTIGNY—SOME OF ST RICHARD'S FRIENDS

Canonisation of St Edmund—Richard goes to Pontigny for the ceremony of translation—His letter to the Abbot of Bayham—Anxiety to return to his diocese—Calms the storm at sea—Edmund de Lacy—Story of the foundation of a Dominican Church at Pontefract—Richard's many friends—William de Bussi—Walter, Bishop of Norwich—His testimony to the Saint's influence—" Snakes' Tongues "—Richard reproves a worldly rector—Thomas of Hertford—Adam Marsh and Robert Grosseteste—Richard's popularity based on simplicity and holiness rather than on intellectual gifts.

One of the rare occasions on which the Bishop quitted his diocese for any length of time was that of the translation of St Edmund's body at Pontigny, which took place in the summer of 1247. Richard had been on the Commission of Inquiry for the holy Archbishop's canonisation, which had failed, not through want of witnesses or proof of his sanctity, but because he still had so many enemies, both in England and Rome. At last, however, the process was satisfactorily concluded, and whilst our Saint was still a wanderer in his diocese, he had the supreme consolation of hearing that his beloved friend was to be placed by the Sovereign Pontiff in the calendar of the Saints.

On the Sunday before Christmas Day, in the year 1246, the ceremony of canonisation took place in the cathedral of Lyons, and the 9th of June in the following year was fixed for the translation of the relics, "that is, their elevation to a permanent position of honour, in which they were henceforth to be venerated."[1] This ceremony should, according to the usual custom, have been deferred till after the celebration of the feast on the 16th of November, but the time was anticipated to allow St Louis, who was going to the Holy Land, to be present at it.

The Bishop of Chichester was by this time firmly established in his See and could leave England for a time without anxiety. He could not think of absenting himself from this public testimony to the merits of St Edmund, and, hastening to France, accompanied by his young ward, Edmund de Lacy, and some other of the late Archbishop's friends and disciples, he arrived at Pontigny in time to be present at the preliminary and informal opening of the tomb that took place on May the 27th. It must have been with strangely mingled feelings of joy and sorrow that Richard watched the lifting of the stone, and when the coverings were removed, gazed once more on that beloved face, little less beautiful now than when it had been laid in the grave. All present marvelled to see how God had preserved the earthly tenement of that pure and guileless soul, and those who had once been against him now acknowledged the sanctity of him whom they had opposed.

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[1] See *Life of St Edmund, as told by Old English Writers,*

The account of this first examination of the holy body has happily been left to us in St Richard's own words. Immediately after it had taken place he wrote to his friend, the Abbot of Bayham, and the letter is preserved both in the *Additamenta* of Matthew Paris and in the Cotton MS. Some divergence between the two versions occurs in portions of the letter, which Monsignor Ward has carefully corrected by comparison. It is safe therefore to quote the letter entire, as given by such an authority[1]:

"Richard, by the grace of God, Bishop of Chichester, to his venerable friend in the Lord, R., Abbot of Begeham [Bayham], greeting.

"In order that thou mayest be informed of the translation and condition of the body of Blessed Edmund, thou must know that on the day of the Most Holy Trinity last past, namely, in the year 1247, on May the 27th, when the tomb of our holy father Edmund was first opened, in the evening, in the presence of only a few, we found the state of the body whole and entire, giving forth a most sweet odour; the head with the hair, and the face fresh-coloured, and the body with its limbs complete, entire, and giving forth a heavenly odour above any balm or incense. The nose alone had suffered some injury, being weighed down by a metal plate pressing upon it. The whole body, and especially the face, was as though steeped in oil and unharmed. And this we rightly interpret as a sign of his virginal integrity, which he vowed when placing his ring on the statue of the Blessed Virgin, and which he ever preserved. By the oil, or the appearance of oil, we can understand as signified the grace of character and doctrine with which he shone. . . . We found also other notes of his virtues which, when opportunity occurs, we will recount to thee. . . . But let not thy discretion doubt what has been said, for we speak what we know, and bear witness to what we have seen. With our own hands we have touched his holy body; his head, with its hair lying thick and uninjured, with a comb we have carefully, reverently, and even joyfully combed and arranged.

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[1] See *Life of St Edmund, as told by Old English Writers*, arranged by Monsignor Ward. (London: Sands & Co., 1903.)

"On the Sunday next before the Feast of Blessed Barnabas (viz. June the 9th, 1247), in the presence of our Lord the King of France, his mother . . . and many nobles and prelates besides . . . whose numbers we could not learn, was celebrated at Pontigny the translation of our most blessed father, Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Confessor, to the no small increase of honour to our nation."

The sacred relics were placed by the Bishop of Auxerre on the High Altar, that all might approach and venerate them.[1] Meanwhile there was much dispute in the chapter of the Abbey as to the style of the shrine in which the body should be placed. The Abbot and prior had prepared a plain stone coffin, which they considered suitable to the Cistercian simplicity of the Church, whilst others thought that too much honour could not be shown to the Saint. The question was referred to the bishops, but they also disagreed. Richard alone, we are told, " the disciple whom Edmund loved," modestly held himself aloof from the strife, expressing his opinion only when asked, though naturally he was in favour of giving all possible honour to the earthly remains of his venerated father. The Cistercian view prevailed, " because," says the old writer, " they had more authority, though perhaps less cogency in their reasons. They took the body and placed it in the said stone coffin; and thus the quarrel finished and in some way was lulled to quiet, though most fruitful in future discords." The Saint's body was not, in fact, allowed to remain long in its plain coffin. The visitors of the Abbey soon afterwards removed the prior from office, partly, it is supposed, on account of the obstinacy he had shown on this occasion, and a little later the Abbot also resigned. St Edmund's secretary and devoted disciple, Bertrand, who had entered the Carthusian

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[1] A note in the Bollandist *Life* here speaks of Bernard de Sully as the Bishop of Auxerre at this time, but though he had petitioned Innocent IV. for St Edmund's canonisation, he died before it took place, and in 1247 Guido II. was governing the See.

Order, was made prior, and one of his first acts was to translate the relics of his patron to a fine *chasse*, richly adorned with gold and jewels, where it remained for many centuries.

The ceremony of translation over, Richard was anxious to return to his diocese without delay, though Bishop Guido earnestly pressed him to remain for a time as his guest. He knew the state of poverty to which his friend's See had been reduced, and thought that by keeping the Bishop with him on a visit he might help to lighten the weight of debt, as we read of St Hugh of Lincoln sometimes leaving his diocese for short intervals in order to lessen his expenses. Richard, however, would not hear of such a thing, and when Guido represented to him how glad he himself would be to have his help and advice in some matters connected with his own diocese, he replied that he had pledged himself, not to Auxerre, but to Chichester, and this responsibility was more to him than any pecuniary obligations. The famine to which reference has been made was already causing much distress to his people, and this would make him still more anxious to be at home. So taking an affectionate leave of his friend, he started for England by way of Wissant, whence he intended to cross to Dover, but on arrival at the French port he found that a storm was raging, and the wind being in the wrong direction, the captain of the ship was unwilling to start. After some days' delay Richard went to him and earnestly begged to be sent across. The man alleged the difficulty of sailing in such a storm, to which the Saint made answer: "Yet greater is the Divine power which can allay the tempest and calm the sea." The captain yielded and the Bishop and his suite set sail. Friar Ralph tells the story of the journey, but does not say whether he made one of the party. After the ship had started, behold, the tempest raged more and more fiercely, and the waves rose so mightily that the ship was tossed hither and thither, became quite unmanageable, and was almost swallowed up. Then William, one of the Saint's chaplains, a man of praiseworthy life, said to the captain, "Why have you ventured to expose his Lordship and us to such great danger? Now take us quickly back to land." And when the captain replied that he was unable to do so, the chaplain went to the Bishop and said: "My Lord, we entreat you give us your blessing without delay, for we are in great danger." Richard had been calmly gazing on the troubled waters, fearing nothing, for he knew that God would preserve them, but at his chaplain's request he raised his hand and blessed the angry waves, and then retiring to a remote corner betook himself for a short time to the refuge of prayer. And wonderful to behold! when other much larger ships were still tossing about in the storm, in such danger that it was with the greatest difficulty they escaped without loss of life, the little ship alone in which the Bishop and his attendants were, after he had given his blessing, had a calm and prosperous passage for the rest of the way, and reached Dover quietly, to the surprise of all who witnessed or heard of it. Great was the thankfulness of the Bishop himself when he once more beheld the grey tower of his cathedral standing out against the summer sky,[1] and heard the bells pealing forth their welcome as the people flocked to receive his blessing, and he found himself again at home.

Bocking gives an interesting account of the youth who on this occasion accompanied the Saint to Pontigny. John de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln in right of his wife, Margaret de Quincy, died in 1240, leaving his son Edmund, then quite a child, in charge of St Richard. On the latter's accession to Chichester he seems to have taken the boy to live with him, and personally superintended his education. At the time of the journey to Pontigny Edmund is said to have been about twelve years old. Of a naturally good disposition, he made rapid progress in piety and learning under the guidance of the Bishop, who loved him as a son, whilst the youth looked up to his guardian with reverence and filial affection. Great things were prophesied of the future Earl of Lincoln, promises, however, which had scarcely time to be fulfilled, for de Lacy died when he was about thirty, and his mother being still alive, he never succeeded to the earldom. "He was snatched away from this world very soon," says the chronicler, "that he might not see the misfortunes that were about to befall the country and that malice might not pervert his understanding." He lived long enough nevertheless to see the canonisation of his friend and guardian, and having learnt from St Richard to love the Dominican Order "above that of all other religious," he resolved to build them a church and convent on his own property. He chose a site at Pontefract, and went thither in company with "some discreet men, both secular and religious, that he might make over the property to the Friars, and as patron and founder lay the foundation stone with his own hands." This he did with the words: "To the honour of Our Lady St Mary, the Virgin Mother of God, and of St Dominic, Confessor, to whose brethren I give this place, and of St Richard, Bishop and Confessor, formerly my Lord and most dear friend, I lay this first stone, wishing to found a church on this spot." Then the stone was lowered into the place prepared for it, and forthwith, though no crack or fissure had before been seen therein, the stone broke cleanly into three parts, much to the astonishment of all. Far from regarding this as an evil omen, those present looked upon the strange breakage as a token of approval from the blessed ones to whom de Lacy had dedicated the church, and he was "thereby confirmed in his holy purpose and became still more eager to fulfil that which he had promised." The Earl was then twenty-nine years old, and dying not long after, bequeathed his body to be buried with the brethren in the church he had founded. It was a fine building, according to

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[1] Chichester is the only English cathedral that can be seen from the sea.

Bocking's account, and contained by the founder's wish " three chapels, one of Mary the Mother of God, one of our blessed Father St Dominic, and afterwards one of the Blessed Richard, by whose merits and prayers may the Most High be merciful to the soul of the aforesaid Edmund and to us sinners. Amen. And, reader, I would not have it escape thy notice how suitably God willed and inspired that the memories of the Blessed Richard and St Dominic should be linked together; that it might be understood that Blessed Richard is associated in glory with him to whose Order he was bound at least by vow and desire."[1]

Richard of Wyche was a man of wide sympathies. His friendships were many, and they were not confined to those who dwelt within his own diocese. We have seen his affection for the members of the religious orders with whom he had to do, while the variety of bequests contained in his will show the number of friends by whom he wished to be remembered after death. The Bishop of Orleans, at whose hands he received the Sacrament of Holy Orders, is one of those thus mentioned. William de Bussi retained a sincere friendship for the English priest, and after Richard's consecration kept up a correspondence with him, giving him the general news of the Continent, particularly that of St Louis' disastrous campaign in the Holy Land, which de Bussi himself had visited. In 1252 he writes to his friend how the French King had made a truce for fifteen years with the Saracens, and rejoices to tell him that "the whole territory of the kingdom of Jerusalem on the side of the Jordan has been restored to Louis, together with all the Christian prisoners, commonly called slaves; the residue of his ransom still owing to the Saracens has been remitted. The amount of which ransom was fifty thousand marks of silver."[1] The tone of the letter shows that the writer knew his correspondent would be interested in every little detail. A present of cloth from this good bishop to his poorer confrère was bequeathed by Richard to his friends and executors, Sir John Mansell, Provost of Beverley, and Master Hugh of St Edmund, canon of St Paul's, whilst to another much beloved and intimate friend the Saint left so curious a possession that it requires a few words of explanation.

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[1] Bocking v. par. 82. Dugdale relates the story of this foundation as that of a Carmelite monastery, but Bocking is scarcely likely to have been mistaken in a matter so closely connected with his own Order.

Walter, Bishop of Norwich, a man of great virtue, enjoyed a close intimacy with St Richard, often conversing with him on spiritual subjects, when they mutually confided to each other many secrets of their intercourse with God. After the Saint's death Walter acknowledged to Bocking how much he had profited by these conversations, and how greatly he had progressed in the study and love of the interior life through the example and companionship of the Bishop of Chichester, growing more earnest in prayer, more diligent in the performance of Divine worship, more fervent in preaching, and liberal in almsgiving. "And this," adds the chronicler, "although he was himself a model of virtue, the familiar friend of God, and devoted to His service, adorning the Church with his good deeds. Oh, that this venerable Walter would describe the life and manners [of St Richard]! How he would enlarge and add lustre to this present history."[1]

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[1] M. Paris. Ann. 1252.

To this beloved friend the Bishop left in his will "a seal in a ring and my serpents' tongues (*linguas meas serpentinas*), which stood before me at table." These "tongues" have been variously described as a "bitorne's clee," a mysterious thing supposed to be the claw of a bicorn, a fabulous animal, and, with greater probability, the fossil teeth of a species of shark, about fifty feet long, now extinct. These teeth or tongues are of a glossy light brown enamel, sometimes three inches in length. They are found in abundance in St Paul's Bay, Malta, the spot where the Apostle shook the serpent from his hand. Thence the tradition grew that these stones were the tongues of serpents, and they came to be regarded with veneration as a preservative against diseases, particularly against the bites of serpents. Mr Blaauw, in his notes on the Saint's will, says that they are found in a cave in the bay, which, according to Onorato Brees, in his *Malta Antica Illustrata* (1816), never decreases in size, "though stone enough to load

[1] Bocking. *Prologue.*

many ships is taken out daily." Mention is made of these teeth being used as ornaments in the private accounts of Edward I., who had some set as wedding gifts to his daughters. St Richard's "snakes' tongues" were set in massive silver saltcellars, so that the bequest to Walter of Norwich was a valuable one. He died about four years after his friend, and must have left his saltcellars to Edward I., for in the Royal Wardrobe Accounts of 1300 there are mentioned among the King's treasures: "Five serpents' tongues in one silver standard, which belonged, as is believed, to St Richard, in a painted wooden case."[1] These and other ornaments on the episcopal table may have descended to Richard from his predecessor, Ralph Neville, a man of far more magnificent tastes than our Bishop; but no doubt much of the gold and silver plate that he considered so unnecessary was given to him by personal friends, and one is inclined to wonder what must have been their feelings when they beheld the lavish generosity with which he disposed of their gifts to needy supplicants.

It was in the Palace of the Bishop of Norwich that an amusing little scene took place, when our Richard seems to have allowed his zeal for once to outrun his courtesy. He was visiting his friend, as he often did, in the company of Father Bocking, when a priest of noble birth, a rector in the Norwich diocese, came to interview his bishop on some matter of business. He entered the room accompanied by a knight of good position in the place, and Richard immediately perceived that the rector's attire and bearing were unclerical in the extreme, and most unsuitable to a priest in presence of his bishop. The latter, however, made no remark, and our Saint, after waiting a few minutes, could not restrain himself. He arose, and approaching the visitor, exclaimed indignantly: "Is it thus you appear before your bishop? Is it fitting you should come in such a garb? Know, that if you belonged to our diocese, we should punish you severely!" So saying, he stretched forth his hand and loosened the ornamental cap which the priest wore on his head. "Are you not content with the work of your Creator," he exclaimed, "but must needs add of your own?" For it was seen that the priest had twisted the hair at the back of his head towards the front, in order to cover his baldness. Then the Saint, taking the little plain cap he wore from his own head, showed himself to the much-confused rector. "Am I to be blamed because I am bald?" he demanded. For he too was, "according to the sentence of the Old Law, a little bald and shaven," says the biographer.

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[1] These singular ornaments were still in fashion in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, for one of her New Year gifts in 1586 was "a serpent's tongue, set in gold, enamelled, garnished with three sparks of rubies, two sparks of emeralds, and three very little pearls, pendant."

The Bishop of Norwich watched the scene in silence. Perhaps he thought his rector needed the lesson, and that it came better from a stranger than from himself. But the knight who had come to support the petition of the priest turned to the Dominican Friar:

"I will make no petition for this fellow!" he cried; for he was astounded at the zealous correction of the man of God, and departing from the palace, he left his friend to carry out the business by himself, as best he might.

Another holy man to whom Richard was united by the bonds of friendship was Thomas of Hertford, Archdeacon of Northumberland. He was brother to the Abbot of St Alban's, and had been a pupil of St Edmund, and his intimate friend. At Canterbury he met the Chancellor, and, like St Richard, says Matthew Paris, tried to follow the Archbishop's holiness "step by step." He was a man of wealth, and "a munificent friend of the poor, as well as a great benefactor to the Preachers and Minors." Dying a most holy death the same year as St Richard, he bequeathed his body to a very poor house of Mount Carmel, "which turned out much to their honour and advantage." Miracles soon began to be worked at his tomb, and the historian concludes his account by declaring that "it is our firm belief that this holy Archdeacon, Thomas, as well as Richard, Bishop of Chichester, although they have not yet been canonised at Rome, are united to St Edmund, whose special friends they had been during his life. . . . These three blessed sons of England: Edmund, Richard, and Thomas, we believe to be enjoying the glory of the supreme Trinity."[1]

Adam Marsh, the celebrated Franciscan Friar, also knew and loved the Bishop of Chichester, and at the English King's request, was chosen by the Pope in 1256 to form one of a Commission of Inquiry into Richard's claims to the title of saint. Adam had known him from his Oxford days, and could truly testify to his sanctity.

Of the Bishop of Lincoln's connection with St Richard we have already spoken. It cannot be doubted that it was greatly owing to Grosseteste's influence that Boniface so strongly urged the canons of Chichester to elect Richard, and though the two bishops do not appear to have had many opportunities for intimate intercourse during the years that followed the election, we find them in all questions of ecclesiastical discipline, the upholding of the liberties of the Church and people, and the resisting of unjust taxation, entirely in accord, though Grosseteste, with his more aggressive nature, was generally in the forefront on such occasions. In the February of 1248 we find Richard in London, assisting at the Parliament convoked by the King for the purpose of obtaining money. The bishops, headed by Grosseteste, withstood him, refusing his demands and severely reprehending him for his extortions, tyranny, love of foreigners, etc., and for never appointing a justiciary, chancellor, or treasurer in accordance with the advice of good counsellors, but only those who were pleasing and advantageous to himself. The Bishop of Chichester firmly upheld his friend, though on occasions like these he showed himself a man of few words, and preferred to keep himself in the background. It was, however, probably in this Parliament that he made his claim for payment of the money unjustly taken from his diocese by Henry. As has been said, the latter acknowledged the claim, and promised to discharge his debt, no doubt with as little intention of keeping that promise as any other.

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[1] M. Paris, iii. p. 31. (Bohn series.)

Queen Eleanor does not appear to have entirely approved of her husband's treatment of our Saint. There are evidences here and there of their having been on friendly terms, and Richard left her a ring on his death-bed, either as a sign of personal affection, or to show that he bore no malice for the persecution to which he had been subjected by her royal spouse.

The ever-critical and censorious historian, Matthew Paris, must have known Richard intimately. From his lips Matthew learnt countless details of the Blessed Edmund's life, which he says he embodied in his history of that Saint, and in his chronicles the Bishop of Chichester is never mentioned save in terms of respect and esteem; a wonderful testimony to Richard's virtue from a man who seems to have a bitter word for almost all his friends.

It would be an endless task to name all those who enjoyed the friendship and affection of Richard's large and loving heart. After he became, so to say, a public man, he won his way wherever he went, and that, not by the force of great intellect or extraordinary genius, still less by the active influence of statesmanship or power, but rather through the spiritual and often unconscious attraction of real holiness, based on a genial and tactful nature. Never seeking popularity, living his simple retired life, he yet became—in the best sense of the word—a popular man, and the news of his death brought grief to countless hearts, and plunged England into mourning.

CHAPTER XVII

THE SAINT'S HAPPY DEATH

> "Well done, good and faithful servant:
> Enter into the joy of thy Lord."

Hokeday Parliament, 1252—Richard preaches to the assembly at Westminister without success—King's professions suspected—Henry obtains permission from Rome to levy a tax on pretence of going to Palestine—Parliament assembles in October—Henry's unjust demands resisted by Grosseteste—Grant refused—King's anger—Richard receives mandate from the Pope to preach crusade in South of England—Account of his journeys—Reaches Dover—The *Maison Dieu*—Consecrates a chapel and cemetery in honour of St Edmund—His last sermon—Attacked with fever—Desire to have his friends with him—Draws up his will—Receives the last Sacraments—Conversation with Simon of Tarring—Foretells the day of his death—His last moments—Transformation of body after death—The Saint's instruments of penance—His funeral rites.

In the spring of the year 1252, King Henry convoked the citizens of London to attend a Parliament at Westminster, where also many bishops were present. The proclamation was made by herald, "on the Monday next before the day which we commonly call Hokeday," says Matthew Paris, and the meeting took place on the Tuesday.[1] Its ostensible motive was to persuade the citizens to take the cross in the coming crusade. Henry ordered the Bishops of Worcester and Chichester and the Abbot of Westminster to deliver "an urgent and solemn discourse," which they did then and there. The result, however, was unsatisfactory, owing to the pecuniary extortions and deceptions from which both clergy and laity had so greatly suffered. Completely distrusting the King's oft-broken pledges, they suspected that his present idea of promoting the crusade was merely a cloak for getting money out of them, and though he vowed that in three years' time he himself would take the cross, no one believed him.

The falseness of his professions soon became apparent.

"Henry had probably as little intention of visiting Palestine," writes Bishop Stubbs "as his father and grandfather had had; or if he had ever intended it, the resolution was no stronger than the rest of his purposes. The Pope tried to rouse him to a sense of his duty, and by way of inducement authorised him to exact, for his expenses on crusade, a tenth of the revenues of the clergy for three years, to be taken after a new and stringent assessment."[1] This claim the King pressed on an assembly of prelates and clergy on the 13th of October, in the same year, demanding moreover that the money for two years should be paid down at once, though this was not in the papal mandate. Matthew Paris gives a graphic account of the scene that ensued. All sate amazed, and the Bishop of Lincoln exclaimed in great wrath: "By Our Lady, what is this? You are proceeding on the ground of concessions that have never been made to you. Do you suppose we will consent to this accursed contribution? God forbid that we should thus bend the knee to Baal!" The Bishop of London, St Richard of Chichester, and his friend, the Bishop of Worcester, firmly and eagerly upheld Grosseteste in his resistance to Henry's most unjust demand. The King's half-brother, Æthelmar, or Aylmar of Winchester, was at first inclined to side with him and cited the example of the French, who had yielded to a similar request. "So much the more ought we to resist," said the Bishop of Lincoln, "for two submissions are enough to constitute a custom. Alas! that it should be so. We see clearly what has come from the French King's extortion; lest then both the King and we should incur the just judgment of God, I for one freely give my voice against this oppressive contribution." The bishops withdrew to consult together, and a large majority, including Aylmar of Winchester, who now took the part of his brother bishops, decided to refuse the grant except on certain conditions which they laid before the King. Henry was furious; with curses and threats he drove the prelates from his presence, afterwards trying to get round them one by one. They stood firm, however, and after many vain attempts at compromise the assembly broke up, and the question was not again opened till after our Saint's death.

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[1] Hoke, or Hock Tuesday, was the second Tuesday after Easter, and was long kept as a festival to commemorate the English victory over the Danes, who had harassed them for two hundred and fifty years. Landlords received an annual tribute called "Hock-money," for allowing their tenants and serfs to keep holiday on the Monday and Tuesday; the men on the first, the women on the second day. The chief sport seems to have been that of obstructing the public road with ropes and catching the passengers, from whom fines were extorted, which were spent on pious uses. Cf. Brand's *Antiquities*, Vol. i.

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[1] *Constitutional History*, ii. p. 66.

Meanwhile Richard had received a formal mandate from the Pope to preach the crusade throughout the south of England. He had begun the work in the near neighbourhood of his own city before the summons to Westminster, and now returned to continue it. His course would take him through the diocese of Canterbury, and we find a letter from the King to Archbishop Boniface, bearing the date 13th November, 1252, informing him that "at our instance, and with the authority of the Holy See, the venerable Father, the Bishop of Chichester has kindly undertaken the laborious office of preaching the Cross of Christ, for the glory of God, the salvation of souls, the assistance of the Holy Land, and for our honour."[1]

This, then, was to be Richard's last work: he who had followed so faithfully in the steps of the Crucified was to lay down his life preaching his Master's Cross, that men might thereby save their souls and do penance for their sins. Though this order from the Holy Father would involve many and prolonged absences from Chichester, the Bishop accepted it cheerfully in a spirit of obedience. In itself, indeed, it was thoroughly congenial work. Richard, as we know, loved preaching to the poor and the ignorant, and whatever mercenary motives lay beneath the apparent zeal of Henry and his followers, the Bishop of Chichester, it is clear, undertook the work in a true missionary spirit. He began with his own people and delivered some stirring discourses in the cathedral, whereby he induced many to undertake the relief of the Holy Land, and to promise to join the crusade when the Pope should call upon them.

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[1] Rymer's *Fædera*, i. 288.

From Chichester Richard went down to the coast, to the low sandy promontory of Selsey, the scene of St Wilfrid's labours and the cradle of his own See. Travelling along eastwards he passed through Cakeham and Ferring, West Tarring, where he must have persuaded his old friend Master Simon to accompany him, and Brighton, then called Bright or Brihthelmstone, forming one of the numerous manors bestowed by the Conqueror on the de Warenne family. Along the sea-beaten cliffs of Beachy Head the Bishop made his way, preaching Christ's Cross in village and fishing hamlet, town and manor house, to rich and poor alike, till he reached the city of Canterbury, "the Jerusalem of England," as Bocking calls it, "since there rest the precious bodies of the martyred pontiffs, Thomas and Elphege, and so many other saints." Here probably St Richard was entertained by the Archbishop and lodged in his old home, the archiepiscopal palace. But though Boniface regarded our Saint with great esteem and even affection, there cannot have been much intimate friendship between two such widely different characters, and the contrast between the present Archbishop's court and that of St Edmund must have been painful to the ex-Chancellor. He preached, however, in the great city, though we are given no details of his stay there, and do not know how long he remained. It is quite possible that he may have returned to Chichester for Christmas, and resumed his missionary journeys in the New Year, as it is hardly likely that he would have left the care of his diocese to others for six whole months.

It was to the sailors that the Bishop chiefly addressed himself. They congregated in great numbers along the Sussex coast and many of them led wild lawless lives, far removed from the love and grace of God. Richard endeavoured to persuade them not only to take the cross exteriorly, but to impress its salutary power deep within their hearts, and he preached the crusade as a means of penance and change of life to those who were sunk in sin. "His aim," says the biographer, "was to subdue the sailors to the yoke of Christ, and by showing them the abomination of sin, to move them to tears and contrition." With a pretty allusion to the Saint's work in early life, Friar Ralph describes how Richard "now laboured indefatigably in the Lord's meadow, furrowing earthly hearts with the plough of the cross, and the ploughshare of his tongue. And with joy he saw the fruits of justice spring forth from the seed of the word, watered by the dew of heavenly grace. Who shall fittingly relate how he soothed the contrite of heart and instructed those who confessed to him, how he absolved the penitent, counselled those in doubt, cheered the despondent, strengthened the fervent, and encouraged the timid, and in a word, became all things to all men, that he might win them to Christ. And in order to do this he strove more earnestly than ever to conform his own life to that of his Master."

Thus preaching, he reached Dover, where he went to the brethren of the *Hospitium Dei*, called generally by its French name of *Maison Dieu*. It is supposed to have been a hospice founded by Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, for the reception of poor priests and pilgrims. The gift of the house and property was confirmed to the master and brethren by Henry III., about 1231.[1] It was no doubt a quasi-religious house, and our Saint and his companions were hospitably received and lodged.

The long months of constant preaching and travelling through the hardships of a winter on that sea-girt coast had told upon the Bishop's health, and when he reached Dover symptoms of fever had begun to show themselves. He consented to remain quiet for a few days; not, however, to rest in idleness. A chapel and cemetery for the burial of the poor had just been completed by the brethren of the hospice, and the master seized the opportunity of Richard's presence, and begged him to consecrate them in honour of his friend and patron, St Edmund. Few things could have given the holy man greater pleasure and he acceded to the request with joy. The ceremony took place with much solemnity on the fourth Sunday of Lent,[1] Richard performing the long ceremonial with great fervour, though as one MS. adds, "with great feebleness of body."[2] Then he preached his last sermon, and the final words of that little farewell discourse have been carefully preserved by the chronicler:

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[1] See Walcott's *Ecclesiastical Tracts* and Hasted's *History of Kent*.

"Dearest children," he said, "I beg you to bless God with me, and to praise Him Who, of His grace, has permitted us to be present at this dedication in His honour and that of our Father Edmund. This is what I have desired ever since my episcopal consecration; this was the desire of my heart, that before I die it might be my privilege to consecrate one church at least in his honour. Wherefore, with all my heart I render thanks to my God, Who has not defrauded me of my heart's desire. And now, dearest children, I know that 'the laying away of my earthly tabernacle is at hand,' I beg you therefore to support me with your prayers."

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[1] Easter occurred that year on 20th April, therefore Mid-Lent, or Lœtare Sunday would have fallen on the 30th of March. (Note to the Bollandist *Life*, p. 307.)

[2] Walcott says that Richard de la Wyche consecrated this chapel in presence of King Henry, but neither Bocking nor Capgrave mention the circumstance.

When Mass was over the Bishop gave the people his blessing and then returned to the hospice to rest. Shortly afterwards one of his intimate friends who had accompanied him on his journeys entered and asked permission to absent himself for a time to visit one of the churches under his jurisdiction. Richard lovingly dissuaded him, saying: "If you leave me now the hour will come ere you return, when not for all the churches in the world would you wish to be away from me." He knew in fact that the hour of his departure was close at hand, and true to the last, his affectionate heart desired to have all his dear ones about him,[1] believing that his passage out of this world would be the happier if he were fortified by their presence and prayers. He desired also, in his last farewell, to commend himself to their remembrance and give them a fatherly blessing.

On the Monday morning he insisted on rising as usual, though feeling very unwell and with the signs of fever clearly about him. He went into the oratory and began to chant the morning Office. Suddenly the fever seized him, and sick and faint he sank to the ground. Hastily and tenderly his attendants raised and carried him back to his bed, and as soon as he had a little recovered, knowing that he had not long to live, he exerted himself to draw up his will,[1] settled all his temporal affairs, and gave instructions concerning his burial. From this moment none dared hope to see their beloved master recover; they felt that Death had laid his hand upon him, and all they could do amid tears and sighs was to relieve his sufferings as far as was possible. The disease rapidly increased though physicians were called in and did their best to arrest its progress. The sick man heard them discussing his symptoms and called to them: "My friends, do not trouble yourselves about my case; Death is already standing at the door, and bids me speedily quit this tabernacle of my body and let my soul return to Him Who gave it." Then he called William, his chaplain, and bade him secretly prepare all things for his funeral, but to make no commotion about it, that his friends might not be unnecessarily saddened. After this, knowing that a man's works should be made manifest before the end of his life, he called his confessor and made a full and general confession of his whole life, and with great simplicity and devotion received the holy Sacraments as appointed by the Church for the dying.

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[1] *Nimirum sibi caros adesse voluit.*

Still he lingered for a few days longer, and with grief-laden hearts his faithful friends, Master Simon of Tarring, Friar Ralph, the depositary of the secrets of his soul, his chaplains and clerics waited lovingly upon the dying Bishop, striving to assuage the suffer-

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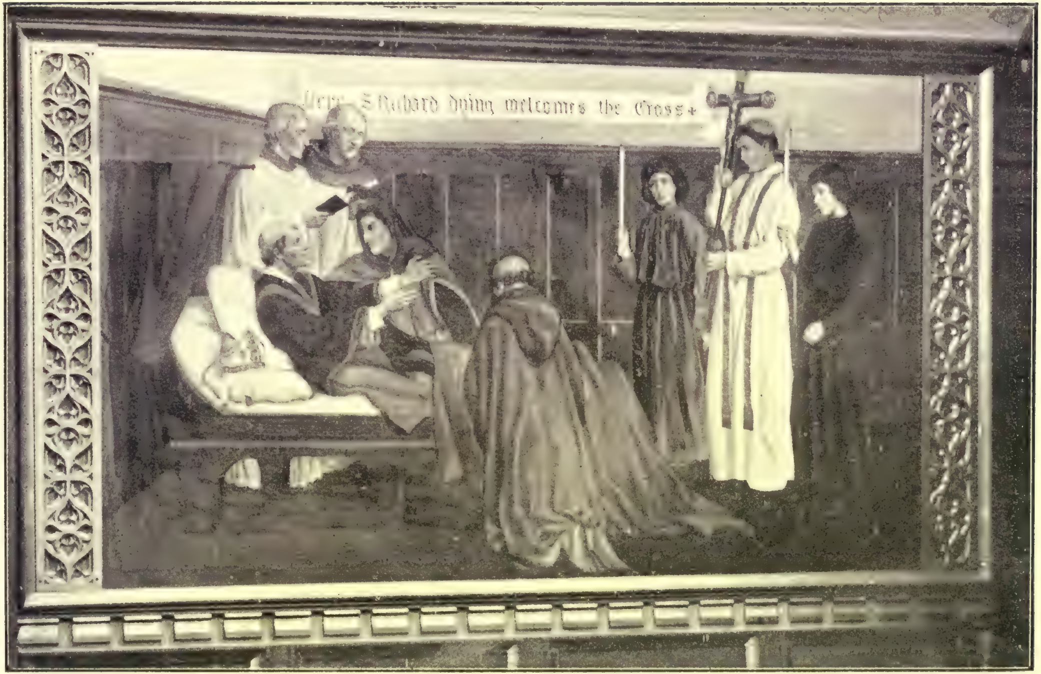
[1] The brethren of the house at Dover are therein left a small sum of money "for a pittance."


Here S Richard dying welcomes the Cross+

The Saint on his Death-bed

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ings of those last hours. With great patience and sweetness he allowed them to do what they could for him, though his own longing desire was to be taken without delay to the Divine Presence.

On the Wednesday evening, as Master Simon sate by his bed, seeing the great pain that his friend was enduring, he began to speak words of consolation to him. "My Lord," he said, "the sacred season of Christ's Passion is at hand, and as you have shared in His sorrows, so also, without doubt, by His goodness, you shall share His consolation."

The Saint smiled and seemed comforted, and presently, as if filled with a great joy, murmured the words of the psalm: *Lœtatus sum in his qaæ dicta sunt mihi: in domum Domini ibimus.*[1] Then turning his head a little aside, like one speaking to himself, he said, "Friday will be a great feast for me." He spoke almost below his breath, being very weak, and Simon could not at first catch the words. He asked him what he had said, and Richard answered sweetly: "Do you not understand, my Father? Is not to-day Wednesday?"

"Certainly, my Lord."

"Then," continued the Saint, "not to-morrow, Thursday, but the day after, I shall enjoy a great feast"; thus foretelling exactly the day of his death.

As he grew weaker his mind seemed to be running on the thought of the heavenly banquet promised by our Lord to the just in His Kingdom. Once, when feeling faint and exhausted, he asked for some nourishment. His supper was just being carried in, and one of his attendants, thinking to encourage him to eat, said, "See, my Lord, there is but one little dish on the tray; eat freely of it." But Richard's thoughts had quickly turned to something very different from the food that for a moment he had craved.

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[1] "I was glad at the things that were said unto me: we will go into the house of the Lord." Ps. 121.

"It is enough," he said; "one dish should suffice for supper." Then seeing they did not understand: "Do you not know what I mean? It is that of which Philip spoke to our Lord, 'Lord show us the Father, and it sufficeth.' May the Lord also give me that dish for my supper." For his heart was now wholly turned to God, and already he seemed to taste "how sweet is the Lord." "Far indeed from him now," says his confessor, watching by his side, "was the solicitude of Martha: earthly thoughts had all fled away, and he thirsted but for that union with the Beloved, in which alone his soul would find rest."

Not long before the end Simon of Tarring again spoke to him, exhorting him to hold firmly and try to recall to his memory the truths of the Catholic Faith. The dying Saint responded with earnestness and humility, showing perfect consciousness of what was said, adding: "Simon, though you now have difficulty in understanding what I say, yet believe me, I retain my memory and all my senses as clearly as when I stayed with you at Tarring seven years ago, and, by the grace of God, I shall retain them to the end."

Soon afterwards he turned to his attendants and bade them lay him on the ground to die; "for," says Ralph, "as in life he chastised the comeliness of his body by penance, so now he desired still further to humble it—emaciated and weak as it was—by passing to his Maker in the lowliest position he could assume." They did as he wished, and the Bishop blessed and bade his weeping friends a loving farewell; after which he seemed to forget their presence, and gave himself entirely to prayer. He begged for his crucifix and embraced it tenderly, stroking the marks of the sacred Wounds and kissing them with tears and loving aspirations, as if they had been recently inflicted.

"I give Thee thanks, O Lord Jesus," he was heard to murmur, "for all the benefits Thou hast bestowed on me, and for the pains and ignominy Thou didst suffer for my sake, on account of which that sad complaint of the prophet, 'There is no sorrow like unto My sorrow,' did truly apply to Thee." And again: "Thou knowest, Lord, that if it be pleasing to Thee I am ready to bear all insults and torments and even death for Thee. Therefore as Thou knowest this to be the truth, have mercy now upon me, for to Thee do I commit my soul."

As the last moment drew near the prayers for the dying were recited, broken only by the sobs of the bystanders and now and again by the murmured aspirations of the man of God, who constantly repeated the words, "*In manus Tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum.*" Presently, turning "with heart and voice" to the Virgin Mother of God, with great joy and confidence he repeated more than once the verse of her hymn:

"Maria, Mater gratiæ,
Mater misericordiæ;
Tu nos ab hoste protege,
Et hora mortis suscipe,"

begging his chaplains constantly to say these words in his ear as long as life remained in him.

"Thus," says Friar Ralph, "surrounded by priests, religious, and clerics, and many others of his friends, amid sighs of devotion and words of holy prayer, the soul of Richard of Wyche, Bishop of Chichester, took its happy flight from earth to heaven, and returned to its Creator. He passed from this world in about the fifty-sixth year of his age and the ninth of his episcopate, on the 3rd of April, 1253, departing towards the hour of midnight, that hour at which the Spouse is wont to call His elect to the bridal feast; by the mercy of Him Who with the Father and the Holy Ghost liveth and reigneth for ever and ever. Amen."[1]

When the attendants began to prepare the sacred corpse for burial they beheld a sight which filled them with amazement. That emaciated body was still encased in the rough hair shirt and corslet of sharp steel, bound with a thick knotted girdle, that for so many years Richard had worn in secret; they saw how the flesh was furrowed and bruised with the pressure of those heavy instruments, and as they gazed their tears flowed afresh as they realised how their beloved master had suffered, and how cheerfully and gladly he had borne his sufferings for the love of his Crucified Saviour. But even as they gazed, a still more wonderful change took place in the body that, as Ralph truly says, had been in life a most pure temple of the Holy Ghost. A bright light shone over it, and more than the youthful beauty of the man now transfigured his lifeless form. The bystanders beheld, as it were, a pledge of the Saint's glorious resurrection in the beauty of his dead body. The flesh that had been torn and purple with the constant wounds now became white as snow, in the midst of which those wounds, though still retaining a somewhat red colour, seemed to radiate beams of light. "As a lily among thorns, so the body of Richard of Chichester now appeared to the beholders, wherein the crimson of the wounds shone all the brighter for the whiteness of the cross, namely, the pure and fragrant flesh on which they lay; so that, white and ruddy as the Spouse in the Canticle, he represented at the same time the beauty of the rose and the purity of the lily."

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[1] Bocking, viii. 96.

Such a transformation must have done much to assuage the grief of the Saint's friends, and with many prayers of thanksgiving and praises of God they clothed him in his episcopal vestments and proceeded to make arrangements for the obsequies. Richard had bequeathed his body to his Cathedral Church, but according to the custom of the time the heart and intestines were separated from the body and interred in the chapel that he had so lately dedicated to St Edmund. Bocking regards this arrangement with great satisfaction; first, because he considers that the Bishop's love for the poor made it exceedingly becoming that his heart should be left in a church specially consecrated for their service, and, secondly, because it was fitting that this portion of his remains should lie in a place dedicated to his dearest friend, who had himself said that Richard was entwined in his own heart's deepest affection.

As soon as the body was laid out the people of Dover were allowed entrance and flocked in crowds to the chapel, to venerate the sacred remains, bringing with them various objects with which to touch the body or even the bier. The Bishop's sanctity was already recognised, and from the moment of his death a religious veneration was manifested by all to his memory.

The transportation to Chichester and the funeral rites in the cathedral were carried out with every possible solemnity; a great concourse of people accompanied the cortège, and at the gates of the city, which was decorated for the occasion, amid the ringing of bells and the chanting of psalms, they were met by the clergy, and Richard for the last time entered his beloved home in state. It seems, indeed, to have been more like a triumphal entry than a funeral ceremony, though "much weeping" mingled with the solemnities, and rich and poor alike bewailed the loss of their Father.

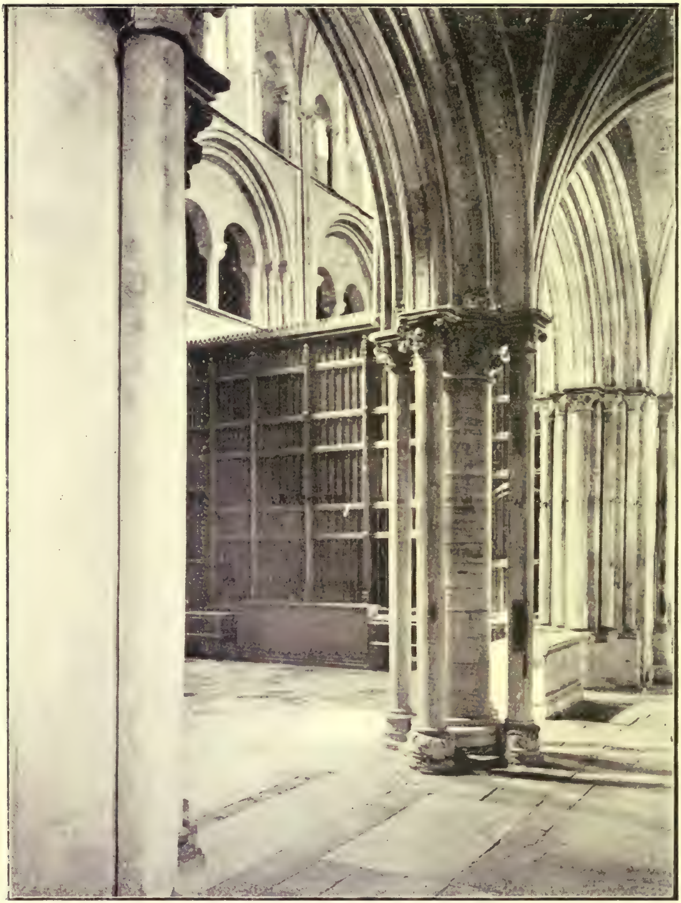
He was laid to rest "in a humble tomb," as he had desired, before the altar of St Edmund, that he had erected on the north side of the church, and almost immediately those miracles began by which God is wont to declare the blessedness of his saints, and which for centuries made the tomb of Richard of Chichester one of the famous places of pilgrimage in England.

CHAPTER XVIII

POPULAR DEVOTION TO THE SAINT—HIS CANONISATION—DESTRUCTION OF SHRINE

Miracles at the Saint's tomb—A dead child restored to life—Story of a little bird—Popular devotion—St Richard's successor, John of Clymping, reports the case to Alexander IV.—Commission of Inquiry—Process of canonisation delayed—Another petition backed by the King and his son—Canonisation at Viterbo—Urban's Bull—Translation of the relics—King Edward's offerings to the shrine—Bishop Storey's regulations for the pilgrims—Destruction of the shrine—The Saint's body said to have been removed to Bishop Stratford's tomb—So-called "Tomb of St Richard"—The Saint's badge and episcopal seal—Memorials of him in cathedral and city—Conclusion.

No sooner had the body of the Bishop been laid in its tomb than Chichester Cathedral became one of the chief places of pilgrimage of the country, and so continued till the reign of Henry VIII. From that time onward the memory of the Saint gradually died out, devotion could no longer be shown when the shrine had been profaned, and, according to the general belief, the sacred relics no longer lay within. The pilgrimages naturally ceased, and as the new



Site of the Saint's Shrine in the retro-choir of Chichester Cathedral

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generations succeeded the old, the memory of the Sussex Saint gradually faded from the minds of men, and now many of Richard's fellow-countrymen know not even his name. The Protestant writer told but the truth when he wrote: "From the thirteenth to the sixteenth century few Sussex men failed to invoke St Richard in their orisons, and to bequeath in their wills something to his shrine; while even princely pilgrims paid their devotions before his honoured tomb in his own Cathedral Church of Chichester. Now Sussex people in general know as little about him as they know of Tamerlane or Duns Scotus."[1]

The miracles worked at the tomb and through the Saint's intercession were, of course, the chief cause of this popular devotion. Bocking and Capgrave give a long list of marvels thus worked—accounts that the reader will wish to be spared. We read of three dead men being restored to life, and of a child, born at the point of death, the son of Hugh Bigod, brother to the Countess of Arundel, who was made strong and well through the invocation of the Saint. This child was taken, four years later, before the Commission of Inquiry for Richard's canonisation. The lame, the sick, the blind, and the deaf flocked to the humble tomb, and none were sent away disappointed. The helpless poor, and children, seem to have been the favourite objects on which the dead Bishop exercised his supernatural powers, as they had been the special objects of his charity during life.

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[1] *Sussex Worthies*, by Lower.

A pretty story is told of how a tiny boy of two years old, belonging to the village of Winterbury, was playing in the public road one fine summer's day, chasing the butterflies in childish glee, and heedless of danger, when a cart driven by a carter who was drunk, "according to the usual condition of such men," says the chronicler, suddenly rushed round a corner, and went over the child, crushing and maiming him terribly. A crowd assembled, the parish priest, Dom Gilbert, being among them. The boy was taken up for dead, and carried home to his heart-broken parents, who, amidst tears and sobs, had the little body prepared for burial. Just as all were departing, the good Dom Gilbert recollected the fame that had lately gathered round the name of the Bishop of Chichester as a worker of miracles. He recalled the people, and exhorted them to join with him in prayer to the servant of God for the restoration of this precious little life. Kneeling down, they invoked the help of Richard, saying in his honour three Paters and the Angelic Salutation. Before the end of the last prayer the child on the bier moved first one foot and then the other, and finally sate up, opened his eyes, and began to speak and laugh. The mother was fetched, and in rapture clasped her baby to her breast, while all around gave thanks to God.

The simplicity of the age, and Richard's reputation for kind-heartedness in the minor troubles of life, are apparent in a story related in all seriousness by Father Ralph. An Oxford student possessed a little singing-bird, for which he had much affection. One of his companions coveted the pet for himself, and on its owner refusing to part with it, his spiteful friend went one day to the student's room during his absence, and cruelly tore out the poor little songster's tongue. When the youth returned, he found the bird drooping in pain, and its pretty song silenced for ever.

"Now this bird was greatly loved by the scholar, both for its affectionate ways and for the sweet notes that in hours of darkness and depression had cheered and consoled him. The sense of his loss was proportioned to the former consolation, and his complaints were loud and bitter. Then he bethought himself of the former graduate and Chancellor of Oxford, Richard of Chichester, whose miracles were at that time being talked of everywhere, and whose tenderness of heart was still a living memory in the University. Whereupon he set himself to invoke the holy man in some such words as these: 'O Lord God, Who hast vouchsafed to create the birds of the air to be the support and comfort of human life, and hast given me pleasure by the singing of this little bird, hear my prayer, I beseech Thee, and by the merits of Blessed Richard restore its sweet song, that it may declare Thy praise, and my joy may be given back to me.'

"Then, for the honour of His servant, the Lord delayed not to work a wondrous miracle, for the bird raised its head, and shaking out its feathers, though still tongueless, began to give out its sweet notes and trills to the praise of its Creator as joyfully and gladly as before." This story Bocking characterises as "delightfully miraculous and miraculously delightful," and the incident is thus referred to in an old sequence or hymn to the Saint:

"Ipsi laudes intonet lingua speciales,
Cujus laudes personat lingua carens ales."

Cures and healings of all kinds are related, many, perhaps, of a sort that in these days would be speedily dismissed as either mere natural recoveries, or the effects of a highly wrought imagination. The imaginative faculty was certainly not so highly developed in our ancestors as it is in ourselves, but that they were readier to believe in supernatural interventions is no less certain, and it would be a hopeless task to attempt to sift the gold from the alloy in Father Ralph's narration.

It is easy, however, to understand how all these constant happenings round the grave of an already beloved father rapidly increased the devotion of the people, and caused them before long to invoke their late Bishop as one of God's saints. Richard's successor in the See was John of Clippinge, or Clymping, a canon of Chichester, "whom," says Matthew Paris, "the canons, having God before their eyes," elected early in the summer of 1253. Seeing the wonders that were being worked, and the growing veneration of all to the memory of his predecessor, the new Bishop felt it his duty to report matters to the Holy See, and in July, 1256, Alexander IV., who then occupied the papal throne, issued a mandate to Walter de Cantelupe, Bishop of Worcester, Robert Kilwardby, Prior Provincial of the Dominicans in England, and the Franciscan Friar, Adam Marsh, to examine into the life and reported miracles of Richard de la Wyche.[1]

A close examination was made, and all who had known the Bishop were called to give evidence. There appears to have been no disagreement in the testimony of the witnesses, but the process was delayed from various causes unconnected with St Richard. Meanwhile Pope Alexander died, and it was not till the first year of his successor, Urban IV.'s pontificate, that the question was reopened. Then a petition, backed by the King and his son, Prince Edward, who had visited the tomb and been a witness of the miracles, was carried to Rome by the canons of Chichester, headed by the Bishop's two chaplains and confidential friends, Dom William of Radinges, or Reading, and Master Nicholas of Wich, who was also his cousin. This Commission worked with such fidelity, and pleaded their cause so earnestly before the cardinals, that the Holy Father could not withhold his consent.

Thus was "our Richard" solemnly enrolled in the catalogue of the saints by Pope Urban IV., on the 22nd of January, 1262, in the Franciscan Church at

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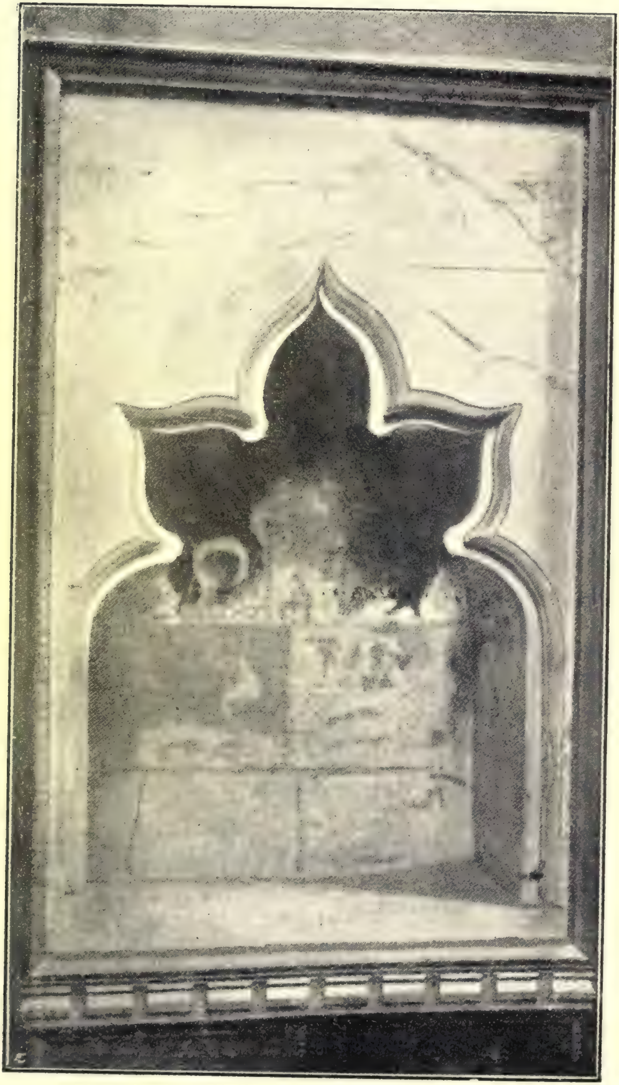
[1] Papal Registers. Bliss, i. 332.

Viterbo, where the Roman Court was then sitting. The Pontiff himself sang the Mass and composed the prayers in honour of the Saint, that are still in use.

The Bull of Canonisation is dated 20th February, 1262, and may be found in Wilkins' *Concilia*, I., 743. It is long and very laudatory, and refers to the events of the Saint's early years, his love of chastity and refusal of marriage, and the austerity and penance of his whole life. His diligence in study and labours for the Church are highly praised, and some of the miracles are related in detail. In the following March the Pope published a decree ordering the feast of St Richard to be kept on the 3rd of April, and granting an indulgence of a year and forty days to those who visited his tomb on that day. Then, on the 27th of April licence was given to the Dean and Chapter of Chichester to translate the sacred relics with the usual ceremonies to a richer and more honourable shrine. Owing to the outbreak of the war between the King and the barons, when Richard's successor took the popular side, this translation was postponed till the June of 1276. During the whole of this interval an informal cult appears to have been paid to the Saint's body as it lay in its original resting-place, and we read that the Chapter was required by the Bishop to keep ten candles always burning at the tomb.

When, at last, the translation did take place, the ceremony was performed with all possible magnifi-



Aumbry, or Niche, in the Cathedral, where the Saint's Head was kept

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cence. A rich silver and jewelled shrine had been prepared behind the High Altar, and to this new tomb the earthly remains of Richard of Wyche were transferred, on the 16th of June, 1276, by Bishop Stephen of Burghstede, John of Clymping's successor, assisted by the Dominican, Robert Kilwardby, who by this time had been raised to the Archiepiscopal See of Canterbury, and a number of other bishops. King Edward and his queen graced the occasion by their presence, and the King is said to have made an offering of money, of a waxen image of himself, and a piece of cloth of gold.

The new King showed great devotion to the memory of the man who had received such unjust treatment at his father's hands. Not only did he pay Henry's so-called " debt " to the diocese, but himself became a constant visitor and liberal contributor to the shrine. In the annals of the royal journeys he is stated to have visited Chichester on the Saint's feast in 1286, and, together with his family, offered there many valuable jewels, brooches, and clasps of gold, which are all set down in the Royal Wardrobe Accounts. A curious entry of the 26th of May, 1297, runs: "To Walter Lovel, Harper of Chichester, whom the King found playing the harp at St Richard's tomb, six and eightpence." (Half a mark.)

The head of the Saint, according to the very general custom of the time, was separated from the body and preserved in its own silver reliquary in a beautiful niche or aumbry in the little chapel of St Mary Magdalene, at the east end of the south choir aisle. The head was no doubt destroyed by the Commissioners, and the reliquary carried off, but the niche is still shown. There were thus three spots at which the pilgrim could offer his devotions to the Saint, for the original tomb seems to have been venerated as sacred for a long time after the translation.

After Richard's canonisation, the pilgrimages grew more and more frequent, and at the annual celebration of his festival the concourse of people became so great that in 1478 Bishop Storey found it necessary to draw up some regulations to keep the multitude in order. The pilgrims had been accustomed to carry in their hands long hazel, or painted wands, which were left at the grave as tokens, and in their struggles for precedence they would occasionally use them on the heads and shoulders of their neighbours. The Bishop, therefore, directed that in place of these wands banners and crosses should be carried in the processions, and the members of the different parishes were ordered to approach the shrine in separate bodies, marching reverently up from the west door in a prescribed order, of which notice was to be given from the parish pulpits on the preceding Sunday.

In nearly all the county records up to the time of the Reformation frequent mention is made of offerings and bequests to the tomb itself, or to "St

Richard's Church," as the cathedral was often called, and rich and poor, peasant and noble, vied with each other in honouring the saintly Bishop's memory, and invoking his assistance.

So the centuries passed away, and at last came the terrible days of Henry VIII. and Thomas Crumwell, when, under the mocking guise of "reformers," the rapacious King and his satellites robbed the churches of England, stole the treasures of God's altar, and tore out, as far as they could, every vestige of religion from the hearts and the shrines of the people. Chichester suffered not a little from the royal greed. In 1538 the order was issued for the destruction of shrines, and on Friday, the 20th of November, Sir William Goring and William (or Richard, as some authorities name him) Earnley arrived as royal commissioners to destroy the shrine of our Saint. They bore with them the King's written instruction. "Having been informed," it begins, "that in our Cathedral Church at Chichester there hath been used long heretofore, and yet at this day is used much superstition and a certain kind of idolatry about the shrine and bones of a certain Bishop of the same, whom they call St Richard," etc. "we . . . have assigned you to repair unto the said Cathedral Church, and to take away the shrine and bones of that Bishop, called St Richard, within the same, with all ornaments, jewels, etc. And that ye shall see them safely conveyed unto our Tower of London; and ye shall see that both the shrine and the place where it was kept be destroyed even to the ground.

"Given at Hampton Court,
"THOMAS CRUMWELL."[1]

The document ends with a warning to "the clergy and officers of the said church and city to aid and assist in the demolition, as they, under our pleasure, will answer for the contrary at their extreme peril."

The order was effectually carried out, and the scene is described by a cathedral chronicler as one "of violence and mutilation, sacrilege, and fury." Six ships' coffers, a casket, and a little box are said to have been filled with the fruits of the spoliation, and one of the items given is, "(in) the long cophyn wherein Bishop Richard's bones were, fifty-seven images of silver." This seems to prove that the grave itself was rifled, and the Saint's relics utterly destroyed. There is, however, a tradition that before the desecration some loyal Catholics took the body from its resting-place, and put it into the tomb of Bishop Stratford, who died in 1362, and who was buried in the south transept. Some confirmation was given to this belief by the discovery in later years of a number of "withy bands and wands," stuffed inside the latter monument, which may have been left by the pilgrims about St Richard's grave, and used to cover up the relics after their removal. But the matter has never been sifted, and Dr Hermitage Day,

[1] The whole document may be found in Wilkins' *Concilia*.

in an interesting article in the *Treasury*,[1] thus describes the site of the shrine:

"At the back of the altar-screen, in the space between it and the entrance to the Lady Chapel, there is now the open space of the retro-choir, extending over two bays. Before the destruction of St Richard's shrine, a raised platform filled one entire bay immediately behind the reredos, reached by two flights of steps on the east side. An altar stood at the head of the shrine, which was placed on this platform, the space between the reredos and the procession path forming, as in other minsters, the feretory of the Saint. The platform is not now to be seen, for ill-advised 'restorations' in 1829 and 1860 first reduced it in size and then removed it altogether, but there is hope that it may be restored.[2] The shrine was of silver-gilt and jewelled. The watching-loft was at the back of the reredos, and was approached, as in some other examples, by way of the triforium."

"The visitor to Chichester to-day," adds the same writer, "must not be misled by an error, strangely recurrent in guide books and lives of St Richard, which indicates as the tomb of the Saint the *sacellum* and tomb of an unknown bishop, at the back of the choir stalls, in the south transept." This tomb, which is supposed to be that of Bishop Stratford, now goes by the name of "St Richard's Tomb," and in

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[1] April, 1906.

[2] This has now, we believe, been done.

1845 Mr Richardson restored and decorated it with some fine figures representing the Saint's friends and contemporaries. But it is quite certain that at its translation St Richard's body was carried to the shrine behind the High Altar, and there remained till the Reformation.

The memory of the Saint still lingers about the cathedral and city. On the wall of the north transept are Bernardi's paintings of the bishops of Chichester, and Richard of Wyche occupies a conspicuous place, and is the only one with a long Latin inscription on the subject of his miracles. The two side aisles of the nave, begun by Ralph Neville, were finished by Richard and were originally constructed as a series of chapels. Traces of the altar dedicated to St Edmund, in the chapel where our Saint was first buried, still remain. We have already spoken of the modern paintings in the cathedral of scenes from St Richard's life, which we have been able to reproduce by the kindness of Dr Hermitage Day. The Bishop is there depicted by a reverent and sympathetic hand. Over the choir screen—where, in place of the ancient crucifix, is now a floriated cross—stands the figure of the venerable Bishop, who from heaven must be looking down with love and pity on his church, desolated by a king's passion and robbed of the Presence that made it so dear to his heart. Above the south porch, called by his name, his life-size statue now presides, and a pretty, sheltered walk under the cathedral walls, where he was wont to pray and read amidst the flowers he loved so well, is still known as "St Richard's Walk."

Two impressions of St Richard's episcopal seal are extant; one is attached to a document at Pontigny, dated 1252. The other is in the British Museum, affixed to the copy of a charter of Innocent IV., bearing the date of February, 1246, bestowing certain privileges on the Abbey of Robertsbridge.[1] The model, an extremely fine one, is in red wax, and on the obverse represents the Bishop standing under a canopy in his vestments, holding his pastoral staff, the right hand extended in the act of blessing, with the inscription: "RICARDUS DEI GRATIA CICESTRENSIS EPISC." On the reverse side is our Lord enthroned under a canopy, the Bishop kneeling at his feet. Beneath are the words: "TE, RICARDE, REGO, TRINUS ET UNUS EGO."

His episcopal badge was a fret; it is to be seen in various forms in different houses of the county; amongst others on the Star Inn at Alfreston, one of the oldest hostelries in England, and a former resting-place for the pilgrims to St Richard's shrine; at Steyning Vicarage, and in Canon Lane, Chichester. At Ferring his demesne is now called the Palace Farm, where until recent years some ruins of the former palace still existed.

Though there is much sadness in the thought that the ancient Faith no longer reigns in the church where St Richard prayed and preached; though we know not whether his sacred bones really rest in the tomb now adorned and dedicated to his name; though the descendants of his beloved flock are wandering in the shadows, there are nevertheless gladdening signs here, as at Droitwich, that the Saint has not deserted his city. The spirit of reverence has arisen from the ashes of desolation and attempts are being made to revive devotion to this chosen friend of God, that Catholics cannot but rejoice to see.

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[1] Egerton Charter 378. MS. room. Catalogue of Seals, Vol. i. 207.

May St Richard intercede in heaven for his beloved country, that the time may come when, not only Chichester, but all our venerable cathedrals shall resound once more to the chanting of the ancient liturgy and the preaching of the old Faith, and there shall be throughout England, as in the days of Richard of Wyche, but One Fold and One Shepherd.

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